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Streck







MEMORIES  
OF  
ETON AND ETONIANS









ALFRED LUBBOCK.

*(From a photograph by Messrs. Barrauds.)*

*[Frontispiece.]*



MEMORIES  
OF  
ETON AND ETONIANS

INCLUDING MY LIFE AT ETON, 1854-1863  
AND SOME REMINISCENCES OF SUB-  
SEQUENT CRICKET, 1864-1874

BY ALFRED LUBBOCK

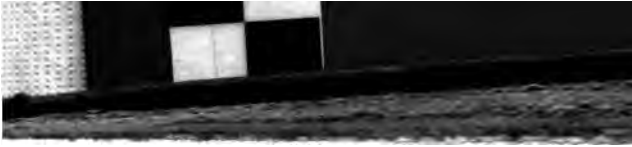
WITH A CHAPTER ON BOYS' CHANCES AT ETON  
BY THE LATE ROBIN LUBBOCK, K.S.

*WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS*

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## PREFACE.



I HAVE often been asked by many of my old Eton friends why I did not write my recollections of Eton and of the subsequent cricket in which I took part, but as my literary productions hitherto have not extended beyond a few articles on Cricket, Golf, and Natural History, and I was rather diffident of my capabilities with the pen, I for some time felt very shy of the undertaking. At last, however, as everything in this world must have a beginning, I thought I would attempt the task. Luckily I have a fairly retentive memory, and have a very distinct recollection of most of the events which I have recorded—nearly as distinct, in fact, as if they had recently happened, although I am sorry to have to confess that many of them must be dated nearly forty years ago.

As I was at Eton for nearly ten years, it would be curious if I were not well acquainted,

not only with the numerous ins and outs of Eton life in those days, but also with a very large number of Etonians, who, so to speak, passed over the Eton stage while I was myself a performer.

Since the foundation of the *Eton College Chronicle* in 1863, the results of the principal competitions, matches, and sports which occur every year have been duly recorded, and are accessible to every one, but the corresponding records of the years preceding 1863 are curiously difficult to obtain in many cases. I have, therefore, made a point of giving the names of the principal performers and winners in the athletic world, as I believe these will be interesting to many old Etonians.

Although, as I have said, my memory is on the whole a very good one, it is not infallible, and I have occasionally been compelled to reinforce it by such other evidence, documentary or traditional, as I have been able to obtain. I have done my best, according to the limits of my capacity, to verify and to relate events as they happened ; it has been my endeavour throughout to say nothing which could hurt the feelings of any of those who are mentioned in these pages, and if I have inadvertently said anything which



PREFACE.

vii

I ought not to have said, or left unsaid anything which I ought to have said, I hope that these transgressions may be attributed to ignorance, and not to any intention on my part.

I have to acknowledge with thanks the permission granted by the proprietors of *Vanity Fair*, to reproduce two portraits which appeared in that paper.

ALFRED LUBBOCK.

23, GROSVENOR ROAD, WESTMINSTER,  
*April*, 1899.





## CONTENTS.

### CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
My first day at Eton—Passage football—"My tutor"—Entrance examination and its results—First Form—"Swishing" in Lower School—"The Swells"—Cock of the school—An historical fight—My first prize—Returning to school—My second half—"Jumping half"—Deer's horns—Snowballing—"College hiding" ... ..	1

### CHAPTER II.

I change houses—My first mistake—My fagmaster—A nest of wet-bobs—The Leveson Gowers—I am tempted to become a dry-bob—Stump and ball—School-work—"First fault"—Boat races—Swimming lessons—"Passing"—"Swamping"—The Eleven—Public school matches—Holiday cricket—Chislehurst—Herbert Jenner ... ..	13
---	----

### CHAPTER III.

The "wall cads"—Spankey—The Marquis of Hastings—"Stephanos"—The Rev. W. Elliot—Another first fault—The Rev. E. Coleridge—The swells in 1856—The Eight and the Eleven—The matches of the season—No Harrow match—Fishing—Lower-boy cricket—"Aquatics"—Football—The wall game—"Kick about"—"Shinning" ... ..	27
---	----

### CHAPTER IV.

In fourth form—Rev. A. F. Birch—Caught in Switzerland—"School fives"—The beagles—Keepers of the field, 1857—Some notable characters—House fours—The Eight—The Eleven Winchester match—An irregular Harrow match—My "look-up"—Refusing a swishing ... ..	40
---	----



## CHAPTER V.

	PAGE
A house migration—Some new masters—Mr. Stone and Mr. Thackeray—Mr. Snow and Mr. Dupuis—The cricket master—Keepers of the field—Athletic sports—W. H. Gladstone—Marriage of the Princess Royal—C. B. Lawes—The first race against Radley—Cricket matches in 1858—The Winchester match—The Harrow match—Slow and fast grounds—Born cricketers—Coaching—Work in remove—A swimming—Lord Blandford—Aquatic sports—Passing—Donati's comet—A deer in pupil room—My first fight ... ..	52

## CHAPTER VI.

The Rev. Russell Day—Rational punishment—My brother Montagu—An ingenious contrivance—Montagu's accident—"Leave"—The captain of the boats—"Oppidan Dinner" and "Check Nights"—Boat races of 1859—Cricket-matches—Harrow match—"Divisions" on cricket—Disregard of practice—Single-wicket matches—E. W. Tritton—Book knowledge v. practice—Mr. Ottley—Athletic sports ... ..	67
--	----

## CHAPTER VII.

A year of many changes—Bell, the cricket professional—Sports and competitions—Eton and Westminster boat race—O. B. Lawes—I join the <i>Thetis</i> —The Eight in 1860—The Eleven—Collegers v. Oppidans—I am tried for the Eleven—The Winchester match—Harrow match—A close finish—"Shirking"—College bounds—The Rev. C. Wolley—The Rifle Corps—A severe frost—I play in "the field"—Collegers and Oppidans—John Chambers ... ..	82
--	----

## CHAPTER VIII.

My penalties—I become familiar with "the block"—The block stolen—The Marquis of Waterford—Cause of his death—Cutting names—Easter Half, 1861—Fines—My tutor as a player—I win the school fives with L. Dent—I join the <i>Prince of Wales</i> —Boat races—The Eight goes to Henley—I become captain of aquatics—I play for the School against the Knickerbockers—My first "spectacles"—I "get my flannels"—Winchester and Harrow matches—"Billy" Johnson—"Rats, sir, rats!"—Michaelmas Term—I play on St. Andrew's Day—Lord Kinnaid ... ..	95
--	----



## CONTENTS.

xi

### CHAPTER IX.

	PAGE
Long glass—"Cellar"—"Tap"—Fines—Feeding at Eton—I am elected to "Pop"—Efforts at oratory—John Chambers—Debates—Rules of the Eton society—Review of the Volunteers at Windsor—Death of the Prince Consort—Whist and its consequences—Quoits—Lord Lorne—Boxing nights—A regular contest—Death of Provost Hawtrey—The chapel vaults—Dr. Goodford appointed Provost—Dr. Balston head-master—The Fellows—Sermons—Athletics—I win the fives again—Racquets at Windsor—The boats and boat races—Henley—Boating Bill—Check nights—Oppidan dinner—Tea in Poets' Walk ... ..	111

### CHAPTER X.

#### 1862. CRICKET.

The Eleven of 1862—Early matches—Winchester match—A close finish—Other matches—H. Arkwright and W. C. Clayton—An Alpine accident—A Canterbury tale—The Harrow match—Our first victory for twelve years—A masters' match—I have a bad accident—"Trimmer" Cleasby—Athletic sports—House matches—Foundation of the Eton Ramblers—Their early matches—Anecdotes—Caught at the Christopher ... ..	129
--	-----

### CHAPTER XI.

#### MICHAELMAS, 1862.

I become keeper of the Wall—Field and Wall colours—Some of our matches—Value of weight at the wall—A shinning match—Colleges v. Oppidans—"Lush"—"Hoisting"—A catastrophe—House matches—We win the cup—The field eleven—A match <i>versus</i> Westminster School—The short races—The Rev. J. E. Yonge—The Rev. E. Hale—Windsor Fair—How we spent Sunday—Chapel ... ..	147
--	-----

### CHAPTER XII.

#### EASTER, 1863.

The "swells" of 1863—The beagles in 1863—The E.C.H. in 1899—Duties of the master and whips—Securing fives-courts—My brother Edgar—I win the fives again—Stephen Freemantle—J. B. Walter—A private cellar—My tutor—Caning at Eton—The authority of elder boys—Discipline at my	
---	--

	PAGE
tutor's—Our fags—Sir Martin Gosselin—My parrot and pets—The parrot's escapade—Lord Rosebery—Lord Fal- mouth—Sir Hubert Parry—Lord Downe and his brothers —Story of the Prince Imperial—The sports of 1863—An accident—W. F. Donkin—In the <i>Monarch</i> ... ..	163

## CHAPTER XIII.

## SUMMER, 1863.

Holiday tasks—My verses—The Rev. F. E. Durnford—Cutting names—Onomatopœia—The boats and the Eight in 1863 —Boat races—Henley—The <i>Eton College Chronicle</i> —The Eleven—Indifferent prospects—Winchester match—The head master's dinner and its results—Forty presentation bats—Harrow match—A bitter experience—Chaff at Lord's —Hoisting and a misadventure—Bad luck at Eton after 1863 —The pang of leaving Eton—Taking leave; leaving-books— A row down the river—Temptations to stay another year— Retrospect—Eton friendships—Bishop J. R. Selwyn— Public-school life ... ..	182
---	-----

## CHAPTER XIV.

## FAGGING, BULLYING, BETTING, ETC.

Duties of fags—No cricket fagging—Dictating punishments— Influence of fag-masters—Beneficial effect of the system— Little bullying at Eton—"Drawing"—"Fat Fe"—"Green- ing"—Running away—Declining a swishing—"Cold pig" —Fighting—Betting and gambling—Sweepstakes—Ascot Races—Sayers' fight with Heenan—Sayers' circus at Windsor—Card-playing—Smoking—Billiards ... ..	206
--	-----

## CHAPTER XV.

## CRICKET.

Cricket in 1854, and in 1863—A professional engaged—Fred Bell—Improved averages—Increasing keenness in the School—No pavilion—Help of Old Etonians—Buttress— Dawes—Muncey—Number of dry-bobs—Harrow cricket— Lord's a fiery ground—Shooters—The art of playing them —Average age of Harrovians—Close finishes—Muncey and Bell—Royal cricketers—The best Eton cricketers of my time—Mitchell "Lyttelton"—V. E. Walker—Summaries and averages—Chaff at Lord's—Three-day matches— Walter Forbes—C. L. Thornton ... ..	221
---	-----



## CONTENTS.

xiii

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### ROWING, ETC.

	PAGE
The race against Radley—Comparative weights—Advent of Mr. Warre—Revival of race v. Westminster—Excursions to Monkey Island—Old Franklin—A curious hoax—Henley Regatta—Steady improvement in rowing—Collegers and the boats—C. R. W. Tottenham ... ..	237

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### BOYS' CHANCES.

Anxious parents—My brother Beaumont—Workers and idlers—Increased opportunities—Indulgent parents—Encouragement in games—ROBIN LUBBOCK'S CHAPTER—Chances for cricketers—Coaching—Football—Colleger and football—MEMOIR OF ROBIN LUBBOCK—Private school—Early successes—Fives and cricket—Football—In the Eleven—Love of Eton—His death—Accounts of matches—As a debater—Is life worth living?—Passionate love of hunting—Presentiments—His popularity—Maxims ... ..	244
--	-----

### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### SUBSEQUENT CRICKET.

First experiences of first-class cricket—Canterbury week—I. Zingari—Fuller Pilch—I go to Scotland—A wild cat—I go up the Nile—The season of 1864—The Peripatetics—My banking experiences—Boxing-lessons—"Wholesale holidays"—The murder of Mr. Briggs—West Kent matches—Parr's Australian team—New celebrities in 1864—County cricket—M.C.C. matches—Gentlemen v. Players of the South—Lockyer—Surrey cracks—Season of 1865—Chilly cricket—Julius Caesar's benefit—I tour in Ireland—Season of 1866—M.C.C. matches—Gentlemen v. Players—I make 200 v. R.E.—The Eton Eleven—L.Z. v. Lords and Commons—A match at Sandringham—Canterbury ... ..	264
---	-----

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### 1867-1871.

The season of 1867—Professional and amateur bowling—A trip to Paris—Cricket in the Bois de Boulogne—A single-wicket match—Banquet at the Grand Hotel—Nixon's
--

	PAGE
benefit—M.C.C. v. Surrey—Middlesex v. England—M.C.C. v. Oxford—Gentlemen v. Players at the Oval—I make 107, and am presented with a bat—Accident at the A.A.C. meeting—Lillingstone Dayrell—1868—New-comers—North v. South—Eton v. Harrow—Thornton's big hit—1869—Early matches—Eton beat Harrow—Notable performances—Canterbury week—Thornton's famous hits—1870—A bad hunting accident—Three runs in one day—Story of the Hon. R. Grimston—Harrow coaching—1871—Early matches—Eton—Gentlemen v. Players—A wonderful finish at the Oval—Gentlemen win—I make over 200 at Chislehurst—Canterbury week—J. Lillywhite's farewell benefit—Tom Hayward's batting—G. F. Grace—His early death	279

## CHAPTER XX.

1872-1874.

The season of 1872—Princes' Cricket Club—Its origin—Incidents of play—Fashionable spectators—Solicitude of the Princes—Old Etonians v. Old Harrovians—The Jockeys v. the Press—Sides in which I have played—A trip to Canada—Composition of the team—The voyage—Quebec and Montreal—Our first match—Eye-openers—Reporters—"Stiff and Strong"—Descriptive passages—New York—Boston—Philadelphia—We play an English team in 1873—Later years—Eton Rambler matches—My Marriage—A retrospect—Some distinguished cricketers—W. G. Grace—Alfred Shaw—Tarrant—Freeman—Boundaries—Changes in the game—Suggestions—Vale!	303
---	-----



## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

### INITIAL LETTERS FROM DRAWINGS BY A. K. WOMRATH.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. LOWER SCHOOL: INTERIOR ... ..	1
II. FIVES COURT ON CHAPEL STEPS ... ..	13
III. THE REV. J. L. JOYNES'S HOUSE ... ..	27
IV. KEATE'S LANE ... ..	40
V. COLLEGE PUMP: THE CLOISTERS ... ..	52
VI. THE WALL ... ..	67
VII. THE RAFTS FROM WINDSOR BRIDGE ... ..	82
VIII. THE BLOCK AND THE BIRCH ... ..	95
IX. SHEEP'S BRIDGE: THE PLAYING-FIELDS ... ..	111
X. CHARLIE WISE'S YARD ... ..	129
XI. GOOD CALX: THE WALL ... ..	147
XII. THE HEAD-MASTER'S ROOM ... ..	163
XIII. SIXTH FORM BENCH ... ..	182
XIV. THE CHAPEL: EAST END ... ..	206
XV. HENRY VI.'s STATUE, SCHOOL YARD ... ..	221
XVIII. (HEADING) THE OLD PAVILION AT LORD'S ... ..	264

### FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

PORTRAIT OF ALFRED LUBBOCK (FROM A PHOTO- GRAPH BY MESSRS. BARRAUDS) ... ..	<i>Frontispiece</i>
PASSING AT CUCKOO WEIR (FROM A PHOTO- GRAPH BY MESSRS. HILLS AND SAUNDERS) ... ..	<i>To face p. 20</i>

	PAGE
SPANKEY ... ..	<i>To face p.</i> 28
THE ETON ELEVEN, 1858 ... ..	56
THE ETON ELEVEN IN 1862 (FROM A PHOTO- GRAPH BY HILLS AND SAUNDERS)	138
"MY TUTOR," THE REV. J. L. JOYNES (FROM A CARTOON IN "VANITY FAIR") ...	170
THE ETON ELEVEN IN 1863 (FROM A PHOTO- GRAPH BY HILLS AND SAUNDERS) ...	198
THE ETON SOCIETY ("POP") IN 1863 (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HILLS AND SAUNDERS)	200
"MIKE," R. A. H. MITCHELL, ESQ. (FROM A CARTOON IN "VANITY FAIR") ... ..	224
PORTRAIT OF ROBIN LUBBOCK (FROM A PHOTO- GRAPH BY HILLS AND SAUNDERS) ...	256
LORD'S CRICKET GROUND IN THE SIXTIES (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. BARRAUDS) ...	272
CRICKETERS IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE ...	280
THE M.C.C. ELEVEN IN PARIS, 1867 ...	282
THE CANADIAN TEAM ... ..	308



MEMORIES  
OF  
ETON AND ETONIANS.

CHAPTER I.

My first day at Eton—Passage football—"My tutor"—Entrance examination and its results—First Form—"Swishing" in Lower School—"The Swells"—Cock of the school—An historical fight—My first prize—Returning to school—My second half—"Jumping half"—Deer's horns—Snowballing—"College hiding."



HERE are probably few events in a man's life which are so indelibly impressed on his memory as going to school for the first time. I can very distinctly recollect my arrival at Eton, about six o'clock one dark evening towards the end of September, 1854.

I was consigned to the care of the Rev. John Hawtrey, who then occupied one of the two red-brick houses facing "the wall," and at the corner of Keate's Lane.

I was received by the "boys' maid," Ellen, whom I



afterwards found to be a "good sort" and a kind friend to the boys, and, having deposited my portmanteau in my room, I determined to go and enjoy myself in some football that was going on in the passage through which I had to pass.

It was rather a dismal passage, with only one small gaslight at the end. On reaching it, I found some half a dozen boys playing, and inquired of one of them if I might join in the game. He told me it was awful cheek on the part of a new boy to make such a request, and asked me my name, age, where I came from, and any amount of other questions, which I thought at the time rather impertinent. As I had been prepared for such questions, however, by my elder brother, I answered them to the best of my ability; and thereupon one of the biggest boys playing rather took me in hand, and I was allowed to keep goal. My protector's name turned out to be Bradney; he afterwards rowed in the "Eight," and a very good fellow he was.

I had not been playing very long when the maid Ellen appeared, and said I was wanted to go downstairs to my tutor. Down I went, in rather a nervous state, and was ushered into the drawing-room, where were the Rev. John Hawtrey, his wife, and sister-in-law. John Hawtrey gave me a formal greeting, asked if my father and mother were well, and added that he hoped I should work hard and not get into scrapes; then he gave me some tea and bread and butter, and said that if I was tired and wished it, I could go to bed as soon as I liked. I was longing all the time to get back to the football upstairs—anything rather than being boxed



up with my tutor and the ladies. To my sorrow, when I got back I found the football was all over, and the players had disappeared to tea. I spent some little time unpacking and arranging my things, with the help of the trusty Ellen, and then went to bed.

The next morning I had to go through a sort of examination in the pupil-room. I was given a paper of Latin and Greek exercises to do, and also some sums, none of which I had the remotest idea how to accomplish. As far as arithmetic was concerned, I only understood a little addition and subtraction; and my knowledge of Latin was limited to the fact that Balbus was building a wall. I had done a few primitive exercises of Latin Delectus, and I knew the Greek alphabet. This, together with the smallest smattering of French, completed my stock of knowledge. Having very soon finished what little I could do in the way of the examination, I amused myself by getting all the quill pens (quill pens were always used then) I could lay my restless fingers on, and sticking them all in a row in a crack in the middle of the table. Just as I had arranged them all to my satisfaction, and thought I had made a most artistic design, the door at the other end of the pupil-room opened, and John Hawtrey appeared. Looking all round the room, he suddenly espied my beautiful decoration. This evidently aroused his indignation, and, fetching from inside his desk a small cane, he came towering up to my table, demanding in a stentorian voice who had been performing this enormous iniquity, and putting the pens like that. I said I had, as, having finished my examination, I had nothing to do.

"What do you mean by it?" he said. "Hold out your hand, sir." I promptly held out my right hand, and he gave me three cuts, one after the other, I thought as hard as he could; anyhow, I could feel it for the next two days. He then asked me for my papers, which I gave him, and, having looked them through, said without much hesitation that I should have to go into the first form. This, which was then the lowest form of all, was taken by Mr. Hardisty, and I was accordingly instructed to join his division at the next school, eleven o'clock.

I did so, and found myself placed at the bottom of the class, *i.e.* at the very bottom of the school. I was then only eight years old, for in those days boys were often sent to Eton straight from the nursery, and without going to any private school first. I soon got on fairly well with Hardisty in school, and to my delight, after a few days, a new boy appeared, who, being rather a greater duffer than myself, was put below me.

At this time the Rev. E. Coleridge was head master of lower school, taking the division called Upper Greek; the Rev. William Eliot was second in command with Lower Greek. Next in order came John Hawtrey, who presided over "Sense" and "Nonsense;" Hardisty bringing up the rear with the second and first forms. There was a fair amount of swishing at this time, and whenever any such operation took place, all the boys used to rush up to see the performance, crowding round the block, and getting on to the forms or any other point of vantage from which they could



have a good view. There was generally a rush for the best seats, and everybody seemed to think it capital fun, except the wretched individual who was being operated on. The Rev. E. Coleridge was a smart performer, and, being very strong in the arm, carried out his work with great dexterity, and, when he liked, could give it pretty stiff. There was a good deal of caning at John Hawtrey's, and I recall one very amusing episode, which I may as well relate; I shall never forget it to my dying day. At this time of the year, October, chestnuts were a very common form of "sock" amongst the small boys, and we used to buy them from Spankey, or some other member of the Levi tribe, who used to sell all such things on the wall. We would then take them back to my tutor's, and roast them over the fire in a shovel. One day in pupil-room, a small tug named F——, who was a great favourite of John Hawtrey's, had got a lot of chestnuts, and was, as a particular favour, allowed to roast them over the pupil-room fire while pupil-room was going on. My tutor was always going in and out of the room while we were working, and on one occasion, coming in rather quietly, he saw F—— kneeling over the fire arranging his chestnuts, in a position irresistible to any lover of the art of chastisement. Not seeing his face, and thinking it was one of the other boys stealing the chestnuts, John Hawtrey, quietly taking his cane from his desk and creeping up on tiptoe, gave the wretched F—— a most tremendous whack. F—— jumped up with a yell, his hands clapped behind him. My tutor, then seeing who it was, embraced him and said, "Oh,

my poor boy, my poor boy! I am so sorry; I thought it was another boy stealing your chestnuts." We were, of course, all delighted, and roared with laughter, as we had been watching the whole proceeding.

Another incident that took place during this my first term has impressed itself on my memory. I slept in the same room with a boy named Martin, and it was the custom at John Hawtrey's, if a boy had a cough or cold, to put him to bed and clap a blister on his back between the shoulders. This boy, Martin, having caught a cold or cough, had to go through this dreadful ordeal. Whether the maid forgot to come and take off the blister, or who was to blame, I don't know; anyhow, Martin, a short time after I had been in bed, began crying; then proceeded to scream; and at last got perfectly delirious, shouting out that he saw cats on his bed, and that they were scratching him, and all sorts of things like that. I certainly thought at first it was all humbug, and that he was shamming; but I found out afterwards that he had gone through enough pain to send anybody mad. He was ill in bed for three weeks afterwards, from the effects of the blister and the pain. It turned out that the maid ought to have taken the blister off after five or ten minutes, but forgot all about it. How long Martin had had it on, I cannot say; but I found out afterwards, under a similar infliction, that five minutes was about enough to make me half mad with pain.

Nothing of very great consequence took place this half, as far as I knew, in the school. Among the "swells"—the natural heroes of lower boys—R. L.



Lloyd and R. Wharton kept the field. Lloyd was a very strong boy, and was captain of the boats in 1856, and rowed in the Cambridge Eight in 1858-9-60. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who was at Durnford's, rowed bow in the "Ten" in '55, or I suppose I ought to call it the *Monarch*. Save for a little rowing, he did not distinguish himself in the games, but was a good scholar, being in the sixth form and getting sundry classical prizes. Tremlett (Edmund John) was captain of the Collegers, and Joseph Henry Warner captain of the Oppidans. Thomas Calthorpe Blofeld was the president of Pop. He was also in the Eight, and kept the wall in '54.

Amongst other well-known boys were Sir George Young; F. A. Bosanquet, a colleger, afterwards captain of the school and president of Pop, and now a Q.C.; Oscar Browning, also a colleger, and afterwards assistant-master of Eton; Edward Austen Leigh, who played in the Eleven in '57; John George Witt, in the Eleven in '55; Rodolph Hankey; Edward Thesiger, who was cox of the Eton Eight in '55; Alfred Pepys, in the Eton Eleven in '55; Lane Fox *ma.*, and Robert Wharton, who commonly went by the name of "Creeper" Wharton; he was cox of the Eight. His cousin, John Lloyd, or Wharton *mi.*, was nicknamed "Cords." The latter was very tall, and the former very short; but whether this had anything to do with these names I cannot say. George Sackville Fox, eldest son of the late master of the Bramham Moor Hounds, was captain of the boats in '56.

Amongst the lower boys in those days it was always

a great question who was cock of the school. L. Lloyd, Lane-Fox, and Lord Skelmersdale, the late Earl of Lathom, each possessed partisans who thought he ought to have that proud distinction. But fights were very few and far between, and I very much doubt if, since the notorious fight in 1825, which was often talked about, there were many serious "mills." An occasional rough-up in the football field, or something like that, was about all, and that generally amongst lower boys. As I happen to have come across an account of the above-mentioned fight, I will give it. It would appear that the fatal termination was due more to brandy than to the fight itself. This is the account given in a contemporary magazine.

"The Hon. F. Ashley Cooper, son of the Earl of Shaftesbury, aged fifteen, and Mr. Wood, son of Colonel Wood, aged fourteen, collegians at Eton, had a few words and blows in the playground of the college, but were separated. They, however, fought pugilistically afterwards by agreement, and the contest continued near two hours, during which the 'backers' poured brandy down young Cooper's throat; and at the end of the sixtieth round he fell in a fit, was carried off the ground insensible, and died in four hours! The coroner's jury returned a verdict of manslaughter against Mr. Wood, the principal, and Mr. Leith, the second." I certainly did not see a fight during my first term.

I was very glad when that term was over. One great surprise for me at the end of it was to receive a small prize from Coleridge, head master of Lower School. It



was "The Subaltern," by the late chaplain-general, G. R. Gleig; and I well remember my father asking me at dinner, the first night after I got home, what the prize was for, and my replying that I didn't exactly know, but that I thought it was for good health, and I felt rather hurt because he and my brothers all laughed so much at my answer. I may mention that, never having been at a school before, my mind was not very clear as to what prizes were given for. I only got one other prize all the time I was at Eton, and that was "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare," from Stephen Hawtrey. This was for doing well in an algebra paper. I found out afterwards that "The Subaltern" was for good conduct.

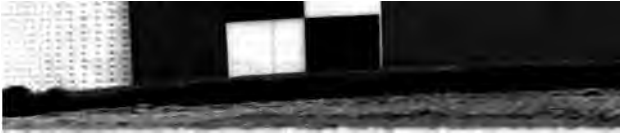
When the holidays were over, as there were four of us of one family, my brother Beaumont *max.*, Montagu *ma.*, Frederic *mi.*, and myself *min.*, and a considerable amount of portmanteaus, hampers, hat-boxes, etc., we used to have a big trap with four post-horses to convey us all the way from High Elms, my father's place in Kent, to Paddington, and catch the nine-o'clock train. It was about eighteen or nineteen miles. This really saved much trouble, as the nearest station at that time was Sydenham, ten miles off, and we should have had all the bother of changing, and then having to cab across from London Bridge. Not very long after this, when my brother Edgar came, there were five of us. Not infrequently some friend of one of my brothers used to come back with us, and so we often had a large and cheery party.

My second half at Easter was very unproductive of



any events so far as I was myself concerned. I was still at John Hawtrey's, and, having early in the half caught a bad cold on my chest, I had to spend nearly the whole term "staying out." I did no lessons, and endured a miserable existence all day in a sitting-room, with nothing to do and no books. How delighted I was one day when my brother Beaumont and a sister of mine came to see me, and brought me a cake, a lot of oranges, Walker's "Manly Exercises," and Captain Marryatt's "Peter Simple"! I read them over and over again, and they gave me great pleasure, and kept me going for the rest of the time I stayed out.

At this time of the year the amusements of the small boys were somewhat restricted. As there were then only the four fives courts on the Eton Wick Road, and the school-yard courts, not many boys could play; and although now it is usually called the "fives half," in my time it was called "jumping half," because one of the great amusements was to go out jumping; this consisted in putting on some dirty old clothes, wandering round the fields, and trying to jump Chalvey brook and all the numerous ditches in the neighbourhood. As they are deep and dirty, this pastime generally ended in the boys returning to their houses wet through and simply begrimed with mud. Another amusement of the small boys was to walk about Windsor Forest in the hopes of picking up a deer's horn, but that was rather a hopeless job. One day I found about half a fallow deer's horn, and went home with it in triumph. My success gave rather an impetus to the pursuit among the small boys of my age, but very few horns were



found. The question whether deer do or do not eat their horns when they shed them, has often been discussed in the *Field* and many other papers, and I think there is no doubt that they do. It is certainly very extraordinary, considering the amount of red and fallow deer in the forest, how few horns are ever discovered.

After the first of March, the boating commenced. Boys wishing to go into the boats had to put their names down at Saunders's, the haberdasher's, and then the captain of each boat made up his crew, asking each selected boy if he would join. Of course, the boats were filled up in succession, the captains being appointed from the "choices" of the year before. Saunders's was the place where one had to enter one's name for any of the boat-races and other athletic competitions. If there was a sharp enough frost, we could skate on Fellow's Pond, Babylon, Datchet gravel-pits, and other places. Ditton was also a favourite place, but was some little distance off, and difficult of access. When there was any snow, there was generally a considerable amount of snowballing between Collegers and Oppidans, carried on in Weston's yard. But it was always stopped by the masters, as one day one of the Collegers had his eye badly cut, a stone having probably been picked up with the snow in making the snowball. The Collegers got the worst of it, as, although they had the advantage of their gowns to defend them, they were always greatly outnumbered.

It was owing to one of the snowballing encounters that I narrowly escaped getting what was termed a "college hiding." I was full in the middle of the

fray, when I was suddenly seized by two "tugs" bigger than myself, and dragged off into college to have a college hiding. I was taken into the room of one of the biggest Collegers in the school, named W——, who did not enjoy much popularity in the school, and found him sitting in a sort of "blazer," reading a novel and smoking a short pipe. My custodians informed him that they had caught me snowballing in Weston's yard. He asked me my name, tutor, etc., and then gave me a short lecture on the enormity of my offence and let me go, at the same time threatening that if I was caught again I should receive a very severe thrashing. I was very glad so to get off, and my friends congratulated me on my lucky escape, having fully expected to see me return more dead than alive. This "college hiding" was looked upon with great dread by the lower boys, and was considered a far more painful operation to go through than a severe swishing. The victim was held down by a couple of boys, while another gave him many sharp cuts with a cane. As far as I knew, it was not as common as was generally supposed, and I think, moreover, that its severity was somewhat exaggerated.



( 13 )

## CHAPTER II.

I change houses—My first mistake—My fagmaster—A nest of wet bobs—The Leveson Gowers—I am tempted to become a dry bob—Stump and ball—School-work—"First fault"—Boat races—Swimming lessons—"Passing"—"Swamping"—The Eleven—Public school matches—Holiday cricket—Chislehurst—Herbert Jenner.



THE greater part of last half was spent by me "staying out," and in rather a wretched plight; so my father, thinking perhaps that John Hawtrey's did not agree with me, and that a change would do me good, decided to remove me to the house of the Rev. J. L. Joynes, where two

of my elder brothers boarded.

As I was still, however, in Lower School, I had to have a Lower School tutor, and was accordingly placed under the care of the Rev. William Lane Hardisty, in whose division I had commenced my school career.

I need hardly say I was delighted by my promotion to Joynes's. Amongst other privileges which I thereby gained was that of messing with my two brothers,

Beaumont and Montagu, and the Hon. Alan Brodrick, a brother of Lord Middleton's. We were a very jovial party, and there was generally plenty of good-natured chaff going on between my brothers and "Brod," or "Broddles," as they used to call him. At that time I was the *minimus*, and used for some time, amongst my friends, to be called by that name. My brother Frederic, who boarded at Coleridge's, was afterwards always called "Green" Lubbock, not on account of his acumen or disposition partaking of that colour, but from the simple fact that one day he appeared in a blazing green cap, by which he earned a sobriquet which has stuck to him ever after. I was then the only boy in Lower School at Joynes's, so was, of course, lowest boy, or "lag," as it was called, of the house, and as such I had to sit at the bottom of the table, next to Mrs. Joynes, "my dame." I well remember my first little mistake. On Sundays it was the custom to have roast beef and plum-pudding, and one glass of sherry or port, which old Bob Langridge, the butler, used to hand round. When it came to my turn, and old Bob offered "Port or sherry?" I, thinking claret was a far more orthodox tippie for a small boy, boldly said, "No, thank you; claret, please." "There ain't no claret," replied Bob. "Oh, then port," I said. My dame smiled, and all the boys round me giggled. I didn't—and couldn't, of course, be expected to—know the regulation as to port and sherry; but I twigged at once that I had "put my foot in it," and should get a rare roasting from the other small boys afterwards. This, of course, I did, and from Jack Hope Johnstone in particular, who asked me,



while I was about it, why I hadn't asked for champagne or sparkling Moselle.

I was very fortunate in getting apprenticed as fag to Granville W. G. Leveson Gower. He was a most kind and good-natured master, and I was very fond of him. Titsey Place, where he lived, being only about nine miles from High Elms, my father's place in Kent, I, in the Eton phrase, "knew him at home," and used constantly to meet him out hunting, at cricket-matches, shooting, etc., and we were always great friends. He was the only really enthusiastic dry bob in Joynes's at that time. Most of the upper boys were in the boats, and, besides that, Robert Lewis Lloyd, who was captain of the boats, and so by far the greatest swell in the school, was Joynes's pupil, as well as one or two others in the Eight. In fact, as the house was a regular nest of wet bobs, and one heard very little talk about cricket, it would have been far from conducive to a small boy's happiness to have proclaimed himself a cricketer, or what was more commonly called a "stinking dry bob." Why a dry bob should be supposed to possess a more offensive smell than a wet bob, it was never my fortune or my ambition to find out. Leveson Gower used to work hard at cricket, and was always practising; but, although he was very nearly in the Eleven, he never quite managed to get his flannels. He is the father of the present race of Leveson Gower cricketers, so that his labour cannot be said to have been lost on his sons. When he left he made me presents of a lot of pictures and knickknacks. Amongst his possessions was a splendid case, such as used to be

made for the captain of the Eleven for keeping the upper club stumps in. This case I used to look at with longing eyes, but as I was by way of being a wet bob, it would have been a most profane crime on my part to think of possessing such an article. Leveson Gower, however, offered it to me on condition that I would turn dry bob. I somewhat reluctantly refused, for, although I called myself a wet bob, I was really quite ready to go in for any game of any sort, no matter what it was, from skittles at Surley to stump and ball in Twopenny, but I thought I couldn't with honour change my denomination. So I lost the beautiful case. Not many years afterwards I became the owner of, and still possess, a similar case of my own. The stumps for Upper Club in those days used to be oval in shape, and the college arms were beautifully painted on each of them.

I really think that at that time, if a census of nominal pursuits had been taken, ninety per cent. of the boys would have maintained that they were wet bobs.

As I have just mentioned "stump and ball," I had better explain it for the benefit of the uninitiated. It was played with stumps as bats, and a fives ball. Two hats, put one on the top of the other, constituted a wicket. The wickets were put about twelve yards apart, and sides were chosen up. The bowlers had to bowl slows, but not sneaks. It was very often played in Twopenny on "short after fours," or when it was too wet for proper cricket, and was not only very good fun, but also helped the eye for cricket, although it made one apt to play with a crooked bat, and was simply

a case of hitting, as blocking was out of the question. Anybody who has not tried it would be surprised to find how far a fives ball can be hit with a stump. In fact, it was dangerous for the fielders to stand in too close.

I cannot say that at this time my classical education progressed with velocity. My tutor, Hardisty, taught me little or nothing; in school I was up to John Hawtrey, and had anything but a rosy time of it, partly, perhaps, because, having left his house, I was no particular favourite of his. Masters were not allowed to have canes in school, but to make up for that, he used to bring in a long wooden pencil about two feet long, which answered his purpose, and of which we used to reap the benefit.

The first time I was complained of was by John Hawtrey, in the following circumstances: Two or three divisions were held in Lower School, and it was the duty of the master who arrived first, to open the doors, admit the boys, and see that the other classes, besides his own, remained quiet in their places till the arrival of their respective masters, but there was generally a great noise going on as the boys settled themselves. One day when John Hawtrey was the master in attendance, having seen him well established at the other end of Lower School, a lot of us began to sing; he came rushing down and seized on me at once, and said he knew my voice, and should have me flogged. So the bill was made out "for misbehaviour in school," and I had to go and confront Coleridge. I asked for "first fault," and explained that I had been singing, and that



it was before school had actually commenced. I thought he was rather amused, and in giving me first fault told me that another time I had better wait till I had got out of school if I wanted to exercise my musical tendencies. I may as well state that first fault was a generally recognized privilege, for the first time a boy was complained of he was excused flogging. Boys always attempted the plea, and as swishing was so common then, they often got off, although they might have been swished two or three times before. (One friend told me he once had two first faults in one day.) If a boy happened to rejoice in the name of Smith, Brown, or Jones, his chance of first fault was poor, as the head master would probably recollect having flogged two or three boys of a similar name within the last few weeks.

At this time far more interest was taken in the rowing than in the cricket-matches, and a great number of boys used to run along the bank with the races, or stop at the rafts or on Windsor Bridge to see the finish. A boy named Beaumont (Godfrey Wentworth), afterwards in the Scots Fusilier Guards, was a long way the best sculler of that year, winning the sculling, the double sculling (with A. J. Robarts, who was cox of the *Britannia*, and afterwards ditto of the Oxford Eight), and the "tub sculling." The eight-oar race "two sides of college" this year was about the best race I ever saw at Eton; it was given in favour of South Side by six inches. I was on Windsor Bridge at the time of the finish, and it was impossible to tell who had won, many maintaining that South were ahead. I remember my

brother Beaumont was very much vexed about it, as he was rowing bow in the losing crew, which my brother Montagu was steering. Hankey *ma.* (Rodolph), who was captain of the Oppidans, and captain of my tutor's, was also in the crew. I think this year Lewis Lloyd, George Lane Fox, and Thomas Blofeld were about the best in the eight; the latter was also president of Pop. The only race the Eight rowed was against a Cambridge crew, on which occasion Blofeld rowed stroke, and Lloyd four.

During this half I was taught swimming, previous to going through the ordeal of "passing," which is one of the most important events of a boy's education at Eton, as he is not allowed to enter a boat until he has proved his proficiency in swimming. The method of instruction is simple, but at the same time most efficacious. The waterman (a man named Talbot was in my time the swimming-master) sits in a punt, holding a stout rod or pole about four feet long, with a hook at the end. On to this hook are looped the ends of a sort of broad band or girth, which is passed under the arms of the pupil, who is by this means held up in the water and "played" after the manner of a big fish. Meanwhile the waterman gives his instructions how to use your arms and hands, and kick out with your legs. When he finds the boy beginning to learn the art, he, without warning, dips the point of the pole or undoes the belt, and the pupil suddenly finds himself swimming. These lessons always took place at Cuckoo Weir, and as the water at this place was only some three or four feet deep, the learner never lost confidence, and soon made progress.

It is remarkable how quickly some boys learn. When a boy can swim thirty or forty yards in decent style, he may, with the swimming-master's approval, try to pass; and there are certain days and hours, generally long after four o'clock, when these trials take place before one or two of the under masters. Those who wish to try have to swim backwards and forwards round two poles about twenty-five yards apart, stuck in Cuckoo Weir, and if in the opinion of the passing-master they perform the distance in a satisfactory manner and in good form, they "pass," and in future can go in a boat on the river.

The "passing" was at times very amusing, as some boys perform the most ridiculous and fantastic evolutions in their frantic and nervous endeavours to swim. The candidates sit in a punt, without clothes, ready to jump off in order as they are called out, and swim the allotted distance. In the early summer there was sometimes a biting wind, and although the boys had rugs, etc., when this was the case, it was not altogether a comfortable operation. Some boys passed very quickly, while others had to make the attempt very often before, in the passing master's opinion, they were safely to be trusted on the river. The great requisite is confidence, and the chief security is the knowledge that you can keep yourself afloat as long as you like with a small amount of effort, which is easily done by a very little movement of the hands or feet. Sometimes, in the case of a dangerous "swamp," swimming, in the literal sense of the word, is about the last thing you should try to do; the sole object should be to keep the



PASSING AT CUCKOO WEIR

[Photo by Hills & Saunders.]



[REDACTED]



head above water. Once I was swamped out of a sculling outrigger in the middle of the river off Hester's Shed. My trousers came down, and got entangled round my feet so as to prevent my using my legs; in fact, I was not only in the uncomfortable and awkward position of having my legs tied, but was also in a bed of weeds. I at once felt that if I struck out and tried to swim to shore, I might soon be done up, and not have the strength to reach the bank, but by merely keeping myself afloat I was enabled to await the arrival of a boat, and was thus picked up, none the worse, except for a good ducking. Bathing at Cuckoo Weir was at times good fun—diving for chalk eggs (which we used to buy from an old man who always made his appearance at the beginning of the summer half, with blocks of chalk, which he used to carve into eggs and sell to us), taking headers, and making all sorts of experiments as to what we could do in the water; and sometimes a boat would come up with some of our friends in it, and when this was the case, we in the water generally used to board it and upset the occupants. The next step was, that as many of us as it would hold would get into it *in puris naturalibus*, then turn it bottom up, and sit astride across the keel. Cushions, oars, and stretchers, would be floating about in all directions. It was generally a job for the boys who came up in the boat to collect all their different paraphernalia before they returned. As a rule, only lower boys bathed at Cuckoo Weir, although sometimes a fifth form would, as it was more handy to college. Remove bathed at Upper Hope, fifth form at Athens; sixth form, the Eleven,

and Eight were the only ones privileged to bathe at Boveney Weir.

Although at that time my partiality was supposed to be more for the river than for the cricket-fields, whenever I could get away from pupil-room, I used to try and slip up to Upper Club when there was a cricket-match going on, and as I knew the Eleven all well by sight, I used to be able to take stock of their bowling and batting. Two of the Eleven, H. G. Norman ("Bung" or "white Norman," as he was often called from his light hair, to distinguish him from his cousin, Fred H. Norman, or "Black Norman," who was dark) and C. L. Sutherland, lived near High Elms, and I knew them well. E. B. Fane was captain, and from what I heard and saw, I think he and "Peter" Bagge, the former for hitting and the latter for defence, were the most useful bats in the Eleven. John Mordaunt and J. B. Dyne were the best bowlers. This year marked the commencement of the plan, followed ever since, of Eton and Winchester meeting alternately on their own grounds, the Harrow match still being played at Lord's in the holidays. The Eleven was fairly good for those times, and defeated Winchester by forty-six runs, but were easily beaten in one innings by Harrow, only scoring 35 and 90, against their 191. The latter had two rather strong bowlers in G. L. Lang and H. Arkwright. It always astonishes me, in looking over the old Eton scores, even up to and after my time, to see what a lot of wides and byes there were, more especially as long stops were in vogue, and the Eton wickets were, as a rule, very slow. I account for it by assuming that

the bowling was so very crooked that many of the wides were not even within reach of the long stop. It might also have been partly due to the fact that little coaching or trouble was bestowed on the Eleven, and that they didn't take pains or half "field up."

Although, as I have already said, few called themselves cricketers while at Eton, in the holidays many dropped their wet bobism and played cricket. We all from High Elms used to go over to Chislehurst on Saturdays, and play with the West Kent Club. Matches were then so few and far between that it was necessary to choose up sides. The management was generally undertaken by the renowned Herbert Jenner and some of the Normans. Each man had to retire when he had made twenty-five runs, and all fielded out when there were not two full sides. It was often a case of twelve or fifteen aside of all ages, and since the tents were always pitched, we had a good hot lunch and altogether very enjoyable days. I think this also gave to many a stimulus for cricket which might not otherwise have been the case. My father, who was very fond of the game, used also, in the holidays, to get up a match or two against the neighbouring villages. My brothers used all to play, and with the help of a friend or two, and perhaps a gardener or groom, we got up an eleven, and sometimes had some very amusing matches.

In the West Kent games it was a great advantage to us to be able to play with such a man as Herbert Jenner (now Sir H. Jenner Fust, and still living). He had been in the Eton Eleven in 1822 and 1823, and in 1827 played as captain of the Cambridge eleven in the



first match between the two Universities. In 1833 he was elected president of the Marylebone Club, when he was only twenty-seven. I should say that, about the time I am speaking of, there existed no better judge of the game, or captain and manager of a side, than he was. Even then, in his later years, he was a splendid wicket-keeper, usually standing farther behind the wicket than is considered orthodox now. I often think he was right, as this position affords more chances of catches by slips and snicks; I have often seen him catch a man off a draw, a favourite stroke among some players in those days. Another advantage in standing back is that it is generally easier to move quickly forwards than backwards, especially in the case of a nasty kicking ball. Some may say that, in standing back you discount the chances of stumping, but H. Jenner did not stand so far back that, should the opportunity occur, he was unable to make use of it. He often used to keep wicket without pads and with only a pair of dogskin gloves, which he much preferred to the proper padded gloves. He was also in his day a very fair bowler, and used to bowl underhand fast. There were many who called them jerks, and they certainly had the appearance sometimes of being open to the accusation; but I think the bowling rule was a bit more flexible in those days than it is now. He was remarkably good tempered, most genial, full of fun, and at the same time he always played up, and did his best to make others do the same. He used to give us valuable advice, too, when he was keeping wicket, often telling us how we had played wrong, showing us what

we ought to have done, and in many ways helping us in our attempts.

I remember on one occasion when I went in, and he was keeping wicket, as soon as I had played a few balls he said to me, "Ah, I can see you are going to get some runs to-day." I asked him why he thought so. "Well," he said, taking my bat, "you look at that; you will see you have played every ball exactly in the right place, in the centre of the bat." He was always full of good cricketing anecdotes, and I don't think anybody possessed a greater fund of them than he had. He did a great deal towards encouraging Kent cricket, and even long after he ceased to play, used to take great delight in watching the youngsters. I might mention that the West Kent ground at Chislehurst was at that time considered one of the most difficult and dangerous wickets near London. Being on a gravelly soil, the pebbles used to work up between the wickets, and it was no uncommon sight to see a batsman pick up half a dozen small pebbles just where a good ball would pitch, and throw them away. I well remember poor "Donny" Walker coming down to play once in the sixties, just when he was about at his best, and getting cut over all round, and, on my asking him afterwards what he thought of the ground, saying, "It was the first time he had ever played there, and that he would take very good care it was the last." It was relaid about 1870, and after that became free from pebbles and much easier.

The West Kent Club then had nothing to do with the Kent County Eleven, and never played professionals,

but was confined to amateurs. They had some good players, including H. Jenner, sundry Normans and Goslings, Charles Pontifex, E. Northey, J. Aitken, W. F. Traill (the old Oxford bowler), W. H. and A. C. Wathen, my brother Nevile, who used frequently to make runs and played a few times for Kent. Then there was one old curiosity named the Rev. J. Kirkpatrick, of whom many amusing stories were told. One I remember, which he told of himself. He said he was out shooting one day, and found a hare sitting. Instead of putting it up and shooting it, he said to himself, "No; I will give it a fair chance, cricketing distance." So, turning round, he deliberately measured out twenty-two yards; but, on facing about in order to have his shot, all he saw of the hare was a small form scudding miles off.

Pontifex, now Sir Charles, K.C.I.E., had been captain of the Cambridge Eleven in 1853, and was a very good left-handed bowler. In after-years I played a good deal with him in West Kent matches, and also for the Kent "B.B.," or Band of Brothers Club.

## CHAPTER III.

The "wall cads"—Spankey—The Marquis of Hastings—"Stephanos"—The Rev. W. Eliot—Another first fault—The Rev. E. Coleridge—The swells in 1856—The Eight and the Eleven—The matches of the season—No Harrow match—Fishing—Lower-boy cricket—"Aquatics"—Football—The wall game—"Kick about"—"Shinning."



CANNOT say that at this time, towards the end of the holidays, I looked forward to the day of return to Eton with any pleasure. I loathed the lessons, pupil-room, and pænas, and especially "saying lessons," as repetition was always called.

What little pocket-money I had to take back was generally confiscated at once by "the wall cad," or "sock" seller, Levi. He always asked me how much I had, and I used innocently to tell him the exact amount; so if I brought back thirty shillings, it turned out that I owed him twenty-five. I will do him the credit of saying that he generally left me with a shilling or two; but that very soon went, and I had to go "on

tick" again, with the usual result. I am glad to say this "wall cad" disgrace, for I could call it nothing else, is now abolished. Spankey with his tin bun-box, Brian with his barrow, and Joby Joel and Levi with their baskets of buns and sweets, used to do a thriving trade in the main street of college. When a boy ceased to have any money, they gave him as much tick as they liked, and, as they used to keep no sort of accounts, on the boys' arrival after the holidays, they made a practice of mulcting them of as much of their pocket-money as they could get out of them. There were many stories about Spankey. Some said he had any amount of money; some thought he was descended from the aristocracy. His real name was Le Marchant, and I do believe he had amassed a small fortune; anyhow, he gave £50 towards the fund for building St. John's church in the High Street. A good many boys regarded him as a sort of detective for the masters; but what I think gave rise to this was the fact of his being sent off once or twice to bring back boys who had run away. I remember one case well. A boy named W—— had determined to run away, and Spankey just caught him by the seat of his trousers as he was making his escape out of the window. Spankey used to give an account of it to the small boys with great glee.

At this early stage I don't think I had any particular chums, though of course I knew a good many boys; among them the late Marquis of Hastings, who had just made his appearance at Eton. As a small boy, he had just the same devil-may-care, jaunty air as characterized him in after-life, during his racing career, and was by



SPANKEY.



no means very careful about himself or his belongings. He didn't exactly hit it off with the authorities, and so his residence at Eton was cut very short. The present Earl of Harewood, then Mr. Lascelles, was another contemporary, and was captain of my division nearly the whole time I remained at Eton. Not only was he clever, but I think he must have come with a very careful preparation; anyhow, without seeming to work any harder or taking more bother than anybody else, he never seemed to have the slightest difficulty in taking first in trials, so retaining his position at the top of the class. As far as I knew, at Eton he never exhibited the partiality for racing and sports which he has since displayed. He was hardly big or strong enough to take any leading part in the athletic world, and what little he did do was in the boating way, steering in '61 the *Britannia*, and afterwards ('62) the *Monarch*, in which I was at the same time rowing. Amongst others were the late Lord Parker and Lord Castle Cuffe, the late Earl of Desart, both of whom I knew very well. The former was a strong boy, and known for his sporting tendencies; but the latter was very thin and delicate-looking, chiefly remarkable for his long hair and very baggy, loose trousers.

I now entered on a long spell of mathematical tuition from Stephen Hawtrey, or "Stephanos," as he was usually called, and I certainly think he taught me more than all the others put together. He was kindness itself; but the cheek, I might almost add the insolence, he put up with was quite beyond comprehension. It was a favourite pastime, during the lectures on chemistry



and such like, which used to take place in the mathematical school, for the boys, whenever the room was a bit dark, to pea-shoot at his bald, shining head. It was also a common practice to make a somewhat dangerous missile by breaking off the nibs of a magnum bonum pen, leaving two sharp side prongs sticking out, and inserting in the other end of the tube a sheet of paper folded so as to represent a three-sided spear-head. These steel-tipped darts used to fly a long distance and with considerable force, and on one occasion one of them lighted on the top of Stephanos' head and stuck there. It drew blood, and must have been very painful; but I never shall forget the good-humoured way in which he took the offence, and refrained from giving the culprit any punishment.

Once I recollect he caught a boy out telling a most abominable lie, and upon Stephen expostulating with him, the boy in a cheeky way said, "I always follow the eleventh commandment." "And what may that be?" he asked. "Why," replied the boy, "when I do tell a lie, I tell a good one and stick to it." These and many such insults had poor old Stephen to put up with, and how he managed to keep his temper was a marvel. He was universally liked, and I never remember hearing anybody say a bad word of him. He was master at Eton for thirty-six years, from '36 to '72.

During the time I was at Eton, three schools a week were regarded as sufficient for our mathematical instruction. They occurred on whole school days, and were supposed to last an hour each, but I think it



would be nearer the mark to say that half an hour was about the duration, and even during that time a lot of "humbugging" was going on, instead of work.

In the classical way I had now safely escaped from the dominion of John Hawtrey, and was in Lower Greek up to "Billy" Eliot. If ever there was an easy-going master to be up to at school, I should say Billy was that master. I don't really think any boy ever tried to learn a construing, repeating, or any other lesson. One could always pull through somehow, and if by any chance he set a punishment, he generally managed to forget all about it afterwards. He did complain of me once, but I will confess it was only after sufficient provocation, and having declared he would do so nearly the whole of the half. It happened thus. A boy named Chambers had got something the matter with one of his feet, and, thinking he would be more comfortable without his boot, he managed to get it off unknown to Eliot, and sit without it. I watched my opportunity and gave the boot a kick, sending it flying to the other end of the room. Chambers jumped up with only one boot on, and hopped off after the other. The boys were all laughing, and Eliot said, "Now, Lubbock, I declare I will complain of you." As he had already said this about a hundred times, I never expected he would, and muttered something to the effect that boys had no business to take their boots off in school. He didn't see it in the same light as I did, and my name was sent up. I appealed for first fault, and was lucky enough to get off a second time, Coleridge having forgotten my previous complaint.

On leaving Eliot's division I was up to Coleridge, who was a very different customer to tackle, being very strict and wide-awake—a severe contrast for boys who had just come from the division below. I managed on the whole to get on fairly well, and bar an occasional ear-pulling, a punishment of which he was rather fond, I escaped anything severe.

From what I could see, and from what I could feel, I think Coleridge swished far harder than Goodford. The former was a great deal the stronger man, and seemed to put more wrist work into his strokes, and had more knack, if there is such a feature in the art of swishing. I may say that, although I saw Coleridge swish any amount of boys—for it was customary in Lower School for all the boys to see the flogging—I only saw Goodford swish one, but I felt him swish me eight or nine times. In the position in which one is placed, however, it is not easy to examine very minutely the striker's action.

At this time, 1856, Frederick Albert Bosanquet, K.S., was captain of the Collegers, and president of the Pop, and John Gregory Watkins of the Oppidans. George Lane Fox, eldest son of G. Lane Fox, of Bramham, was captain of the boats; E. B. Fane was for the second time captain of the Eleven. Among the well-known men of the present day, there were then at school—Sir Redvers Buller, V.C., who as a boy, so far as I know, did not excel in any particular line; and Lord Hinchbrook, now Earl of Sandwich, who was noted for his speed in running, as well as for his musical performances on the piano. The Eight, with Lan-

Fox stroke, my brother Beaumont seven, Lord Sudley, G. Morrison, Tom Baring, and others, and my brother Montagu as cox, were a strong lot, but no race of any importance, except with one or two scratch Oxford and Cambridge crews, took place. The Eleven was very much the same as in 1855, no less than seven of the old choices playing again. As the Winchester match, according to the new system of home and home matches, was played at Winchester, there was not very much to excite the ardour of the Eton boy on-lookers. Most of the usual matches were played, but unless some big gun was known to be coming, little enthusiasm was displayed, and a not very large audience attended. Among the first was one against an Oxford team brought by A. D. Hayter, comprising Lord Coventry, J. M. Mordaunt, Lord Skelmersdale, and other old Etonians. It was chiefly remarkable for the small scores on both sides, the large number of extras, and the fact that J. M. Mordaunt got every Eton wicket for 68, clean bowling seven of them. Hayter's eleven got 87 and 65, of which 20 were extras first innings, and 11 second, with 10 wides. In the M.C.C. match also the scores were small, the visitors only getting 41 and 56 against Eton's 89. The Eton and Winchester match ended in a one-innings victory for Eton; but scores were again small, Winchester only making 82 and 34, and Eton 120. After this we met with a severe defeat from the Maidenhead Club, who scored 180 (of which G. R. Dupuis made 67) against our 71 and 55. We managed to beat a rather inferior Household Brigade side, although they had the benefit

of Martingell to bowl for them, but they made 54 and 65 against our 113. Against the Gentlemen of Berkshire, Eton made the only decent score of the term, viz. 207, of which E. G. Hornby and E. B. Fane made over 40; but the bowling and fielding on the part of the Gentlemen of Berkshire were very bad, extras amounting to 48, with 22 byes, leg byes 8, and wides 18. The Gentlemen of Berkshire's total runs being 112, and 38 for three wickets.

From what I saw of the Eleven, and from their performances, I think it was just as well for them that the Harrow match was not allowed to be played at Lord's this year. The head master of Harrow (Dr. Vaughan), I believe, had no objection to the match being played in London, as usual, but for some reason did not wish Harrow to play at Eton or at Winchester, or either of them to go to Harrow. The fact of there being no Eton and Harrow match that year might have caused a trifle more slackness than usual, but still slackness was the order of the day then in the cricket at Eton. In the Eleven, Fane, Norman, Bagge, Pepys, and one or two others, were all capable of making good scores. Dyne was the most useful with the ball, Hornby fairly good, and Lord Turnour occasionally got wickets, but was somewhat erratic and expensive. The wickets may, to a certain extent, be put down as responsible for the low scoring; but want of coaching, of practice, and of keenness were, I consider, the prime causes.

About this time I conceived rather a fancy for fishing. The fact that two small lower boys had circumvented a genuine 9-lb. Thames trout close by the playing-

field, inspired all of us would-be piscators with intense eagerness. I needn't tell my readers that, of course, it was an extraordinary fluke. It happened that the two small boys, Jodrell and De Vaynes, were fishing off sixth-form bench for bleak, dace, or whatever they could catch, when suddenly Jodrell found he had got a big fish on. He hung on to his rod and line like grim death, while De Vaynes went into the water up to his knees, and managed to secure the trout in his arms like a baby and bring it safely to the shore. Jodrell sent it home to his mother, and for a time was a great hero. From what I could learn, I believe he had hooked a bleak, and that the trout took the bleak, and so was caught. There was a report that Wolley, the master, who was well known as a very accomplished fisherman, was much vexed, as he had known of this trout lying off the spot where it was caught, and had for some time been trying to get it. Except among the lower boys, fishing was very little attempted. There was one boy, named Hogg, always after jack in Fellows' pond, and report often had it that he had caught some fish of fabulous size, but I don't think these monsters were often on view. There was no doubt that there were some good-sized ones, for they could be easily seen basking on the top of the water on a clear day, and it often used to be one of our Sunday amusements to hunt for frogs, and then throw them into the pond and see the jack take them. I can't say that my own piscatorial efforts resulted in any great amount of success, and a few bleak and minnows, which we used to take back and have fried for breakfast, were about all the reward

of my attempts. There was one redeeming feature about my fishing expeditions, which was that, being handy to the numerous cricket grounds, when I got tired of it—if fish were not on the bite, or things went amiss, and there was anything interesting in the cricket way going on, it was only a very short distance for me to go. As to actual playing, it was very difficult for a small boy to get a game. On the holidays and half-holidays there was a match or game in Upper Club; one in Lower Club for those just not good enough to play in Upper Club; there was a game amongst the Collegers, on the ground where they still play; a game in Sixpenny, the other half of the same ground, adjoining “the wall” on the other side of a path which led from Weston’s Yard to Sheep’s Bridge (this path was done away with in about ’60, and the wire railings put up); and sometimes a game in Twopenny, the space between the path and cloisters. It will thus be seen that, taking eleven a side in each game, which was, I consider, somewhere about the average, perhaps sometimes more and sometimes less, it resulted in there only being a chance for some 110 boys out of the school being taken into a game, or obtaining a possible opportunity of getting an innings. It cannot be wondered at that there were then so few really good players, or that the game was so much less popular than the boats. On whole school days boys practised at nets, and any small boy who was the happy possessor of a cricket-ball used to go and bowl to them. I used to do this frequently, but as to “having a knock” myself, that was quite out of the question. I forgot to mention

that on certain days, usually Friday after twelve, there was a sort of game in "Aquatics," the portion of the ground next to Twopenny. The extent of an "after twelve" was about an hour or so, and this was considered quite long enough for the purpose. No pads or gloves were as a rule thought of, and blocking was religiously prohibited. The Aquatics usually played Lower Club in the course of the half, but, as may be supposed, were usually well beaten. When John Hawtrey removed to his new house down towards the Gas Works, beyond Edgars the Dames, he had a very nice little ground, with a more lively pitch than any of the others, and here the Lower School, and his own house in particular, had a very fair chance of getting a game or a good bit of practice.

E. B. Fane, besides being a good cricketer, was a fine football player. He and H. H. Chilton kept the field in '55; J. A. Pepys and Hon. Hugh Hare in the Easter Term of '56. Although there were always "keepers" for the Easter Terms, there was really hardly any football to speak of, and fives was the prevalent game. J. J. G. Witt, K.S., and J. A. Pepys kept the wall in '55. Although, of course, the interest then taken in football is nothing to compare with what is now the case, or even what was a few years later, when I left, still the game was always very popular. The fact that it came at a time when cricket and boating were out of the question may have had something to do with it, but I consider that to watch a really good, quick, well-played field game was a very good hour's occupation; and I may be prejudiced in my opinion, but I think the



Eton game is a far livelier and quicker game than any of the others as played at the present time. I am not speaking of the "Wall game," which is quite a different thing, and, as I shall mention it again more fully hereafter, I will only say now that it's a game that, as Lord Dundreary used to say, "No fellar can understand" unless he has played it himself. Boys were certainly very fond of it, many a great deal more so than of cricket. I myself, and I think all the rest, used to enjoy our house games very much. They were very good fun, and always played with genuine keenness. Of course, the small boys and bad players didn't have a very grand time of it, but they got an occasional kick or two, and had lots of exercise. "Kick about," too, was a great institution; this consisted of as many boys as could spare the time, congregating in South Meadow, with as many footballs as could be procured, and these were for the space of nearly an hour kicked about in every or any direction. It was capital exercise, and gave us very good practice in kicking, as one could never tell in what direction the next ball was coming bounding past. In my judgment, the football in the fifties and sixties was every bit as good as it is now, but, as in all other games and sports, there are some years when there are exceptionally good performers. There is one feature of the game as it is played at the present time which constitutes a considerable improvement, and that is the absence of shinning, especially cool shinning, *i.e.* when the ball is nowhere handy; this was very much in vogue in my time, not so much in the friendly house games as in house matches,

"Collegers and Oppidans," and other matches. I have heard boys say boastfully, "I didn't get anything;" or perhaps, "I didn't do much, but I took three or four chaps off their legs." At the same time, it was remarkable what very few accidents ever occurred, and how few bones were broken, although this year A. J. Roberts, commonly called Bob, broke his leg in his house game. It was a mere accident, due to a collision with a much bigger and heavier boy.

## CHAPTER IV.

In fourth form—Rev. A. F. Birch—Caught in Switzerland—  
 “School fives”—The beagles—Keepers of the field, 1857—  
 Some notable characters—House fours—The Eight—The  
 Eleven Winchester match—An irregular Harrow match—My  
 “lock-up”—Refusing a swishing.



WAS very thankful, in '57, to find myself out of Lower School, in fourth form, and installed as a genuine, full-fledged pupil of the Rev. James Joynes. It was not that I didn't like Hardisty very much—he was as kind as could be, and we got on very well together; but I didn't seem, somehow, to make any progress with my work. Either he was not able to explain anything to me, or I was incapable of comprehending his explanations, but the fact was that I still knew very little, and in trials had only just managed to scrape through, at about the very bottom of the division, by the skin of my teeth. In mathematics, thanks to Stephen Hawtrey,

I had got on better; but I can hardly say that in that respect I was as forward as most of my division.

During my time I had a long experience of Augustus Frederick Birch in school. He was rather a different type to the other masters. He had the manner which used to be described as a "lardy da," but at the same time he was full of wit, and clever sayings, and must have had no inconsiderable capacity as an actor. He was fond of making jokes in school, and the best policy for us boys was to laugh at them, which often got us off a pœna. He had a peculiar habit of getting both his whiskers into his mouth at the same time, and from the amount of pulling and coaxing requisite to perform this *tour de force*, it appeared to be rather a difficult job. There was a boy in our division, when I was up to him, named C. F. J——, who had a sort of impediment in his speech, and, being a "sap," always knew his lessons well. When it came to saying them, he started off, knowing every word well by heart. Birch used to make grimaces all the time, as if in intense agony; and when J—— had repeated a few lines, would say, "Goa away; howwid noise! howwid noise!" My turn was just after J——'s, and of course I was in such convulsions of giggling, I couldn't be expected to repeat my lessons, so as a rule I got off cheap. I was rather taken aback once in the summer holidays of '62. I was walking in Switzerland, smoking a short pipe, and I met a man quietly sauntering along in a wideawake with a white veil, holding a white umbrella. What was my horror, when I arrived face to face with him, to find it was Birch! Visions of being swished

and turned down for smoking, quickly floated through my brain. He received me, however, in the most affable and agreeable manner, and never once alluded to the short briar that I had been holding behind my back all the time in the most guilty way. I think he was popular, never putting himself out of the way to catch boys out doing wrong, as some of the other masters did.

The Easter half of 1857 was the first time that the school "fives" competition was set on foot. My tutor (Joynes), who was not only a splendid player, but a very enthusiastic devotee of the game, generously presented two silver challenge cups to be played for. The first winners were T. E. (Peter) Bagge and F. H. Norman, both fine players, but I think Norman was the better of the two. At that time it was impossible for fives to be so universally played as it is now, for, besides the original single courts between the chapel buttresses in the school yard, there were only the four new ones near the cemetery on the Eton Wick Road. As it has often been asked what is the derivation of the word "fives," I may say that those who think they know say it is so called from the five fingers of the hand, "bunch of fives" being an old pugilistic expression for the hand, and, although I do not believe the origin has been satisfactorily proved, this is as likely as any other.

As there were no "beagles," there was not much to be done, except fives, till the 1st of March, when boating was allowed for those in the boats only, so the boys who had a chance of getting a wall were very keen on



the game ; but, owing to there being so few courts, most had to content themselves with looking on, or picking up such casual amusements as presented themselves. Many of us used to play single fives on the courts in the school yard, and while the boys were waiting for school they were always occupied. It is not easy now to make out how the boys did manage to amuse themselves with so few courts available, but a good many used to go out "jumping" in parties, and there were paper-chases, practising running, and so on.

It was during the Easter half of 1857 that the first attempt was made to resuscitate the beagles, and the effort led in reality to the commencement of what is now the properly organized Eton College Hunt. Tom Baring, my brothers Beaumont and Montagu, "Paddy" Lawless, Ernest T. ("Cow") Hankey, "Betsy" Severn, and a few others, were the chief instigators. Under their management a few couples of beagles were obtained ; Snip, the Tap "look-out man," was installed as a sort of kennel huntsman ; a badger, amongst other things, was obtained ; and with an occasional bagged fox, a hare, or a red herring, a certain amount of fun was very often enjoyed by those who were in the hunt. There was no actual master, nor were there any recognized whips, as afterwards was the case. Lawless was, I fancy, a sort of leader in the undertaking ; he was a good runner, and was second in the hurdle race, which Harle, who was at my tutor's, won. Arthur Wilson-Patten won the running, and R. H. Ainsworth was second. Patten was a good football player, and with C. L. Sutherland kept the field. The keepers of

the field for the Easter of '57 were Tom Baring and Robert Rawlinson (usually called the "Scratcher"). Patten was the second son of Lord Winmarleigh, and, after leaving Eton, went into the Rifle Brigade, and died out at Quebec in 1866.

About this time there were three boys, the Marquis of Bowmont (the late Duke of Roxburgh), Lord Uffington, and Lord Rendlesham, who all boarded at Balston's, and were always to be seen together. They used to have their buns and coffee together at Barnes' (old Barnes being noted for his fine Yorkshire hams and spiced beef); they were together at the races, or on the river, and seemed quite inseparable; but they were not notable for anything else. The present Earl of Dunmore, who was always a very cheery fellow and much liked, was in the *Britannia*, as was also the late Duke of St. Albans. They both boarded at Coleridge's, and St. Albans used to mess with my brother Frederic, who was also at that house, and with whom I often used to breakfast. The present Sir Frederick Johnstone was in the boats this year for the first time; he and his twin brother "Doddy" Johnstone were very well known.

There were then 744 boys in the school, and I flattered myself that I knew every one of them by name (when I left, in 1863, they numbered 811, and in 1894 over 1000, or, more correctly, 1022), and to maintain this reputation, I used to look round in chapel, and if I noticed any boy whose name I did not know, I would take steps to find it out. This painstaking curiosity did not last long, and I soon contented myself with the swells and those above me in the school. Balston's

and Birch's were the two houses chiefly noted for containing members of the aristocracy, and in the latter were the present Earl of Lansdowne (then Lord Clamau Maurice) and his brother, Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, Lord Newry (now Earl of Kilmorey) and the Needhams, Lord March and his brothers, Lord Parker, Lord Walsingham (generally known as Tommy de Grey), Lord Boringdon (now Earl of Morley), Lord Brownlow, Lord Brackley (now Earl of Ellesmere), Earl of Ilchester (then Fox Strangways), Marquis of Worcester, and others.

Besides the three inseparables whom I have already mentioned, Balston's was answerable for Lord Crichton, Lord Wallscourt, Lord Charles Ker, Lord George Pratt, Lord Jersey, Lord Melgund (usually known as "Rowley" Melgund), now Governor-General of Canada, besides others whom I have forgotten. All the Lytteltons were at Evans', as was also Lord Cadogan (then Mr. Cadogan), who this year was bow of the *Thetis*, and in '58 in the *Victory*, and rowed in some of the eight-oar races. He was a fairish football player, and played behind, was always very particular about his back hair being carefully brushed, and about his dress. H. N. Mozley, K.S., was captain of the Collegers, and the Hon. Lyulph Stanley (a brother of Lord Stanley of Alderley) of the Oppidans, Tom Baring captain of the boats, and F. H. Norman of the Eleven and president of Pop.

The chief incident in the wet-bob world this summer was the institution of a cup for house fours. This challenge cup was procured chiefly through the instrumentality of Mr. Stanley, captain of the Oppidans, and



Baring, captain of the boats, and by means of a public subscription in the school. This year it was won by my tutor's, and the crew was composed of Hankey, who was captain of the house; my brother Beaumont, who was second captain of the boats; E. Denison; and Thomas C. Hincks, commonly known as "Badger;" Ernald M. or "Little" Smith was the cox. My tutor's did well in the wet-bobbing way, as, besides the house fours, Hankey won the sculling and tub sculling, and my brother was second in the sculling, while he and Hankey were second in the pulling.

The Eight only rowed two races, against Christ Church and a scratch Oxford crew, winning the former, and being beaten in the latter.

The Eleven started off in pretty good form against University College, Oxford—not a strong lot—beating them by 146 *versus* 112, but only made 36 for seven wickets second innings, without a double figure. They also did well against a weak M.C.C. team, scoring 167 (of which E. G. Hornby's 44 was the best), against 75 and 82, 30 of which (15 each innings) were extras. This match was chiefly remarkable for being the first time the Hon. C. G. Lyttleton played for the Eton Eleven, making 16, and being bowled by the well-known old I.Z. umpire H. or "Cockey" Royston, who was that day playing for M.C.C. The Cambridge Quidnuncs also succumbed to Eton, F. H. Norman making 56, and Eton winning by 128 *versus* 93; but the "Quids" did better the second time, and with G. R. Dupuis making 69 not out, ran up 149 for seven wickets.

Eton got a very severe drubbing from the Oxford Harlequins, being beaten in a single innings and 75 runs. Among the Harlequins were the Hon. C. B. and the Hon. W. S. Fiennes, two great men at that time, and J. M. Mordaunt. C. B. Fiennes secured all the wickets except two, who were run out, and in the second innings the two Fiennes got all the wickets between them; Eton only obtained 32 and 45 against 152. This match was a very fair specimen of what might happen on an Eton wicket in those days. Only 229 runs made, and the whole match played out in the course of a day.

The Eton and Winchester match was played at Eton, and I can't say there was very much interest excited, for the number of spectators was hardly greater than would have attended any ordinary match. Eton won easily with 207 *versus* 62 and 114. E. C. Austen Leigh, the present head master of Lower School, figured in the Eleven for Eton. E. G. Hornby, "Scratcher" Rawlinson, and "Peter" Bagge made the best scores, while C. G. Lyttleton and J. B. Dyne got most of the wickets. The Winchester side was weak all round, and their extras for Eton amounted to 35, including 22 wides. The Eton bowling can't be considered to have been A1, as their wides were numerous—7 first innings, and 13 in the second.

The West Kent brought down a, for them, rather good Eleven, under the captaincy of the veteran Herbert Jenner (we called him the "Veteran" in those days, and he is still alive), but were beaten, F. H. Norman making 73 for Eton, and the side 181 against

West Kent's 163. The West Kent's wides amounted to the large total of 24. My eldest brother John and my brother Nevile were playing in this match—the former failed to score, but the latter made 26. Herbert Jenner made 20, and got a few wickets. At the end of the half a sort of nondescript match was arranged between Etonians under twenty-one and Harrow under twenty, and was played at Lord's. It can't be considered to have been a success. Very few boys went to witness it, and very little interest or excitement was aroused in the school. The bowling of H. Linton and Henry Arkwright proved too good for Eton, and Harrow, being a good batting side as well, won by 10 wickets, only having to make 12 runs the second innings, which they accomplished without the loss of a wicket. Eton made 70 and 59, and Harrow 118 and 12 for no wickets. F. H. Norman's was the best score for Eton, amounting to 23 and 11; E. C. Austen Leigh, 17 and 4. Wides on the Eton side reached 14. As there has been a good deal of controversy about this match, I cannot do better than quote the "M.C.C. Biographies and Scores"—

"This match was originally made for those under twenty years of age, but on the morning of the match, the Etonians being two short, the Harrovians waived the point, and Messrs. Fane and Field, who were twenty-one years old, were permitted to play, the Harrovians not claiming the assistance of Messrs. V. E. Walker and K. E. Digby, as they might then have done. This match was not therefore, as before, a regular one between Eton and Harrow, the Eton authorities not permitting

any Eton boys (those who had left this term of course excepted) to play. Therefore, only those in the Eleven of this year *who had left* played, assisted by a few others. Fane, Davies, Field, and Thesiger assisted Eton, and Kingston and Church played for Harrow, with Moncrieff, who was still at Harrow, but was not in the Eleven. Dyne, Lyttelton, Stone, and Davies were prevented from appearing for Eton, because they returned again to the college; and for the same reason, R. Lang, Pritchard, and W. C. Clayton for Harrow, which last three, however (it will be observed), played at Lord's against the M.C.C. on July 31. The Harrow head master (Dr. Vaughan) had no objections to the Harrovians going up to Lord's, but very properly was opposed to any school match coming off at Harrow, and refused to allow the Harrovians to visit either Eton or Winchester. The above match, being won by the Harrovians, is claimed by them as a regular match between the two schools, as indeed it was, as far as it was possible to make it, and the match was arranged as above entirely to suit the convenience of the Etonians, and to have the match played in some form or other this season. It must be remembered that the Harrovians could and would have brought their Eleven as usual, had the Etonians been allowed to bring theirs. The Etonians, therefore, must bear whatever blame there is in the alteration, for this season only, of the terms of the match. Had the Etonians been the victors, there is not the slightest doubt that they would have regarded it as a win, though in 1867, or ten years subsequently (and not till then), they, in the public papers, affirmed

that the match must not be reckoned with the others, stating that it was not a *bonâ fide* contest, but merely got up with the view of keeping the question before the public. Disinterested persons (not educated at either school) must decide this knotty point, and party prejudice must be laid aside in settling the question. Harrow, however, does not allow the 1805 Eton victory, contending it was merely played by "scratch teams." In fact, the score of that match is not to be found in the M.C.C. book, or in the sporting magazines of the period. Lord Byron, though he played against Eton that year, was never in the Harrow Eleven."

This 1857 match was the first appearance at Lord's of T. E. Bagge, who afterwards gained a great reputation as a batsman of the "stone wall" type, and in 1860, at the Oval, made 62 and 60 for the Gentlemen and Players—a very fine performance, considering that he had opposed to him such bowlers as Jackson, Caffyn, and T. Hayward, to mention no others.

Although I played a little cricket occasionally in "Twopenny," and stump and ball when I could get a few minutes to spare, I was generally either watching boat races or on the river. I was also the proud half-possessor of a lock-up,\* with my brother Frederic, at Harry Goodman's. It was a very fat, short sculling-tub, and I can't say I derived much benefit from it, for

\* A lock-up was a boat which, on payment of three or four pounds a half (about what the boat was worth altogether), was supposed to be always kept locked up on purpose for its hirers, for on busy occasions it was sometimes difficult to obtain a "chance" boat, though this was really seldom the case, and the boatmen made a real good thing out of the lock-ups.



usually, when I contrived to seize an opportunity by getting away from pupil-room, and thought I would have a scull in it, I was informed my brother had gone "hout in it quite a hower ago."

It was a little before this time that a great deal of excitement took place, especially among the lower boys, on account of a boy refusing to be flogged. The boy in question was usually known as "Fat" T——, in contradistinction to another T——, who was designated "Black" T——. Not that the former was by any means particularly fat, although he was a big, strong boy. One day he was caught smoking, and, according to the rules and regulations, was promptly complained of. When the time came for the expiation of his crime, by undoing his braces, etc., he stoutly refused to obey orders. There was a lot of unnecessary fuss made about it, his father taking his part, and writing to the *Times* in defence of his conduct. A long public controversy took place, which the lower boys read with great gusto, some hoping it might be conducive to the abolition of swishing. The end of it all was that the boy was supposed to be expelled, or rather his father took him away from Eton. I believe this to have been the only instance of a boy refusing to be flogged during the head-mastership of Dr. Goodford.

## CHAPTER V.

A house migration—Some new masters—Mr. Stone and Mr. Thackeray—Mr. Snow and Mr. Dupuis—The cricket master—Keepers of the field—Athletic sports—W. H. Gladstone—Marriage of the Princess Royal—C. B. Lawes—The first race against Radley—Cricket matches in 1858—The Winchester match—The Harrow match—Slow and fast grounds—Born cricketers—Coaching—Work in remove—A swishing—Lord Blandford—Aquatic sports—Passing—Donati's comet—A deer in pupil room—My first fight.



IN 1858 I made another change of abode, for my tutor, with his whole establishment, moved into Coleridge's house at the bottom of Keate's Lane, which I liked much better than the old house opposite to Chapel Cemetery; it was not quite so handy for school and town, but was more countryfied, and a much bigger and lighter house, and we were all glad of the change. Coleridge had been elected a Fellow, and the Rev. W. Carter had become head master of Lower School.

Mr. Stone succeeded to John Hawtrey's old house



at the corner of Keate's Lane, when the latter moved to his new house opposite the Gas Works. In '61 he presented to each of us in the Eleven a blue belt with a silver clasp on it. The Rev. F. St. John Thackeray, a scholar of high distinction, had not, I fear, a bed of roses among the boys, who used to take unwarrantable liberties with him: on arriving, it was no uncommon thing for him to find a stone in the keyhole, and it often took a long time before it could be extracted, and the schoolroom entered. Besides the foregoing, Mr. Herbert Snow (now the Rev. Dr. Kynaston of Durham), well known as a fine oarsman, and G. R. Dupuis, who took charge of the cricket, joined the ranks of the masters. At that time the cricket master had, in truth, very little to do; he hardly ever interfered in any way, and seldom expressed any opinion, unless he was asked to do so. He was often in Upper Club, and used to play in the games, and bowl at the practice nets, but never took such an active part in the management or coaching as is done in the present day. I remember Dupuis and Snow both had big black dogs—the former's was wavy-coated, and named "Sailor;" and the latter's was curly-coated, and I think called "Prince." These two dogs, whenever they met, had a real good set to, and it was a common sight to see the two masters hanging on to their dogs' tails, and trying to separate them, while they were going at one another for all they were worth. The muzzling laws were not known at that time, yet I never remember a case of hydrophobia anywhere about Eton, or hearing of such a thing as a mad dog.

Sir Frederick Johnstone and my brother Montagu



kept the field. They were both very good players, but I considered my brother the better; and to my mind he was about the best player in the school at this period. He was very fast, and won the running and hurdle race in '59, and was fourth in the steeplechase and mile in '58. Sir F. Johnstone was more a "stayer," winning the steeplechase and being third in the mile. Rhodes was first in the mile, Patten second, and Rhodes was second to Johnstone in the steeplechase. Henry Brooke Rhodes (commonly known as "Peter"), who was pretty useful all round, being both in the Eight and football Eleven, was at my tutor's, and, as far as I know, had nothing to do with Cecil and Colonel Rhodes of the present day. He was a very strong and thick set, but at the same time a very active, boy, and was generally put down as being far older than he really was. For some time Mr. Duncan, the present Earl of Camperdown, was captain of the school, and W. K. Wilson, K.S., was captain of the Collegers. There were a good many Wilsons at Eton; this one was afterwards an assistant-master at Rugby, and was killed on the Riffelhorn in 1865.

After F. H. Norman left in '57, W. H. Gladstone, eldest son of W. E. Gladstone, was elected president of Pop, and, besides being a very fine speaker, was very popular as president of that institution. He was a splendid short behind in the field, and with Walter Marsham Hoare won the fives.

It was during the Easter half of '58 that the marriage of our Princess Royal and Prince Frederick William of Prussia took place. We all went up to Windsor station

to see the Royal pair arrive, and no sooner had they taken their places in the carriage than a lot of big Eton boys made a rush for them, the horses were unharnessed, the team of boys, my brother Montagu among them, dragged the carriage up to the Castle, and upon arriving there, besides being very graciously thanked by the Prince, they were regaled with champagne and other delicacies. Some few days afterwards, when the Prince and Princess left Windsor, we were again permitted to go to the Castle and view their departure. This time there was no unharnessing the horses nor dragging the carriage allowed, the Queen and Prince Consort driving to the station in the same carriage with them. We all ran down the hill with the carriage to the station, of course, cheering as loud as we possibly could. I remember very well one boy getting hold of the carriage, and the Queen calling the Prince Consort's attention to it, he rapped the boy's knuckles till he let go.

There was still a sort of scratch pack of beagles kept, chiefly under the management and control of Lawless (who was this year captain of the boats) and F. H. Eyre. W. Hussey was second captain of the boats, and Victor Van de Weyer captain of the lower boats; these last two together won the pulling. The great surprise during the half was C. B. Lawes, who was only a lower boy, winning the tub sculling out of fifty starters. My tutor's lost the house fours to Marriott's by a foul at Lower Hope. Eton rowed Radley at Henley for the first time, and had a good race, winning by only three-quarters of a length. Lawless was a fine oar and good stroke, but the rest of the

Eight were not good, and the time in the Radley race was bad. This was my first visit to Henley, and I thought the train work so abominably slow, that I never wished to, and never did, go again from Eton.

Although J. B. Dyne was nominally captain of the Eleven this year, C. L. Sutherland was practically so, and had all the work to do, as Dyne was away nearly the whole of the term at Cambridge, reading. This was the only instance in my recollection of a Colleger being captain of the Eleven. C. L. Sutherland made an admirable substitute; he was a very keen cricketer, and popular in the school. He was very fond of saying that he thanked his stars for two things—the first was, that he was not a woman; and the second, that he was brought up at Eton College, Bucks. At that time Bucks was the proper address for Eton; now Windsor is the official post town.

A notable event in the annals of Eton cricket was the advent into the Eton Eleven of R. A. H. Mitchell; the I.Z. match was, I believe, the first in which he played, and in this he proved more successful with the ball than with the bat, as he got six wickets, but only scored one run each innings. C. G. Lyttelton was in good form in this match, making 57, and was chiefly instrumental in the victory of Eton by 120 runs against 69 of I.Z. Against the Windsor Garrison, Mitchell was only able to obtain one run in the first innings, and fourteen, not out, in the second, but was again useful as a bowler, securing five wickets. He and C. G. Lyttelton got all the wickets between them for 68, and Eton won by 94 against 68, C.G. making top score with 26. The next

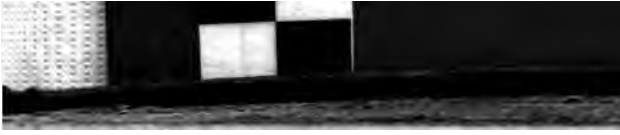


THE ETON ELEVEN, 1858,

J. B. Dyne. W. H. Stone.  
B. A. H. Mitchell.

J. H. Gibbs. F. N. Langham.





two matches, against Undergraduates of Oxford and Old Etonians, were not remarkable for any long scores, and Eton was beaten in both. Against Old Etonians we only made 64, C. G. Lyttelton with the only double figure.

The Quidnunc match was rather a remarkable one. The Quids went in first, and made 112; Eton followed with 124, of which Mitchell made 32 not out, the highest score; Quids made 100 second innings, thus leaving Eton only 89 to get to win. Austen Leigh and B. M. Davies went in first, and made 55 between them, and it thus looked all Lombard Street to the proverbial China orange on the boys; but G. R. Dupuis being put on with lobs, the last nine wickets fell for 9 runs, thus leaving Quids victorious by 17 runs. It was a regular collapse, but it is only fair to state that our eleven had had little or no practice with lobs, and was fairly puzzled by them. The Oxford Harlequin match was, curiously enough, a very close repetition of the same match in 1857, when Eton made 32 and 45 against 152; for this year, 71 and 101 against 153—almost a one innings defeat again, and W. S. and C. B. Fiennes secured every wicket but two between them in both matches. The M.C.C. won by eight wickets, and this event was only remarkable for the fact that F. Bell, afterwards our professional, played for M.C.C., making his first appearance at Eton; and that C. G. Lyttelton's score of 11 for Eton was all composed of singles, a curiosity for a fine hitter like him. The Eton and Winchester match, which was played at Winchester this year, gave us one of those very close finishes for

which these contests are so noted, Winchester winning by one wicket. I didn't see the match, and therefore can't say if the bowling was very good, or the wickets were bad, but 71 and 84 for Eton, and 74 and 82 for nine wickets for Winchester, looked as if there was something wrong somewhere. Dyne's was the highest score of the match, namely, 35 in Eton's second innings; he also, and Stone, getting most of the wickets.

After two or three not very interesting matches, such as Household Brigade (with Jemmy Dean, who got most of the wickets, and really won the match for them), and West Kent, in which Eton was severely beaten; and v. King's College, Cambridge, when Eton got 192 (C. L. Sutherland 64) against 62 and 100, the Eton and Harrow match was played for the first time during the school term, in the same fashion that it has continued to be played ever since. The weather this year was not propitious, and as it was played in a deluge, and they did not in those days take refuge in the pavilion for every drop of rain, the Harrovians were literally drenched to the skin when fielding out during Eton's second innings. It had previously been settled that the game should be continued in all weathers. I wonder what some of our boundary-hitting, 5-o'clock-tea, 12-o'clock beginners, 6.30 drawers of the present day would say to this sort of arrangement!

In 1854 and in former years an unlimited time was allowed for this match, and also for those between Harrow and Winchester, and Eton and Winchester, but subsequently to 1854 only two days were allowed, as this limit was supposed to be sufficient; but it is

rather curious how often the Eton *versus* Harrow match has been left unfinished, notwithstanding the early start and late play, whereas the two days generally seem to have been sufficient to finish off the Eton and Winchester match. This match was notable, not only for the commencement of the new system, but also for the *début* at Lord's of C. G. Lyttelton and R. A. H. Mitchell. With two such promising colts, and with such steady old stagers as J. Bradley Dyne and Charley Sutherland, we rather fancied our prospects; but, alas! our hopes soon vanished when we saw all our side retire in the first innings for 44, of which the only double figure (10) was credited to F. N. Langham. Harrow replied with a very useful 148, of which W. C. Clayton made best score of 34, and the captain, "Bob" Lang, second with 26—a very creditable total considering the state of the wicket. There was no doubt that Eton was very much overmatched. C. G. Lyttelton and R. A. Mitchell were still very young, and in R. Lang, H. M. Plowden, and George Hodgson Harrow possessed three about as exceptionally good bowlers as have ever appeared in their eleven. Lang bowled very fast, Hodgson medium, and Plowden slow round. Eton did a little better the second time of asking, and made 97, of which Mitchell's 24 was the best, but we were easily beaten by an innings and 7 runs. I needn't say that of course we blamed the ground, and it is possible that the wet wicket may have helped Plowden a good deal, as he got six wickets in the second innings; but, on the other hand, the rain had made the ground less fiery than usual, and reduced



it more nearly to the condition of "Upper Club," so that in that respect it ought to have helped our side. There is no denying the fact that Plowden was an exceptionally good slow bowler of the "cock-a-doodle" sort, and, moreover, this was just the sort of bowling that our boys were unaccustomed to and failed to master. We always make out that we labour under a great disadvantage in having to meet Harrow at Lord's on a wicket similar to their own and very much unlike ours, and to a certain extent no doubt it does make a difference; but my opinion is, and always has been, that a good cricketer, a born or naturally good cricketer, is always a good cricketer on whatever ground you like to put him. I admit that there are some who play better on fast, and some that a slow wicket seems to suit best; but this is only a secondary consideration, and it will be found that nine times out of ten a really good player will get his runs anywhere irrespective of the nature of the ground. I think I might illustrate my argument by taking as examples Bob Carpenter and Tom Hayward, perhaps the two most consistent run-getters for some years, at about that date. I have heard it said, over and over again, by many who thought they knew all about it (there is generally a fair sprinkling of this sort in the Pavilion at Lord's and the Oval), "Carpenter is all there on a dead wicket, but on a lively ground Hayward is far the best;" but I maintain that, taking all the matches in which these two celebrities played, on any ground under the sun, it will probably be found that they were the two best scorers, and that the ground being fast or slow made

little difference to either. I can speak from experience, as I had to field out to long scores made by both on grounds of all sorts. It may be said, in reply to my argument, "Now you are talking about old professional warriors, used to all sorts of grounds and emergencies; that's quite a different thing to school-boys." I do not admit this plea, however. My belief is that the best fifteen-year-old boy of a village green eleven, would also be the best of his rivals on any sort of wicket on which you like to put him. I don't think, even when he was in his teens, it made very much difference to W. G. Grace whether you put him in on a fast or a slow wicket; he would make runs, because he was a born cricketer, and had it in him.

While on this subject, I might as well mention that in my opinion, in the coaching of the present day, too much care and attention is paid to defence, and not enough to hitting. Till a boy is fifteen, to my mind, he should be taught to hit, for you may be pretty sure that if a boy can't hit and "punish" by the time he arrives at that age, he probably will never be able to do so. Defence comes naturally, and a boy, if he has any eye at all, will soon find out what ball he ought to play forward or back to, instead of hitting at them. Cricket is like many other things, and "if we could always see ourselves as others see us," many might with judgment retire to some other pursuit where he would find a less cynical and critical audience.

But I am digressing, and must return to my recollections. By this time I had got as far as Remove, and in this division I think the work was harder, or, at

any rate, there was more of it than in any other part of the school. While in this form you were supposed to complete, or nearly to complete, your education in geography; and the maps, and the masses of "Description" that one had to write out, took up most of one's time, and left very few "after twelves" or "after fours" for the enjoyment of anything that was going on.

I was up to Mr. Wayte, and, although he was a fairly easy and by no means strict master, I found Remove work very tedious and irksome. I got on pretty well, and scamped my work as much as possible, but didn't get to the end of the half without managing to be swished for idleness.

This was the first time I had experienced the sensation of a swishing, and was agreeably surprised to find that it was not such a painful ordeal as I had been led to suppose. Old "Goody" swished me, and his eldest son, being the Colleger in attendance that term, held me down. I thus became a full-fledged and duly qualified "Eton boy," as there used to be a saying that you weren't an Eton boy till you had been swished, had run round the statue at the end of the Long Walk, and had jumped Chalvey Brook, and I had already accomplished the two latter feats. I was swished by myself, but Blandford (the late Duke of Marlborough) had just been operated on, and left the room as I came in. He was the most extraordinary boy for getting into scrapes and mischief of every description I ever came across at Eton. If anybody was caught dazzling a master with a looking-glass (sometimes rather a common form of amusement, and



not easy to detect, as it was probably done in some other boy's room, and of course the culprit had decamped by the time the room was searched); catapulting, and perhaps killing some old woman's cat, breaking windows, or the lamps; being caught coming out of the Christopher, or "Tap;" found gambling at the Fair; or any other sort of heinous offence, it was always Blandford, and once I met him coming away from being swished, he told me that it was the sixteenth occasion within a short space of time. I should say that, considering the duration of his life at Eton, he got into more scrapes than any contemporary. At the same time he was clever, cheery, full of fun, really good company, and, amongst the boys that knew him, popular, and about the best-looking boy at Eton. Although he was a bit below me in the school, I knew him very well, and, in fact, most boys knew him, as he was, so to speak, here, there, and everywhere, and knew as many boys above as below him in the school.

Among my friends and near me in the school there were Algy Rushout and Georgey Monckton (now Lord Galway, who has a son at Eton); they both became masters of hounds after leaving Eton, and the latter still holds that office; but while there, they did not show any excessive zeal for games. The present Lord Jersey, too, as Mr. Villiers, was in my division, and afterwards for a long time next to me in school. He was a very fast runner (winning the mile in '62) and fine football player; but he was not very robust, and at one time he was so seriously ill that he was prayed for in chapel. He was neither in the boats nor in the Eleven, but I

think took more interest in the latter than the former, and for getting runs against Winchester and Harrow, he presented me with a bat and a big quart pot with my crest engraved on it.

Towards the end of the summer half there always used to take place the Aquatic Sports; these were held at Athens, and consisted in competitions in swimming, diving, and headers, for all of which prizes were given. Although only a lower boy, I thought I would go in for the headers, and I managed them all right at Cuckoo Weir and Acropolis, but when it came to the higher take-off at Athens, my first achievement was a most awful "gutter," which put me out of the show altogether, and although my next two were better, and I got a considerable amount of applause, the marks were awarded on the aggregate of three, and my chance was gone.

One of the "after four" amusements was to watch the "passing" examination in swimming; the futile endeavours of some small boys to swim in anything like decent form were sometimes highly amusing and ridiculous. I remember two twin Collegers named P——, who were in the same division, Howard P. *sextus*, and Buller P. *septimus* (the P——s seem to have been a prolific family), who resembled one another so exactly, that it was a matter of considerable difficulty, not only for the masters, but for their own friends, to be able to tell "t'other from which," and there were many amusing stories told of them. I know for a fact that it was a very common occurrence for one of them to learn a saying lesson, and to say it, and, after leaving school, go in again and repeat it for his brother, while



the latter would take a "long lie" in bed. Well, these two P——s could not pass in swimming, owing to the ridiculous and apparently insurmountable peculiarity that at each stroke their bows went under water, so to speak, and their sterns rose in the air. This, of course, used to cause no inconsiderable amount of laughter and amusement among the boys looking on, and the master would not pass them. It was no uncommon occurrence for a boy who had failed several times to pass in the usual way, to be called upon to swim the required distance with his clothes on, the idea being that, unless a boy swam in decent form, he would be unable to swim if he was upset out of a boat, when he had his clothes and perhaps a coat to impede him. I only remember one other pair of twins at Eton whose resemblance to each other was even nearly as close as that of the P——s; these were the two E——s, sons of one of the "Conducts," who was fond of games, and used to play fives with us. He was very much liked by the boys, not only on account of his geniality, but also because he used to rattle off Evening Service at a tremendous rate; in fact, he did, and for all I know may still, hold the record for that service, running through it in about eleven minutes.

It was in the autumn of '58 that the great comet, Donati's Comet, appeared, and it really was a splendid sight, stretching halfway across the heavens; in fact, Sir Robert Ball, in his book "In Starry Realms," says it was one of the most gorgeous objects of this kind in modern times. What added to its splendour was a very big star shining through its tail. As the comet was

visible for a long time, it became as much a matter of routine before going to bed to have a look at it as to go to supper or prayers.

During the football half of this year one day a deer, hotly pursued by the Royal Buckhounds, sought safety in "Judy" Durnford's pupil-room, while work was in full swing. The consternation and surprise of Judy and his pupils at the sudden apparition of a panting hind, may be better imagined than described. It was soon secured, and taken off to Charley Wise's stables, where it was safely housed till the arrival of the deer-cart. This event naturally caused a lot of excitement, and there was an end to work for the rest of that pupil-room. Durnford was very incensed at the whole proceeding, and I believe fancied it had been done on purpose. I was always very pleased to have a look at the staghounds when they came through college with old Davis, the huntsman, and I knew Morris Hills, the whip, as he was the son of old Tom Hills, the huntsman of the old Surrey Foxhounds, with which pack I always used to hunt in the holidays.

Just before the end of this half I became engaged in my first pugilistic encounter. It was with a boy named Thomas, and arose out of our shinning one another during a football game. We only had three rounds, when we were stopped, as a master was seen coming. Thomas was a good deal older and bigger than me, and although neither got any the best of it, during that time he managed to give me a most tremendous black eye, and as it was near the end of the half, I had to return home for the holidays with my eye still in mourning.

## CHAPTER VI.

The Rev. Russell Day—Rational punishment—My brother Montagu—An ingenious contrivance—Montagu's accident—"Leave"—The captain of the boats—"Oppidan Dinner" and "Check Nights"—Boat races of 1859—Cricket-matches—Harrow match—"Divisions" on cricket—Disregard of practice—Single-wicket matches—E. W. Tritton—Book knowledge v. practice—Mr. Ottley—Athletic sports.



IN 1859 I had rather a long spell of being up to the Rev. Russell Day, "Little Day," or "Parva dies," as he was generally called. He was a very strict master in school, and to gain his approval in saying lesson was almost an impossibility; at least, I found it so. He never prompted, and at the very first mistake, or if you forgot a word, you were dismissed at once with "Write it out, my friend." As this same "writing out" took us about twenty minutes at the outside, most of us were in the habit of writing it out beforehand, in preference to spending a long time trying to learn it, and then being



called upon by "my friend" to write it out at the first breakdown; I always did this when I found it so little use trying to say. I believe Mr. Day used to suffer from gout or neuralgic pains, and there is a story that one day he ordered a boy "to write it out," and then having a sudden twinge, followed it up with "twice, my friend," and when the boy showed some surprise, he continued, as another twinge came on, "and once in the Greek character." He was a very clever and accomplished man, and when all right, was full of stories, jokes, and amusing anecdotes.

One day, a boy came into his school to summon a boy who had been complained of, to "stay after school" (a form of command prognosticating a swishing), and "What may your name be?" he asked of the præposter. "Cole, sir," replied the boy. "Then, my friend," replied Little Day, "I think you had better *scuttle*." He was one of the few masters who used to ride, and he had rather a nice-looking chestnut, with white stockings. He and Johnny Yonge were the only masters I ever saw riding. As a master to be up to in school, he was certainly amusing, but unsatisfactory, and without much result, as far as teaching went. He had the house opposite the Chapel door, but it didn't shine with any particular light, as regards games, boating, or anything else. Although, more from luck than anything else, I managed to escape a swishing while up to Day, I was nearly done in another way. I was coming back from Windsor fair, my pockets filled with tin whistles, crackers, and other fair paraphernalia, and was just coming round "Damnation Corner" (the sharp turning

at the bottom of Windsor Hill, so called by Eton boys, on account of the great risk of being caught by a master there, and the consequent provocation to bad language), when I met Day nearly face to face. In an instant I saw he hadn't detected me, and as he happened to be looking the other way, like the proverbial flash of "greased lightning," I was into a shop, and from my place of security saw my little friend pass by, without knowing anything of me or my whereabouts. A day or two after this, I was sent for by my tutor, and was considerably taken aback by his saying that he heard Mr. Day had caught me throwing crackers, and was going to have me flogged. I was very much surprised, for, although I had been throwing crackers, I had not seen anything of Day. Putting a bold front on it, I told my tutor I thought there must be some mistake, as I hadn't seen him, and he certainly hadn't caught me. I was delighted afterwards to find it was my elder brother Frederic who had been caught. He was complained of, but, being in the sixth form, was not swished, but was turned out of sixth form for a time with a heavy pœna.

How I hated pœnas! To stop in often for an "after twelve" or "after four," writing out lines when one ought to have been out in the open air playing, used to grate on my feelings, and it often struck me that a great want of sagacity and good judgment was shown in this mode of punishment, and that the fertile brains of the masters might have discovered some more effective and beneficial penalty. Surely punishment drill, or learning by heart lines of Milton, or some other good poet, might

have done more good to one's mind and body than that scribbling off, as fast as one could, lines which did nobody any good, and probably did harm, by spoiling the handwriting of those who were lucky enough to possess a good one.

I had a room with my brother Montagu, who at this time was working very hard, both in schoolwork and games. One of his great worries was that the boys' maid would not call him early enough in the morning, as he wanted to work before early school; so, to overcome this difficulty, he got an alarum clock and two pulleys, and by the aid of two big Liddell and Scott's lexicons tied together, as a weight attached to his bed-clothes, he contrived an apparatus by means of which the alarum going off set the Liddell and Scott's loose, and they, falling down, dragged off blankets, sheets and all, and so left him minus his bed-clothes in the cold, thus acting as a more effective "eye-opener" than the maid simply calling him. Generally this tackle, including a rehearsal or two, took a little time to arrange before going to bed, but it answered the purpose for which he intended it very satisfactorily. It was a horrid nuisance for me every morning, this blessed old alarum going off with its concomitant noise and thud of the books on the floor, but I soon got used to it, and was hardly waked even for a moment by the din. My tutor saw it work one day, and was highly amused, but said he thought it was rather hard treating splendid books in such an ignominious fashion.

All things considered, my brother Montagu (now M.D.), who was known by many at Eton as "Teef"

(from a difficulty he had at one time in pronouncing *th*), was at this time about as useful a boy all round as could be met with. A prize of £100 was given for mathematics, similar to the Tomline prizes, and my brother and three others were so near one another in marks, that it was impossible to separate them; so the prize was divided between the four. It had to be taken out in books, and thus made a valuable addition to his library. He was, besides, very good in classics, always taking nearly the top of his division in trials. In the games and sports he was generally to the front. In 1856 he steered the Eight; in '58 was second in the sculling; in '59 he was in the Eight and the Eleven, and president of Pop. I don't think after '60 his cricket form would have carried him into any eleven, as it was far too "aquatic" in style; but, having a good eye, he often knocked up runs in a lively, quick way, and was a very good field. He won the fives with William Mackworth Young, who was captain of the Collegers, and also in the Eleven. In running he was good—winning the hurdle race, and the "running," besides being well up in the long races, steeplechase and mile. He also won the fencing and single-stick; not that there was very much *kudos* attaching to these contests, as they were not open to the whole school, but only to the very few who took lessons from Angelo, the "professor" of that department.

Montagu also kept the field with Freddy Johnstone in '58, and in my estimation was a good deal the best field player of that year, thinking more about the ball than other people's shins, a point which was very often

disregarded. At that time he was Lubbock *Maximus*, there being four of us at Eton, and he, my brother Beaumont, C. G. Lyttelton, W. M. Hoare, were the only *maximi* of my acquaintance while I was at Eton; and my younger brother Edgar was *Quintus*, a name by which he has ever since been known among a large number of his friends.

Shortly after leaving Eton, Montagu—who was then in business in London—met with a very severe accident. While he was returning home one night from the station in a waggonette, the horse took fright and ran away down Farnboro' Hill to the Lodge gate at High Elms, and it is supposed that at the lodge gate, which was shut, the animal swerved on one side to go down another road, upsetting the waggonette against a wall on to my brother. Besides his head being dreadfully cut about, he had severe concussion of the brain, and his left arm was terribly badly broken and crushed. My other brothers at Eton and I were telegraphed for, as it was not expected that he would recover. Thanks, however, to a good constitution and very careful doctoring, he managed to pull through, although it was months before he got over the concussion, and he had to undergo many operations to get the splintered bits of bone away from his arm, which naturally left it very weak. I think it was these repeated operations that he had to go through which created in his mind a fancy for the medical profession. Going over to Paris, he studied medicine for some years, and having passed all the examinations satisfactorily, he is now practising in Grosvenor Street. This visit was the only time I ever



was at home during the school term, as I never once had long leave. The journey to High Elms in those days was a longish one, and, my father thinking it was not a good thing to disturb our studies, the idea of our going home during the half was never entertained, and among the school in general it was nothing like so common as it is now. Except for a night to stop with a friend for the Eton and Harrow match, leave was for me a thing unknown. I have fearful recollections of that visit, which is indelibly impressed on my memory; and besides the extreme anxiety of my brother's illness, I was myself very ill indeed, as I had just been vaccinated, and was suffering from the horrible results of its having taken too well.

Charles Arthur Wynne *ma.*, now Wynne Finch, was captain of the boats this year—a position to which he was promoted by seniority rather than as being the best oar—a distinction which then certainly belonged to Walter Hoare, but he, from illness, was unable to take part in most of the usual races. The Eight was a bad one, very light, and had but little coaching; but won the only race they rowed, against a Cambridge crew.

R. E. L. Burton won the sculling, and he and C. B. Lawes—whom I had steered before when they won their house sweepstakes—won the pulling.

This summer was the last in which "Oppidan Dinner" and "Check Nights" took place, and the abolition of these old institutions, which I have described in a subsequent chapter, was a distinct move in the right direction, so far as the credit and welfare of the school were concerned,

Notwithstanding the appearance of the veteran J. B. Dyne, still captain of the Eleven, and such players as C. G. Lyttelton and R. A. Mitchell, the Eleven could not be said to have done well during the season, but it must be taken into consideration that the summer was a wet one, always much against scoring on the Eton ground, and many of the matches were spoilt on that account. It did not augur well for the prospects of our side that they were beaten in about their first match by a weak Household Brigade eleven, for this event was generally regarded as a great assistance to the batting averages. In this case the Household Brigade made 55 and 63 to our 83 and 49, and we thus lost by 6 runs; and the grand total of runs scored in the four innings only amounted to 270, of which, for Eton, Mitchell had made 48 (31 and 17). Against an eleven brought by Mr. Arthur Chapman, runs were again scarce, Eton only making 81 against 57 and 95; but for Eton, Lyttelton made 44 out of the 81. The M.C.C. match was quite spoilt by the rain. M.C.C. made 150, but Eton hadn't an innings. Against King's College, Cambridge, Eton did badly, letting their opponents make 238, while they only made 84 in the first innings, and 150 for four in the second innings, in which Lyttelton played a fine innings of 74, and Mitchell made 38. Eton and Winchester, played at Eton, gave another close finish, and ended in favour of Winchester by three wickets. This was the last year that Winchester won till 1870. The scores in the first innings were remarkably even, Eton making 122 (F. N. Langham 53, and Mitchell 39); and

Winchester replying with 121, of which 21 were extras, including 18 wides. Eton with only 97 in the second innings left Winchester 99 to win, which they managed to obtain with the loss of seven wickets. This was T. P. Garnier's first appearance in Public School cricket, and he made a useful 12 and 28 for Winchester; he was afterwards well known as a player for Oxford University. My brother Montagu in this match secured the much-dreaded "spectacles."

The Eton and Harrow match, from an Eton point of view, was by no means a grand display; but it must be remembered that Harrow had an exceptionally fine array of players, including such well-known names as Hon. E. Stanhope, R. D. Walker, R. D. Elphinstone, E. W. Humphreys, A. W. T. Daniel, while in R. Lang they possessed one of the best and fastest bowlers ever seen in the schools match, and Haygarth, in "Scores and Biographies," adds that it would have been impossible to let him bowl if Harrow had not had one of the best of long stops in S. Hoare. This was R. D. Walker's first appearance in this match. The style of some of the Etonians, especially my brother and Hoare who dispensed with pads and gloves, and ran everything, savoured more of the village green or "Aquatic" system than the polished orthodox game. The result was only what might have been expected. Harrow made 242, and Eton were all out for 91 and 103, Lyttelton and Mitchell both failing to score second innings. This match was followed by the I. Zingari match, in which small scores in the first innings (85 for Eton, and 76 I.Z.) were the order of the day; but in



Eton's second innings, by the aid of a 52 not out by W. M. Young—about the only decent score he made all the season—and 56 extras (11 wides and 40 byes), Eton ran up a good total of 218. Concerning the bowling and fielding of this match on the part of the I.Z., the less said the better. In the next two matches, against the Gentlemen of Berkshire and West Kent, we were defeated: against the Gentlemen of Berkshire, we only managed to get 118 and 73, while they were answerable for 165; and against West Kent, only 75 and 70 for five wickets, against 133 and 121 of West Kent. No less than four Normans played for West Kent—Charley, Fred, Herbert, and Martin.

It will thus be seen that, on the whole, the season did not turn out a very propitious one for our Eleven, who were beaten in both Public School matches, and most of the contests; in fact, Chapman's Eleven and I.Z. were the only two in which we came off best. It was strange, with such fine bats as Lyttelton and Mitchell, who also did best in the bowling line, and such steady men as Dyne, A. Austen Leigh, and F. N. Langham, that we did not do better; but there was a dreadful "tail," Carter and some of the others being simply sloggers, a form of cricket to which the Eton ground at that time gave no sort of help. When I could get my "after twelves" and "after fours" free, I generally used to spend the "after twelve" watching the cricket when a match was on, and my "after fours" would be passed at Surley playing skittles, or sometimes devoted to a longer row up to "Monkey" island, where we used to have an amusing half-hour, chaffing old Franklin, or

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listening to his twaddle while consuming fried fish and "Monkey" small beer.

In my part of the school, although we took but little interest in the cricket, it was a common form of mild gambling to have a "division" or sweepstake for the great amount of one shilling on the highest score. We used to toss up for first choice, and then choose in turn the names of the players who, by counting "extras" as one man, were made to number six a side, and whichever side got the most runs won the shilling. Lyttelton and Mitchell were naturally always the first favourites; I always chose Lyttelton first if I won the toss, and also took care to secure "extras" as soon as I could, this being a very useful contributor, especially considering what sticks some seven out of the eleven were. Systematic practice was sadly neglected, except by about four or five of the best and keenest players, and, as I have already said, systematic coaching practically did not exist. Amongst those who were not good enough or high enough in the school to play in Upper Club, and who had to content themselves with an occasional game in Lower Club, or Sixpenny, there was no sort of keenness or cricket enthusiasm, nor was there any genuine interest taken in the players and their games by those in authority. Most boys played more for the sake of something to do and whiling away the time, than from the ulterior object of learning later on to be able to play a decent game. I myself very rarely played in a Lower Club game, and then only perhaps because I had got absolutely nothing else to do. There was no very strict order kept, and

boys did pretty much as they liked. I used more often to play in a nondescript "mixed pack" game made up in "Twopenny" of an "after six." Sides were composed of any body of any sort whom we could find willing to join it; but the game which amused me most was a sort of single-wicket match I used constantly to have in Twopenny with a boy named Arthur Rickards, who was afterwards in the Eight. He, for some reason, which I never succeeded in finding out, rather fancied his bowling; I believe it was the action more than the actual pitch or direction, and he was possessed by the idea that he could bowl me out. The result was that I used to bet him a shilling that he wouldn't bowl me out in the course of an "after twelve." He used to peg away manfully, seldom with the desired result, and never till I had been in almost an hour and got about tired, used I ever to let him get me out, so as to give him a bit of encouragement for another day. I thought it rather fun, especially as I was batting nearly all the time, and shared that antipathy which all boys have to fielding out. When I found him a bit slack about it, sometimes I used to increase the odds, and would lay two pots of marmalade, or two strawberry messes to one, and even if I lost, I thought it money well laid out. The only boy about my standing who really went in for cricket in a serious and earnest manner was E. W. Tritton. After my brother Montagu left, I messed with the two Trittons, who were in my division. The eldest, H. J. or "old Father" Tritton, as we used to call him, was a wet bob, and good runner, winning the remove steeplechase; but E. W. gave his whole



energy to cricket, was very assiduous in practice, and studied all the books on the game that he could lay his hand on. We used to have no end of discussions and arguments about the game during mess, and I generally came off second best, and often, after disputing some knotty point as to how a certain ball ought to be played, and having given my humble opinion of what I thought the right way, he would say, "Ah! well, so-and-so holds quite a different opinion, so does the author of 'Cricket this' or 'Cricket that,'" and I had to shut up, never having read a book on cricket in my life. That the ounce of practical experience is worth the ton of theory and book reading, I confidently maintain, but in his case I think his studies did him a lot of good, and later on, when he was in form, it would have been very difficult to find anybody who played such absolutely correct cricket. At the same time, I do not think he had a good eye, and, like many other good cricketers I have known, was in need of constant practice. I was quite different to him in the way of trying to learn anything from books, and trusted to find out things for myself, and my advice to young beginners in any sort of game is to put books off till some practical knowledge has been acquired, or as a last resource, when other attempts fail. Try to find out the best method by yourself first, or by getting a good man to show you. For the sake of self-tuition in any branches of games or sport, I have never studied a book of any sort, and the helpless muddles I have seen people get into from trying to go by book instruction, would, I am sure, deter me from doing

so should I ever feel the slightest inclination to attempt it.

About this time my tutor thought it would be advisable for me to have extra mathematics, so I went through the form of going out after lock-up to the Rev. John Ottley's. He was a most pleasant and agreeable man, but as to teaching me anything, that was quite out of the question; moreover, our studies generally took place after his dinner, when he was probably not much inclined for hard work, or for explaining knotty propositions, so the evenings were generally spent in talking over the events of the day. He was fond of skating, and whenever there was any good ice, he was full of the subject. I shall never forget how he made us laugh one night when he would call the "outside edge backwards" "the backside edge outwards," and although we kept drawing him on, he wouldn't see his mistake. At different times I also had extra lessons in French and drawing. Henry Tarver was the French master then, but I am afraid I made very little progress in the language; and as to drawing, although I really tried hard, I might just as well have tried to fly or jump over the moon, and soon gave it up as not being my vocation.

I have already mentioned that Tayleur won the mile, but I forgot to say that the steeplechase was won by a small boy named Henry O. Baker *mi.*, with C. B. Lawes second; the curious thing was that they were both lower boys, this being almost unheard of before. H. B. Rhodes won the running, and Philip Norman the hurdle race. Bill would really have won the latter,



but he stopped after jumping the last hurdle, thinking the race was over there, and Norman, running on to the winning post, was proclaimed the winner. Collegers and Oppidans at the wall this year was a good match. Owing to C. G. Lyttelton not being able to play, my brother Frederic played flying man for Oppidans, and after a good match Oppidans won by three shies to none. Chapman was captain of Oppidans in place of C. G. Lyttelton, W. M. Young of Collegers, and in the latter Eleven A. Ainger and A. C. James both played.

## CHAPTER VII.

A year of many changes—Bell, the cricket professional—Sports and competitions—Eton and Westminster boat race—C. B. Lawes—I join the *Thetis*—The Eight in 1860—The Eleven—Collegers v. Oppidans—I am tried for the Eleven—The Winchester match—Harrow match—A close finish—"Shirking"—College bounds—The Rev. C. Wolley—The Rifle Corps—A severe frost—I play in "the field"—Collegers and Oppidans—John Chambers.



THINK I might call the year 1860 the year of many changes. Mr. Warre (now head master) made his appearance as a classical assistant-master, and by his aid and energy many alterations, very much to the advantage of the school, took place. Oppidan dinner and Check nights were abolished, as

I have already mentioned; a careful selection for the Eight, and more systematic training and coaching were introduced; the Rifle Corps was established, and last, but by no means least, Upper Club, or at least a large



square in the centre of it, was relaid, with the object of making the ground harder and more suitable for play than it had ever been before; and the arrival of Bell, the professional, as permanent coach for cricket, imparted more life and energy into the game.

In the Easter half, Arthur Coleridge James, now assistant-master, was captain of the Collegers, and Thomas Astley Maberly of the Oppidans; R. H. Blake-Humfrey of the boats; C. G. Lyttelton of the Eleven. Lyttelton won the fives with A. E. Pedder as his partner, but he was a good deal the better of the two, and was, in fact, one of the best players I remember at Eton; he and E. C. Follett also kept the field and the wall. Although keepers were always nominated for the two football games for the Easter Term, there was hardly any football, and fives, beagles, and boats, after the 1st of March, were the chief sports of school-time. Tayleur, who was keeper, or, to use the proper name now, master of the beagles, was a good runner (a quality especially requisite for his post), having won the mile the year before. C. B. Lawes, who had already distinguished himself by winning the pulling and tub-sculling, this year added to his laurels by winning the sculling and gaining a place in the Eight. While at Eton he won more cups and races than any boy I can remember. Besides all the rowing and sculling races, he won every one of the foot races—100 yards, hurdles, mile, steeple-chase, and 350 yards. I must say he cannot be absolved from the charge of pot-hunting, and carried his ambition to such an extreme that he wouldn't play football for fear of being lamed, and thus spoiling his running, the



only instance I ever came across of a boy doing this. He did all he could to persuade me to start in the fives with him, as, although he was by no means a good player, he thought he might have a chance of winning. This year he won the steeplechase; W. Dealtry won the mile in nearly, if not quite, the fastest time on record till then, but there was a strong wind blowing in his favour. Dealtry also won the 100 and 350 yards race, Charley Bill winning the hurdles.

This year I was asked by E. W. (Sally) Chapman to take an oar in the *Thetis*, of which he was captain, and so I was admitted to the boats. We had a very cheery crew, with Charley Carington—now Lord Carington—Jack Hope Johnstone, Oliver Montagu as cox, Farquharson, and others. This Farquharson (James S. T.) died afterwards of diphtheria in the sanatorium at Eton—the only case of the death of a boy taking place at Eton while I was there. A monument was placed in the chapel to his memory. Blake-Humfrey was a very hard-working and painstaking captain, and under his guidance, and with the help of Mr. Warre's advice and coaching, a very good Eight was produced, and a vast improvement on the style of '59 was displayed. The great feature in the boating way was the renewal of the Eton and Westminster boat race, which had been discontinued since 1847; it resulted, as was anticipated, in an easy victory for Eton by 50 seconds. In addition to Lawes, R. E. L. Burton and R. A. Kinglake, both of whom subsequently rowed for their respective universities, first made their appearance in the Eight, which won a very creditable victory over a mixed



Oxford and Cambridge crew, comprising such well-known oarsmen as J. W. Chitty, stroke, and L. Lloyd, E. Warre, and H. H. Playford. The Eight did not visit Henley.

The Eleven, too, made a decided start in the right direction. In these years Collegers *v.* Oppidans was a regular event, but as it naturally always ended in an easy win for the Oppidans, it was soon afterwards discontinued, and now never takes place. One rather ridiculous feature of this match was the old-fashioned rule that the captain of the Boats played for Oppidans, regardless of what his qualifications in the cricket line might be. Blake Humfrey accordingly took his place in the team this year, going in last and getting not out 0; in '61 he was not out 7. In '62 C. B. Lawes, as captain of the Boats, played and made 18 not out, although, as far as I know, he never had the slightest pretensions to being a cricketer. It was from my score of 39 in this match in '61 that I was given my first trial in the Eleven, but as there were 32 wides from the bowling of the Collegers, I don't think my performance was necessarily a brilliant one.

Eton began the season by winning two matches from weak teams of Windsor Garrison and Household Brigade—Mitchell, Lyttelton, and Hornby doing best. Against University College, Oxford, owing to the wet weather, only the first innings of Oxford could be played. The Quidnuncs brought down a strong eleven, including R. A. Bayford, T. E. Bagge, G. R. Dupuis, A. L. Smith (now one of H.M. Judges of the Court of Appeal), R. Lang, and others, but Eton headed them in the first innings, making

124 v. 52 and 115, leaving Eton 43 to win. They only got 20 for six wickets, so it might have been a near thing.

A very weak M.C.C. team was easily beaten by 195 (Mitchell 82) against 46 and 29; and King's College, Cambridge, was also defeated by seven wickets.

The Winchester match was played at Winchester. The Etonians won the toss, and sent in T. De Grey and J. Round, who soon placed his leg where his bat should have been. Mitchell made a bit of a stand, running up 21 in about ten minutes. De Grey made a lucky 22, and the innings closed for 96. Winchester made a good start with Malet and Thresher; but when these were out, no stand was made except by Shum and Stewart, who were frequently missed, and 91 was the total. The display of cricket on this day was by no means grand, neither the bowling, batting, nor fielding being up to the mark. The only exception was Haygarth at the wicket. The play on the second day, although interrupted by continual showers of rain, was much better. The first four wickets of the Etonians fell for 75, the hitting of Mitchell and Lyttelton being free, while Round showed good defence for 22. Mitchell began and ended his innings with two splendid leg hits, one over each wall. Hoare was unfortunately run out, a very hard hit of Lyttelton's having been stopped by a tree, and returned before Hoare could reach his ground. Lyttelton, who was suffering from a bad ankle, was run out by his substitute shortly after having made 17, and the innings closed, with two useful twelves from Smith and Cleasby, for 115. This left Winchester 121 to win, which they were unable to obtain, securing only 101;



which total, had but few out of the many chances offered been taken, would have been very considerably diminished. Haygarth, Stewart, and Crooke showed some fine hitting, the bowling was not quite up to the mark, and at one time affairs began to look rather doubtful for Eton. Lyttelton bowled just at the end, not having been able to do so before, owing to his bad ankle. The fielding of Winchester in the second innings was excellent. This made the fourth match out of six, since the new arrangement, that Eton had won. Stewart who played for Winchester in this match was afterwards the famous soldier, Sir Herbert Stewart, who died in 1885, from a wound received at the battle of Abu Klea. The only match after this, before Eton and Harrow, was against a strong eleven of Old Etonians, including G. R. Dupuis, F. H. Norman, Captain, now Sir F. Bathurst, H. W. Fellows (the celebrated fast bowler), Captain Duncan Baillie, my brother Neville (who often made good scores in those days), Lord Turnour, etc. Present Etonians, with Pocklington's best score of 21, made 145; but Old Etonians, chiefly by a fine innings on the part of G. R. Dupuis for 121 not out, got the large total of 304, with the loss of only seven wickets.

The Harrow match was played on the 12th and 13th of July, in the presence of many thousands of spectators, who were amply rewarded by a really splendid display of cricket. Harrow went in first and began badly, A. McNeill being bowled the first ball of the match by Lyttelton, while Upcher, Daniel, and R. D. Walker speedily followed his example. R. D. Elphinstone and

I. D. Walker obtained the only two double figures on the side, both making 20; they were both missed early in their innings. The innings closed for 83, Lyttelton and C. R. Hornby, who, bar a good few wides, bowled well, getting most of the wickets. Eton's first innings was, I should think, one of the greatest curiosities this match has ever produced. It was simply a case of Mitchell first and the rest nowhere. Out of the total of 98 Mitchell made a splendid innings of 70 without a chance, no one else even getting a double figure, and there being no less than six ducks. The Harrovians, 15 behind, then went in, and although the bowling was better that evening than in any other part of the match, they scored 101 with only two wickets lost. On Saturday Elphinstone and Daniel ran up the score to 146 before they were parted, when the former succumbed to Hornby after a brilliant hitting innings of 66. The next six having been got out without much difficulty, the last wicket, Lord Acheson (now Earl of Gosford), made a stand, scoring 16, and was caught at the wicket, leaving Daniel, who had shown some splendid defence, to carry out his bat for 112. He made several fine leg hits and cuts, and was not missed till near the end of his long innings. The length of the innings had its effect on both the bowling and fielding. The Etonians began their innings shortly after two o'clock, and remained in possession of the wickets during the rest of the day, scoring 221 with eight wickets down, and saving a match which nearly every one had considered hopeless. The first two wickets, De Grey and Round, made a good stay, 37 being telegraphed, when the former was



run out for 18. Lyttelton, Mitchell, and P. Norman followed, and during the innings of these three gentlemen the ball visited every part of the ground. Round was caught by long-stop for a steady 20. Lyttelton was bowled by a good rustic sneak of Burton's for a quick 27. Mitchell was caught off another for 26, and P. Norman off a bumper for 22. It was now thought to be all over for Eton, when Pocklington came to the rescue and remained at the wickets for upwards of two hours, scoring 41 runs, and carrying out his bat for an innings of the most exemplary patience and steadiness. S. F. Cleasby, O. Mordaunt, and H. W. Hoare (who carried out his bat for an excellent 16), in the mean while had all made runs, and the bowling was severely punished all round. The match, therefore, was drawn amid tremendous and long-continued applause, Eton having under somewhat adverse circumstances played up and saved a most uphill game. Of course it is impossible to say what might have happened had the match been played out. Pocklington and Hoare, both good steady bats, were well set, and runs come fast at Lord's; but had one of them got out before the match was practically secured, I confess I had not much confidence in L. Garnett as a last resource.

This match was remarkable for many reasons. It was the first game between Eton and Harrow that was ever left unfinished. A. W. T. Daniel's 112 not out was the first three-figure innings ever made for Harrow against Eton, and it was the first appearance at Lord's of I. D. Walker, W. F. Maitland, Hon. T. De Grey

(now Lord Walsingham), and James Round. There can be no doubt that a very great mistake had been made in the eleven this year in playing L. Garnett instead of A. L. Ricardo. The latter was undoubtedly the better bowler of the two, and had he played it might have made a great difference in the match. In fact, so much was this felt after the West Kent match, the last of the season in which Ricardo played, and in which he got seven wickets (his analysis appearing as 52 balls, 10 maidens, 0 wides, and 7 wickets), that he was given his colours, and L. Garnett secured the unenviable position of twelfth man. The West Kent match was only worthy of notice for the fine scores of 121 by Mitchell, and 53 by P. Norman, and for the severe beating of the West Kent, who only scored 40 against Eton's 289. In this match for West Kent, Frank N. Streatfeild played and obtained four wickets. He had only left Eton a short time before, and had he remained longer, he might have been a valuable acquisition to the eleven. In '59 he was the best and fastest bowler I ever saw in Sixpenny, and, if I remember right, was keeper of the club for that year.

So far as my own cricket was concerned, I must confess I was very slack about it, and preferred rowing in the *Thetis*, for the new charm of rowing in an eight-oar instead of a tub took possession of me at first. Besides that, "Sally" Chapman, our captain, was rather fond of taking us out and coaching us. I didn't care about that, and rowed more for the fun of it and the agreeable companionship than from the idea of ever becoming a first-class oar. When I did play



cricket, I gave my preference more to the somewhat comic and amusing games in Aquatics and Twopenny than to the more serious and correct matches in Lower Club.

It was during this half, 1860, that—chiefly, I believe, on the representation of the captain of the boats—the very ridiculous system of “shirking” was done away with; the only wonder to me was that it had not been abolished years before. The traditional bounds of college were then very limited, and the town of Eton, beyond Barnes Pool, was out of bounds, and a boy caught there was liable to punishment. If a master was seen up town, all the boys used to “shirk” or avoid him, by going into shops or by any other available method. It was a curious anomaly that Windsor Castle was in bounds, but all the ways thither were prohibited. There existed another old-fashioned and absurd rule or custom by which boys were forbidden to wear great-coats. No one dared to put on a great-coat even on the coldest days, though I must say that if any boy had done so, I don’t think that the masters would have raised any objection; but I can’t say I ever saw a boy going into school with a great-coat on. This idea died a natural death one cold winter in the sixties, and now a boy may do as he likes.

My master in school this half was the Rev. Charles Wolley, afterwards Wolley Dod. I don’t think he liked me, so we didn’t hit it off very satisfactorily, although as a rule he was popular to be up to in school, and was not unreasonably strict in “saying lesson,” for he often prompted us a good deal. He was very tall



and active, and was constantly running boys down for being out of bounds or at the fair. He was also a very skilful fisherman, and used to go out in a punt off the playing-field and fish. One day he was punting just off Fellows' Eyot, and when shoving the pole into "deadman's hole," thinking it was shallow, he lost his balance and disappeared head foremost into the river. This was seen by two or three boys, who were close by at sixth-form bench at the time.

The Rifle Corps was fast enrolling members—a new broom generally sweeps very clean with boys—and many of us took up the idea with a great amount of enthusiasm. A quantity of antiquated and out-of-date muskets were despatched from the War Office, drill sergeants were sent down from Windsor barracks, and we were soon full in the swing of squad drill and platoon exercise.

As I have given a full account of the corps elsewhere, I will only mention that I was promoted to be a corporal, then sergeant, and when Mitchell was commandant, he tried to persuade me to take a captaincy; but I retired, chiefly for the reason that I didn't care about being saddled with the serious drudgery of drill, and also from having plenty of other things to do.

This winter we had the hardest frost I remember at Eton, and also the very best skating, for it chanced at the time that the floods were out, and the whole neighbourhood was under water. Eton was, in fact, surrounded with ice. You could skate across country nearly the whole way to Surley, and as, owing to the intensity of the frost, the whole of the flood-water to the



depth of three or four feet was frozen solid, it was remarkably safe. It was great fun skating across the fields and meadows, over the hedges and ditches. Even at last, when the frost broke up, such was the thickness of the ice in places, that we could go on skating for a week after the thaw began. The whole of South Meadow was covered with this solid coating of beautiful ice, and owing to the undulations, cracks, and small holes, as fast as the top melted the water ran off, leaving good and dry ice on the surface.

This year Jack Hope Johnstone broke his leg at football. It was always thought that frost tended to make bones brittle; whether this is true or not I don't know. In his case he crossed legs with another boy, and I suppose his, being the weakest, had to give way. It was bad luck for him, as he was laid up at my tutor's the whole of the holidays, and could only just hobble about on crutches when we returned at the beginning of the Easter half.

In 1860 I made my first appearance in the field football eleven, and on the whole we had a good team. H. B. Rhodes and E. C. Follett, the keepers, were both strong, quick players, and Selwyn a good behind. We won every one of the school matches, but some of them were not against strong elevens, or men in good condition. I also played at the wall, but was not good enough to play on St. Andrew's day. This turned out a very good match; Oppidans were much the heaviest side, but Collegers made a very good fight, and although the former won by a couple of shies to nothing, the ball was in the Oppidan's calx when time was called.

E. W. Chapman, captain of Oppidans, played "second," and was one of the best seconds ever seen in those days. E. E. Witt was captain of the Collegers, Follett was flying man, J. R. Selwyn behind, and J. T. G. Chambers goals. The latter, the celebrated John Chambers, so great in later years as a Cambridge oar, and the originator of the well-known sporting paper *Land and Water*, was a great friend of mine. We used to sit next to one another in Pop, where, by his quaint remarks and amusing speeches, he would often send us into fits of laughter. He won the tub-sculling in '61, and was a very strong oar at Eton, and ought really to have been in the eight, but was away some time owing to illness, which I think was the chief reason that he did not get his colours. He was president of the Cambridge A.D.C. in '63. Always delicate in the chest, though tremendously strong otherwise, he died from lung complication in 1883. He was a fine field player and in the Eleven. In the field eleven at the same time as Chambers and myself, were H. Garnett, R. Blake-Humfrey, S. Smith, J. R. Selwyn, T. De Grey, O. Mordaunt, R. A. H. Mitchell, E. W. Chapman.

## CHAPTER VIII.

My penalties—I become familiar with “the block”—The block stolen—The Marquis of Waterford—Cause of his death—Cutting names—Easter Half, 1861—Fines—My tutor as a player—I win the school fives with L. Dent—I join the *Prince of Wales*—Boat races—The Eight goes to Henley—I become captain of aquatics—I play for the School against the Knickerbockers—My first “spectacles”—I “get my flannels”—Winchester and Harrow matches—“Billy” Johnson—“Rats, sir, rats!”—Michaelmas Term—I play on St. Andrew’s Day—Lord Kinnaird.



Up to this time I think I had escaped, on the whole, with only a fair average of swishings, at least, for those who were in the custom of being swished at all. Some eight or nine times was about my quantum; in most cases the reason had been neglect to do punishments, and as I had generally preferred the corporal infliction to spending play hours in writing out lines, there was not much harm done, and I was quite prepared for the inevitable before it actually took place.

I was only caught twice unawares. Once was up to

Marriott; I had sailed gaily into school, flattering myself that for once in a way I had learnt my lesson, and had also a very fair copy of verses to show up. When it came to the point, from thinking of something else I suppose, I couldn't say a word; and Marriott, having looked through my copy of verses (I don't think he was well that morning), said, "Lubbock, you can't say a word of your lesson, and have done a shocking copy of verses; I shall have you flogged." True to his word, he sent up the bill then and there, and I returned to my tutor's a quarter of an hour later, swished, and very much surprised. The other time was for smiling at the faces that one of the masters made in his endeavour to sing in chapel, for the singer suddenly spotted me, and promptly put me "in the bill." This was the "tightest" application I had, fourteen cuts with two birches. Goodford was always the operator in these events. By these and other means, such as attending a division, which sat in the swishing-room, I had many opportunities of studying the block; and I remember well that, among the few names cut upon it, the most prominent on the top was Lubbock. This inscription had been carefully executed by my brother Beaumont, one letter at a time, when passing through the room to go out of Upper School, but the block on which it had been carved with so much care was stolen some years afterwards by a boy, now a noble lord. He managed it in rather a clever way. He first contrived to take the block to pieces, and then, stowing away the pieces in a cricket-bag, was able to get clear off. It was easy enough to put the bits together again, and I believe



that the peer in question is now the proud possessor of the block *in statu quo, ante*. The former one had been stolen by the Marquis of Waterford many years before. Report said it had been cut up and made into snuff-boxes, which the Marquis had distributed to his numerous friends. The late Marquis of Waterford, as the Earl of Tyrone, was at Eton at this time, and I knew him well. As most people are under the impression that his fatal illness was due to a fall out hunting, I may as well relate the facts as I heard them from a friend of his who was there at the time. He was galloping to get through a gate which was swinging to; the horse charged the gate-post, but neither the Marquis nor the horse fell. The Marquis got right back on his saddle, and put his legs up to avoid the posts, and it is supposed that the concussion jarred his spine against the cantle of the saddle, and thus brought on the fatal complaint. I believe he felt nothing till that evening at dinner-time, when he complained of a pain in his legs. Had he lain up at once, instead of hunting again the next day, the doctors think it quite likely he might have entirely recovered. Except Lord Charles, all the Beresfords were at Eton.

While on the subject of cutting names, I may as well say that it was a good deal in vogue, especially among lower boys, and any favourable spot that could be found was generally in requisition for that performance. The chapel walls, the pillars of the colonnade in the school-yard, lower school passage, "the wall," and many other places, still bear witness of this handicraft. Not long ago, having half an hour to wait

in the school-yard, I amused myself with deciphering some of the names cut on the chapel walls. Of course, the gigantic "Shepherd" still remains intact and easily distinguishable from a distance. There are different stories attaching to this name, but there is no date, and the most commonly believed legend among the boys is, that the owner of it was swished for each letter as it was cut, and sent away when the name was finished. Another version, and I should think the most likely one, is that he was sent away before it was finished; but that he came back and put the finishing touches when he was no longer an Eton boy. Amongst other prominent names, I noticed Birkett; Waud; C. H. Boscawen; Shilleto; W. Beach Gunn; C. Wodehouse, '56; S. Streatfield; T. Richards; H. P. Stall; Mildmay; Hankey; Præd, 1845; Anstey, 1771. This is the oldest date I noticed, and Anstey appears more than once, and the letters seem formed in the same way, so this gentleman must have been rather proud of his name. On the "pepper-pot" of the fives court, by the stairs of the north door of the chapel, are "L A H E N," very big; perhaps they are initials, or some name unfinished: A. S. A. Wilson, 1840; D. W.; C. D. Salis; Heyland (large), and many others, some unreadable. I also inspected the name "Gladstone" cut on the wall opposite "Charley Wise's," which is supposed to be that of the great W. E. G., and it is said that he himself thought it was his production; but I am told, on the very good authority of one of the late masters, that the Rev. C. C. James, who had the house close by, knows as a fact that the name was cut by a boy



of that name in his house. The Rev. C. C. is noted for being very accurate in his statements, so I am afraid we must put down the story of its being done by the late renowned statesman as a myth. When a boy leaves Eton, his name is always cut in a legitimate and orthodox manner either in Upper School or wherever a vacant panel can be found, and for this he has to pay ten shillings to the head master's servant, who is answerable for its being properly done. This same worthy also has the supplying of the birches. In my time it was the rubicund-faced Finmore.

In the Easter half of '61, Phillpotts was captain of the Collegers, E. C. Follett of the Oppidans, R. A. Mitchell president of Pop and captain of the Eleven, John Chambers master of the beagles. There was no such thing as keeper of the fives, an office created some time after I left. I amused myself with fives and running with the beagles, till the 1st of March came on, and then boating occupied most of my time. We had some very good fives then. E. C. Follett, S. F. Cleasby, Lionel Dent, S. Fremantle, little J. B. Walter, were all good players, and I used to get my tutor out to play as often as I could; he was about at his best then, and was a charming man to play with. He always played up well, worked hard, and played fair, never taking unfair "lets," a fault very common, in fact a great deal too common, among some players, and you might be sure that, with my tutor making one of a four, you would be certain of a good game. G. R. Dupuis, too, used often to play with us, and was also a very good player, and old Etonians, such as F. H.



Norman, were in the habit of coming down to play. Follett and Cleasby started in the fives together, and so did L. Dent and myself. We two couples had to play the final for the cup. The former thought they were a certainty; I didn't. Follett was a very good player, with plenty of dash, and poor old "Trimmer" was fairly useful, but without any devil in his strokes. "Long" Dent, on the other hand, had some very fine strokes, and, being ambidexter, could cut down as well with one hand as the other. I felt confident that if he played up well we should at least make a very good fight of it. The betting at starting was decidedly in favour of Follett and Cleasby, and many good judges told me beforehand they didn't think we were in it. Dent was a bit "off colour," and we started badly, losing the first game easily. I had been leaving many strokes to my partner, but seeing then that he was not in his best form, I took the game more into my own hands. We managed to win the next without much trouble, and after a tight fit the third, rubber and match. Many people think that at fives it is a great advantage to be left-handed, so that you can cut down better into "pepper-box," and also more easily get a ball up out of the pot. No doubt this is a great advantage, but, on the other hand, a left-handed man does not, in fact cannot, make such a hard and difficult first stroke as a strong right-handed man can. This is really the most important stroke towards winning a bully, so, taking it all round, I think the right-handed man has the pull in the long run. A man who, like Dent, was ambidexter, gets an advantage, as he can not



only get in a hard first stroke, but can also cut down hard with right and left. Being tall is an advantage, as you can reach many balls when you are "on wall," which a shorter man might not be able to touch; but you must be very quick and active as well, and be able to dodge out of the way, or you will find the "off wall" players making a target of the back of your head. A good player must also have a good eye, and be able to decide quickly where the ball is going to. A hard-hit ball at fives does not sit up and look at you like a golf ball, and there can't be any preliminary waggling. I think Dent, when he was on his game, was about one of the best players I ever played with at Eton, but, not being strong, he was sometimes wanting in energy.

Charles Lawes easily won the 100, hurdles, and 350; and as he won the mile as well this year, he may be considered to have had a good year of it in the running way. He was very fond of taking his time for such events; but as the short races were run in South Meadow, on rather soft and yielding turf, I don't think they were anything out of the way.

This year I was promoted to the *Prince of Wales*; "Charlie" Carington into what I used, in chaff to him, to call the "home of the shufflers," the *Monarch*. Lord Boringdon was second captain of the boats. Clanmaurice (Lansdowne) was in the *Thetis*. Lord Lascelles was cox to the *Britannia*, while "Dot," H. C. Needham, brother of the Earl of Kilmorey, steered the Eight. Albert Brassey, who was afterwards in the Eight, was in my boat. "Billy" Selwyn and Lascelles won the double-sculling, and Neave and Parker the pulling.

The "two sides of college" was a fine race, the North Side, with Lawes stroke, winning by six inches, Humfrey stroking the South. Owing to Oppidan dinner and Check nights being given up, Dr. Goodford allowed the Eight to row at Henley Regatta. They rowed for the Ladies' Plate, and beat Radley, but were beaten by Trinity College, Oxford. They also rowed Westminster again, easily defeating them.

I played a good deal of cricket in Aquatics, and was honoured by being made captain of the Aquatic eleven. It was chiefly from getting runs in Aquatics and against Collegers in "Collegers and Oppidans" that I was tried for the Eton Eleven. I didn't play in the first match, which was against the Windsor Garrison, with I. Jackson (about the best fast bowler to be found in those days); E. T. Drake, who was equally excellent in the lob line; and Julius Cæsar, one of the best Surrey bats. Against such a side, it was not surprising that the boys didn't show up well. For young boys, especially those trying for the Eleven, it is a severe ordeal to have two or three of the best bowlers of the day against them, and many are three-parts out from nervousness before they go in. This was the case in this match. Eton were all out for 61, and 54 for six wickets. The Garrison, chiefly owing to 70 from Julius Cæsar, and 86 from Jackson, making 241. The next two matches, against Perambulators and Barclay Field's Eleven, I didn't play in; the former Eton won easily with 130 against 52 and 156, although the Perambulators had a good team, including R. D. Walker, E. Stanhope, J. Round, Pocklington, O. Mordaunt, and other useful players. With Field's

Eleven we did well; they made a good start with 181, of which G. H. Field got 64, and E. B. Fane, the old Etonian and ex-captain, 43. We made 253 for four wickets, Mitchell playing a grand innings of 145, "Tommy" De Grey, 36, and H. W. Hoare, 23, not out.

In the next match, against a weak team of Knickerbockers—a new Army club, started chiefly through the exertions of Colonel F. H. Bathurst, and distinguished by a uniform of knickerbockers with red and black stockings—I was chosen to make my first essay on behalf of the school. We went in first, and, chiefly through a fine innings of H. W. Hoare's of 127, we made 374, getting two of the other side out for 42. I made 31, and hit at most balls. I got rather a wiggling afterwards from Bell and some of them for not playing steadily enough, but H. W. Hoare, who was a great chum of mine, said, "Never mind, you got runs." I really at that time was not exceedingly keen about getting into the Eleven. I had the rowing to fall back upon, and knew that if I liked to train and work I could get on very well in that line; but at the same time, from what I could see, I thought I was quite as good as any of the others who were being tried for the Eleven. Luckily for me, in the next "twelve v. eight" match, with old Jemmy Dean, Bell, and one or two other good bowlers, I made 53, and this made me pretty secure, at any rate, for the next school match, which was against the Household Brigade. They played Wisden, the professional, and of course he got most of us out, eight wickets out of the eleven, but not till we had made 178. H. Bagge, who was trying for the Eleven, made the best score with 43,

and I came out second with 36 (caught and bowled by Wisden); our opponents made 125. Here again I was told I played much too freely, and it wouldn't do. Against Maidenhead we made 159 and 75; and H. B. Sutherland, who was also being tried for the Eleven, chiefly for his bowling, made 95 (best score). I made 22, and we got them out for 97. After that I got on fairly well in the "twelve and eight" matches, generally running into double figures. The M.C.C. was rather a "poser," as they brought down a very strong side, comprising C. G. Lyttleton, E. B. Fane, and the "Pros" Rogers, Brampton, and Chatterton to bowl. Although we did well, making 150 and 70 (Mitchell 34) to their 117, I was not a contributor, as on this occasion I secured my first pair of spectacles. Some of the other candidates didn't do much better, but I thought my fate, as far as the Eleven went, was sealed. I somewhat redeemed my failure with the bat, however, by holding two good catches at long-leg, and I overheard A. H. A. Morton, who was private tutor to Lord Macduff, now Duke of Fife, and took a keen interest in Eton cricket, say to Mitchell, "A boy who can make two catches like Lubbock did, most certainly ought to be in the Eleven." However that may be, I was "given my flannels" for the Winchester match.

The match was played at Eton this year—always a point in our favour. Winchester won the toss, and as the wickets looked very perfect, we thought they would make a big score, but thanks to Sutherland's steady bowling (his analysis working out 83 balls, 19 runs, 12 maidens, 1 wide, and six wickets), they were dismissed



for 78. Our first innings was very much after the fashion of our First *v.* Harrow in 1860; "Mike" Mitchell first, and the rest hardly anywhere, for out of our 112 he compiled a splendid score of 60 in his very best form, and made some fine hits. Sutherland made a useful 17, and G. H. Tuck 11, run out, these being the only double figures. Winchester in their second made 98, of which Herbert Stewart played well for 41. This left us 65 to win, which we obtained easily with the loss only of one wicket, L. Garnett's for 16. De Grey played well for 30 not out, and H. W. Hoare, 14 not out. I think we should have made a lot second innings. The chief surprise was the small scores made by Winchester, for our bowling was by no means good, and the wicket was splendid. Sutherland certainly bowled very steadily, but I never put him down as a difficult bowler. Stewart did best for Winchester, making 29 and 41, and J. W. Haygarth's wicket-keeping was very fine. After leaving Eton, and going to Oxford, he turned out one of the best amateur wicket-keepers of the day. I was sorry and surprised that H. or "Peter" Bagge did not obtain his colours; he had scored well on several occasions, but as we had a good batting side, and he was not much good in any other department of the game, he was left out. As he was a big strong boy, he ought to have done well.

The only other match before Eton and Harrow was against Old Etonians, with Buttress and Muncey, and in this we got beaten. They had a good eleven, including A. A. Leigh and E. A. Leigh (the latter made 69), F. H. Norman, G. R. Dupuis, J. B. Dyne, etc., and

made 138. We answered with 104, of which I made highest score of 32. A boy named Dodington was tried in this match as a bowler, but although he got a couple of wickets, he was not considered good enough.

The Eton and Harrow match was played July 12 and 13. We were the favourites, and won the toss, but we began rather badly. Garnett was out for 0 directly, Mitchell played a ball on when he had only got 12, and De Grey, Tuck, and Hoare only got 26 between them. I was shot out by a shooter from C. A. Cator, and it was not till Cleasby and O. G. Smith got together that there was a good stand made. The former made 40, hitting merrily, and the latter 21. Jack Frederick made 16 not out. The curious feature of this innings was Cleasby's performance; he hadn't so far made a run all the half, was a very indifferent field, and by no means a sure catch. He was tried everywhere, and as a last resource, was made long-stop; here he performed creditably, and so he was left in the Eleven, but I believe at one time he was within an ace of being turned out. Harrow, thanks to their last two wickets, C. F. Reid and E. W. Burnett, putting on 64 between them, ran up 164. We did much better second innings, and with H. W. Hoare's 51, O. G. Smith's 44, and Cleasby's 36, with other double figures, we managed 229. This left Harrow 201 to win. We had got two of them out for 53, when the rain came on and put a stop to all further play. It is hard to say how the match would have turned out. They might have got the runs, as Charley Buller, whose first appearance it was at Lord's, was well in with 14 not out,



Alexander, the captain, with 12 not out, and there were other good bats, such as W. F. Maitland, T. W. Palmer, and I. D. Walker, to come in. The chief thing in our favour was that we had got the runs, and they had got to get them.

The only remaining match this season was against West Kent. By the aid of Buttress and V. E. Walker, who played for them as a friend, they beat us, as they made 160 *v.* 130. Tuck played a good innings of 61 for us, and I was next with 21, run out. On the whole this was a good eleven, and in Mitchell, of course, we had a wonder. H. W. Hoare was the best bat after him, while the rest of us were all capable of making runs, except L. Garnett and G. S. Smith, but the latter was a bowler. I never thought L. Garnett ought to have been in; his average was only 9, and again in '62 only 9. Although he was generally regarded as something of a bowler, his analysis showed 45 runs a wicket. In the bowling averages Sutherland's was the best with 7; then Jack Frederick and Mitchell with 9 each. In batting Mitchell was easily first with 38, then came H. W. Hoare 20, Cleasby and Frederick 16, myself 15, and all the others double figures, except Garnett and G. S. Smith. O. G. Smith and G. S. Smith were twins, Lanny (Orlando) and Gilbert. They were both useful bowlers, but Lanny a good deal the better of the two.

This half I had been up to "Billy" Johnson, who afterwards took the name of Cory, and is known to the world as the brilliant author of "Ionica," and as one of the ablest and most eccentric of Eton masters. He was very blind, and would sometimes throw a book



or the key of his schoolroom, which he always had handy, at your head. One day a boy smuggled a cage full of rats into school, and let them all out in the middle of school time. According to a pre-arranged plan, we all jumped upon the forms, calling out, "Rats, sir; rats." Billy got quite excited, rushing about with his key ready to throw at them, crying, "Where? where?" and the boys shouting, "There goes one; there goes another," and so forth, while all the time books were being thrown all over the place. It was most laughable, and there was not much work done during that school. What amused him most was to find a "howler" in the way of a false quantity, or something very ridiculously wrong in a boy's theme or verses. This he would tell with great glee to other masters. He was very kind, and entered eagerly into boys' tastes and pursuits. Sometimes he used to take them on water-parties or sight-seeing. He had no boarding-house of his own, but took pupils, and had a pupil-room at Vidal's opposite Pop. It was he also who gave the house cup for cricket, but I think he took more interest in the rowing than cricket. If the soldiers happened to come through college, with the band playing while he was in his pupil-room with his pupils, he used to say, "The army, the army!" and rush out at the head of his boys to see them march past.

Felix T. Cobbold was captain of the Collegers this election, and J. F. F. (Jack) Horner captain of the Oppidans. The last Saturday of the half, commonly called "Election Saturday," as the elections to King's were declared on that day, was virtually a *non dies*,



being kept in the same way as the 4th of June, with a procession of the boats to Surley, fireworks, etc.

Nothing very worthy of record took place in the Michaelmas Term. J. R. Selwyn and S. F. Cleasby kept the field; neither of them was especially brilliant, as a player, though Selwyn was a good, steady behind. E. E. Witt was the College keeper of the wall, and R. A. Kinglake the Oppidan. Although I don't think our field eleven was as good as others I have seen, we managed to win all our school matches. Collegers and Oppidans was a very good match, and ended in a tie. We (Oppidans) got the ball into Collegers' calx just as it was time to change goals, and again just as time was called. Although it was the first year I had played in this match, I was entrusted with the responsibility of making the shies, a duty which after this always fell to my share when playing at the wall, as well as that of "stopping."

I think I might put down this term as the commencement of Lord Kinnaird's football career. Although at this time he was not quite good enough to play in the field, he played in my tutor's house eleven, which survived till the final tie for the house cup, but in this we met Marriott's, who defeated us, and thus won the cup. At that time he showed every sign of becoming what he afterwards proved to be, an excellent player. He was always an excessively hard worker at the game, and was "as hard as nails," never tiring, and being capable of running the whole day if necessary. At first, instead of keeping the ball close to him in "running down," he kicked it too hard, and trusted to his

running powers to keep possession of it. I always think that in football the height of perfection in a player in the bully is to be able to run his best pace and yet keep the ball near his legs. Many are very dexterous in dodging about backwards and forwards, while others can kick the ball twenty yards, and then run like a hare, and perhaps get to it again before any one else; but how seldom do you see a really good "run down" nearly the whole length of the field by a player going his best pace, with the ball never more than two or three yards from him all the time! I think in this respect A. Wilson-Patten, who kept the field in '57 with C. L. Sutherland, was the best I ever saw. In our house eleven at the same time were Quintin Hogg, afterwards famous in the football field, and Aboyne, now Marquis of Huntly, but as he did not stay long at Eton, he never had the chance of developing his football powers.

## CHAPTER IX.

Long glass—"Cellar"—"Tap"—Fines—Feeding at Eton—I am elected to "Pop"—Efforts at oratory—John Chambers—Debates—Rules of the Eton Society—Review of the Volunteers at Windsor—Death of the Prince Consort—Whist and its consequences—Quoits—Lord Lorne—Boxing nights—A regular contest—Death of Provost Hawtrey—The chapel vaults—Dr. Goodford appointed Provost—Dr. Balston head master—The Fellows—Sermons—Athletics—I win the fives again—Racquets at Windsor—The boats and boat races—Henley—Boating Bill—Check nights—Oppidan dinner—Tea in Poets' Walk.



NEED hardly say that by this time I had gone through the performance of drinking the "long glass." For the benefit of those who are not well acquainted with Eton, I may explain that, according to long-established custom, every boy who, as a wet bob or dry bob, has reached a certain

degree of distinction in the school, is called upon to achieve this performance. The glass in question is nearly a yard long, is shaped like a straight coach-horn, with a hollow bulb at the narrow end, and contains rather more

than a pint. Owing to the trumpet shape of the rim, it is very difficult to drain it off without spilling a considerable part of the liquor, especially when, at the last moment, the contents of the bulb come pouring down the tilted tube. It is not necessary for the drinker to consume all the contents, a great part of which will probably find its way down his shirt-front and waistcoat, but it is *de rigueur* that he shall not remove his lips from the glass before it is empty. If he does, the glass is refilled, and he has to commence all over again. I have seen boys make three or four attempts before they could finish. Some used to take a pride in being able to get through it without spilling a drop, while others would simply hold the glass to their lips, and pour the best part of the contents on to their shirt-front. I have known boys drink it with water, but beer or shandygaff was the commonest beverage, and I preferred the latter. When a boy had successfully performed this feat, he was in future allowed the privilege of attending "cellar," held in the upper room in "tap," and of having his bread and cheese and beer, and witnessing the uninitiated perform on the long glass. "Tap" was a small establishment entirely confined to the use of Etonians, where beer, poached eggs, chops, and such simple fare were procurable. It was always kept in the most orderly way, and if a boy used bad language or swore, he was liable to be immediately fined a "pot" by any one present, the others at once calling out "seconds," "thirds," etc. The boy who was fined was allowed first swig, then the boy who fined him, and then came the seconds and thirds in the order in which they called out. In hot



weather, as a rule, there was not much left after the first two or three had had a pull. If the boy who was fined finished the pot at one draught, the finer had to pay for it, and as there were some who could easily accomplish this feat, it was as well to be a trifle circumspect as to whom you fined. One boy, well known for this accomplishment, and his fondness for beer, would often in this way get his drink for nothing. Coming into tap, he would incur a fine at the hands of some unsuspecting individual, and then, draining the pot, would leave the inexperienced plaintiff to pay for it. It was customary for boys, never mind what sort of dinner they had had, to adjourn to tap after two, and there have a mutton chop, steak, Welsh rabbit, or bread and cheese and beer. I have often thought that if Horatius Flaccus had been able to drop in at one of our meetings, he would have coupled the *dura ilia messorum* with those of the Eton boys. It was really astonishing at times what they could stow away. Nowadays there is a considerable change; the boys are much better fed than was the case in my time, and have more variety, for with us the rule was *toujours de mouton*, hot for dinner, cold for supper. How I used to wish such an animal as a sheep had never existed! I got to loathe mutton, and ever since I left have never cared for it, and as for cold mutton, I can't look at it. I know this to be the case with many other old Etonians. I have frequently heard it remarked, "You can always tell an Eton man, as he takes mustard with a mutton chop." It used, in fact, to be a common habit to have free recourse to

Worcester, Harvey, mustard, or any other sauce, to disguise it a little.

Early in 1861 I had been elected a member of "Pop," but I can't say that during the first months of membership I had aired my oratorical powers to any great extent, although I used to enjoy the debates, which generally dealt with a selection of old and familiar stock subjects. I think the most common were "Alexander or Hannibal, which is the most worthy of our admiration?" and "Was Mary Queen of Scots concerned in the murder of Darnley?" Modern subjects were tabooed by the rules of the society. In my maiden speech I had to treat of Alexander and Hannibal, and, after giving a considerable amount of eulogy to both, I said it was very difficult to decide which was the greater man, so I thought I must give it as a dead heat. There were among us some very good speakers, some indifferent, some hopeless, but at times we had most amusing debates. I remember one really clever boy, who has since become a distinguished University don, but who, as an orator, belonged to the hopeless type. He used to learn his speech by heart beforehand, and try to say it off like a saying lesson. If he was interrupted at all, he had to begin again at the beginning. We very soon found out this, and after he had been speaking a minute or so, two or three of us would interrupt him in some way, with the usual result. Of course, we were called to order by the president, but as he enjoyed the fun too, no very serious penalties were inflicted. The comic effect was increased by the voice of the orator in question, which was a



curiously deep one, and seemed to come from somewhere about the region of his boots. John Chambers used to make very amusing speeches, giving out the quaintest remarks without a smile on his face. I remember on one occasion, when the debate was on some topic in connection with the paper duties, and he had been amusing us with sundry droll points and arguments, he suddenly added, "I don't see what cause of complaint we have in the matter," and paused. We all wondered what was coming. "Why," he went on, "we can now buy three hundred curling-papers for sixpence." We all split, and he was called to order.

Pop debates were a very pleasant way of spending an "after two" or a "short after four," and, moreover, the room was a most comfortable and quiet retreat in which to read the papers and write letters. Only twenty-eight of the leading boys were elected, but old Etonians, who had been members, were allowed to make use of the room and attend debates. Report said the late Mr. Gladstone had attended a debate or two; but I do not think he was ever there while I was a member, although I have seen his brother-in-law, the late Lord Lyttleton, in the room more than once. The president, who was generally either the captain of the boats or the captain of the Eleven, used to take the chair at the meetings, and had the privilege of summing-up the arguments at the close of the debate, if he chose to do so. He had to maintain order, and was entitled to a casting-vote on an equal division. On Mitchell leaving in '61, H. W. Hoare was elected president, and retained the office till he left, when S. F. Cleasby took his place.



The method of arranging a debate was as follows: any one could propose a subject; the first two of these were set apart, and every member was called upon to sign one of them. The subject that gained the most signatures was then brought forward for the next debate, and members had to speak in the order of signature, the original proposer of it having to open the debate. After everybody who had signed the debate had spoken, the auditor went round with a bit of paper and took down the ayes or noes, or the fors and againts, and handed the list to the president, who declared the result of the division. New members were elected by ballot, so many blackballs excluding. As a rule, it was only those who had attained some distinction in the school, such as the Eleven or the Eight, or boys of special ability or popularity, that were elected. In the eyes of the lower boys, a Pop man ranked next to the Eleven or Eight, and was in fact a far greater swell than an ordinary sixth-form boy. Except, perhaps, the captain of Oppidans or of Collegers, sixth-form boys, although they were by tradition credited with certain dictatorial rights, were not looked upon as anything like such "swells" as members of "Pop."

It was at the end of the Michaelmas Term of '61 that the Eton Volunteers were reviewed by the Queen and the Prince Consort at Windsor Castle, and as I still held the rank of sergeant, I accordingly paraded with the rest. The review took place in the Home Park, but as our manœuvres were not elaborate, it did not last long. The Queen walked about with the

Prince Consort, and looked very well; but it was generally remarked that the Prince's appearance was anything but robust. After the usual evolutions, marching-past, and wheeling had been gone through, we were drawn up into line, and with waving of caps gave three cheers for the Queen. We were then marched off to the Orangery, where, after having piled arms outside, we were regaled with a good dinner and plenty of champagne. The Queen, the Prince Consort, and some of the Princesses walked round the table, the Queen frequently saying something to the boys. When she came to where I was, she said she hoped we were enjoying ourselves. The Prince Consort was taken ill after the review, and died at Windsor Castle, December 14, 1861. It was said by some persons, who had no special knowledge of the circumstances, that he caught a chill at the review, as it was a raw, damp day, and had been raining in the morning; but I believe there was no truth in that idea, the real fact being that the Prince had been unwell before, although the serious symptoms only showed themselves afterwards.

A. C. Arkwright, who was our commander-in-chief at the time of this review, and who was generally known as "Tommy," boarded at Wolley's, and was a great friend of mine. He and I got into a rather serious scrape once. During the Easter half of '62, we were going to play fives one after twelve with two others, one of whom was Robin Follett, but it came on to rain so hard that fives was out of the question. We were rather put to it to know what to do. Follett suggested a rubber of whist in his room at Wayte's,

assuring us that it would be quite safe, for the boys' maid was one of the right sort, and wouldn't sneak. We retired to his room, and were well in the middle of the game, when the door opened suddenly, and, to our dismay, in walked "Tolly" Wayte. He took our names, and we were complained of to our tutors. Follett got a long punishment, and Tommy Arkwright got a Georgic to write out. I, on the other hand, got off free, although for some little time I had to undergo a systematic quizzing from my tutor. He never actually mentioned the subject to me, but he used to say to E. W. Tritton, who sat next to him at meals, while I sat on the other side, "Well, Tritton, what have you been doing after twelve?" Tritton used to answer that he had been playing fives, or something of the sort. My tutor would say, "Ah, that's right; they tell me some foolish boys play cards—is that so?" All the boys at the top of the table knew what had happened to me, and used to smile, while I looked a fool, and Tritton didn't know what to say. This lasted for a few days, and was all I ever heard of my escapade. At this time my mess consisted of Tritton and his younger brother, the redoubtable "Chips," who was afterwards in the Eleven, and Quintin Hogg; Lord Lorne and his brother Archibald Campbell were my tutor's pupils, and used frequently to come to tea or breakfast with us. They boarded up-town, opposite the "Christopher," with a private tutor and their cousin Lord R. Leveson-Gower. Lorne was fond of fives, and played very fairly well, but did not as a rule go in very much for games. Not long ago he reminded me that I

once nearly brought him to an untimely end. I had introduced the game of quoits, and he, watching one of my throws a little too closely, was almost hit on the head by the quoit; in fact, I nearly "ringed" him instead of the peg. I always thought it a great mistake to put boys to board out, as they did not have the same opportunities of playing in matches for their tutors as others had, and were thus, to a certain extent, debarred from showing their skill and physical attainments.

When work was slack during that half at my tutor's, we used to have boxing nights, and great fun they were. We contrived to smuggle in a certain stock of Bass's pale ale, which was safely stowed away among Tritton's trousers in the bottom drawer of his bureau. I undertook to get rid of the empty bottles if the others safely housed the full. My method of disposal was to open the top part of my window, and throw them as far as I could across the road into my tutor's field. Of course it was done at night when it was dark. In the morning sometimes, when I saw a lot of these black bottles strewn about in all sorts of grotesque positions, some sticking up like rooks fixed in the ground by their beaks, with their tails in the air, others on their sides, I often had temporary qualms of fear lest the curious apparition might excite my tutor's curiosity, and cause him to make a closer inspection, so as to ascertain what breed of bird or beast they belonged to. Sometimes I would slip round on the quiet and throw the most conspicuous ones into the hedge, or disguise their identity by breaking them into pieces. At the

boxing, Tritton and myself, as masters of the ceremonies, used to lead off with a few rounds; then some other pairs followed suit, and we used to keep the *pièce de résistance* of the evening till the last. This consisted of a contest between H——, "Piggy," we all generally called him, and "Bobby" M——. Each of them fancied himself the better man. "Piggy" was a great deal the smaller, but had a trifle more knowledge of the game than "Bobby." The rounds generally began in a would-be scientific manner, but as we well knew what would be the result, it was not long before both began to get their monkeys up, and they ended by going at it ding-dong till we had to stop them. A glass of Bass's pale ale all round always put matters straight again. Sometimes we would have a game of whist in my room, and by a methodical arrangement of looking-glasses, which I put up, we could detect my tutor or anybody coming down the passage. We could then play in comparative safety.

At this time M—— was qualifying for the post of bugler to the Eton Volunteers, and as my tutor naturally would not allow him to practise in the house, he used to take a chair and go out into my tutor's field, and sit there making the most discordant sounds. He is now a colonel of volunteers, and well known as an enthusiastic volunteer and crack rifle shot, having been a member of the Scottish Eight, and won several leading prizes at Wimbledon.

Shortly after our return to Eton from the Christmas holidays, when we were still in mourning for the Prince Consort, on the 27th of January Provost

Hawtreys died. I do not think any of us knew that he was seriously ill, and when his death was announced it took most of us by surprise, and cast quite a gloom over the school. We all attended his funeral, which was held in the chapel, with full choral service. On the Sunday the Rev. G. J. Dupuis preached a touching funeral sermon, making many allusions to his own and Hawtreys old Eton school days. One passage in his sermon I still remember well. He said, in describing their school work, "Some of our maps in those days would have made you laugh, my young friends." It forcibly struck me at the time that some of ours would have had the same effect on our seniors. Hawtreys was the last Provost of Eton who was allowed to retain intact the authority committed to Waynflete by Henry VI., and by a curious coincidence, he was also the last person whose burial took place within the walls of the Collegiate Church.\* He was extremely polite in his manners, at the same time without being stiff, and was exceedingly popular with the boys, who always treated him with the greatest respect. There are many good stories told of him, but I think the best, and one I have not seen in print, is in connection with E. P. Williams. This latter gentleman, who was the Eton bookseller, used to wear a white tie, and was supposed to be making a fortune out of the boys. It was said that one day he asked Provost Hawtreys if he might wear a cap and gown, and if the boys might be told to touch their caps to him. Hawtreys politely replied, "Wearing a cap and gown, Mr. Williams, is as you

\* Lytes "History of Eton College," p. 478.

like, but touching their hats to you is as the boys like." He used often to have boys to breakfast, and very frequently invited me, although I never could discover the reason of this civility, as he never recognized me when I met him walking about.

While the chapel vaults were open for the reception of the Provost's remains, I managed to get in one day and have a good look round. There were not nearly so many coffins as I expected to see. Some were very old and apparently crumbling to pieces. In accordance with the general expectation, Dr. Goodford, the head master, was appointed by the Queen Provost, in succession to Dr. Hawtrey. It was rumoured, however, that Goodford himself was not anxious for the appointment, and would have preferred remaining head master for a good time longer. He was fond of work, and having a large family, the fall of an income of £6000 a year to £2200 made a good deal of difference. The Rev. E. Balston, much against his wish, I believe, was elected head master, although he did not take office till the following half. He had been a Fellow since '60, and on his promotion the Rev. W. Eliot was elected in his place.

Besides the Provost, and the Vice-Provost, at that time the Rev. Thomas Carter, who subsequently died at the age of ninety-four, there were six Fellows, and to this body of eight was entrusted almost all the preaching in chapel.

Whether it was the fault of the preachers or of us hearers, I cannot say, but I am afraid their sermons have left on my mind a less definite impression than

some of their personal peculiarities. One of them, for example, appeared to me to be incessantly wiping his eyes with his pocket-handkerchief the whole time he was in the pulpit; another preached very short sermons, but he had a chronic cough, and I could never hear a word he said; a third had a stentorian voice, and of him the following story is told by Mr. Kegan Paul. On one occasion he was preaching at the opening of a long disused chapel on the river; among his congregation was one of the "wall cads," who was, as may be imagined, *Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens*. This worthy's sole comment was, "Lord! boys, you should have seen the spiders run!" Another of the Fellows, a very quaint-looking little man, was rather deaf, and used to sit with his head bent and his hand to his ear. He is supposed to have made the remark *à propos* of the sermons of two of his colleagues—"When Green preaches, I hear only one word, 'God'; when Coleridge preaches, I hear only one word, 'Devil.'" He himself preached in a very curious way, each sentence finishing with a shout; in fact, his sermons have been described as delivered in alternate shouts and gasps of almost total silence.

W. Trench was the master of the Beagles this year. Lord Jersey won the mile, with the Hon. F. G. Pelham second. The steeplechase resulted in one of those surprises for which it has always been noted, being won by A. H. Johnson, a boy whose running capabilities were quite unknown; in short, to adopt the language of the turf, he might be quoted as starting at a very long price. He lived with his parents in Upton Park, near



Slough, and it was supposed that his unexpected success was due to his continually running backwards and forwards between college and his home, and thus being kept in permanent good training.

I won the fives with my brother Edgar, who was beginning to come into note as a very promising player. He was, like Dent, ambidexter, but not particularly strong with either hand. I was very nearly not starting, as my tutor didn't want me to do so, on the ground that it was not fair, but my brother was so keen about it that I gave way to his wish.

A new racquet court had recently been built behind the Windsor barracks, but although it was situated in a forbidden part of Windsor, and we were not permitted to go there, Robin Follett, Cleasby, and two or three of us, used often to go up and get a game, or watch the officers from the barracks playing. Our games were played under considerable disadvantage, as we were compelled to have a man on the look-out to keep "cave," and often in the middle of a game we were suddenly warned of a master's approach. One or two of them used occasionally to come and play, and when this was the case we all had to bundle into the lavatory, and keep in hiding till their game was in full swing, and then sneak out, and return back to college.

C. B. Lawes, who had been captain of the Lower boats in '61, was this year captain of the boats, R. A. Kinglake second, J. R. Selwyn captain of the *Prince of Wales*, and H. P. Senhouse captain of Lower boats. Lord Lascelles, who had been captain of my division for many years, was cox of the *Monarch*, while I had also

subsidied into that receptacle for the lazy-bones. Lord Rosebery, as Lord Dalmeny, occupied the not very exalted position of cox of the *St. George*. Lansdowne, as Clanmaurice, had an oar in the *Prince of Wales*, and Minto (Lord Melgund) was first in the *Thetis*, and afterwards in the *Dreadnought*, of which Albert Brassey was captain.

In the summer half Lascelles retired, and O'Brien became cox of the *Monarch*, although Needham, Lord Newry's brother, who had an oar in the ten, steered the eight against Westminster and at Henley. The same races as usual were rowed. The sculling was won by little Jack Hall, who was at my tutor's, and who afterwards became a distinguished oar at Oxford. It was a wonderful performance, as he was a little strip of a boy, thin and weak-looking, and couldn't have weighed over seven stone; while such boys as "Sam" Corkran, A. Brassey, and F. Willan were competing. This was F. Willan's, Corkran's, and W. W. Wood's first year in the boats. Kinglake and Selwyn, steered by C. R. Tottenham, who afterwards turned out such a fine coxswain, won the pulling, Trench and Senhouse second, Rickards and Brassey third. Tutors and Dames was, for a wonder, won by Dames this year, they having much the best crew, but it was a good race as far as Lower Hope. Owing to the river being unusually high, the boats had to finish at Brocas Rails; this was the only occasion I remember on which this happened while I was at Eton. At Henley, for the Ladies' Plate, we beat Radley easily by three lengths, but were beaten by University College, Oxford, by a length and a half.

We again beat Westminster easily. In the tub-sculling, which was always a most amusing race to watch, 120 boats started this year, and had to be divided into two heats, Corkran winning the final. Marriott's, with a strong crew, composed of H. Brassey, W. R. Griffiths, W. Trench, and Corkran stroke, won the House fours easily.

By this time the "Boating Bill" was in full swing and working well. By it certain boys were excused attendance at six o'clock, absence on holidays and half-holidays on the following understanding:—

"1. That not more than the crews of two eights, or the ten-oar and one eight, can avail themselves of the privilege at the same time.

"2. That the captains of the crews be severally responsible for the conduct of their crew, and the senior of the two captains, when two boats avail themselves of the bill, be responsible for both crews.

"3. That the bill will in no case be granted unless the captain or one of the captains of the boat or boats for it be in the first eight choices in the boats. When the Eight is in training, the next eight choices may apply for a bill.

"4. That a correct list of such choices shall be sent in by the captain of the boats at the beginning of every summer half to the head master.

"5. That crews availing themselves of this privilege are bound in honour to row beyond Maidenhead Lock.

"6. As landing on the Cliefden side of the water above Maidenhead has been forbidden to the public by the proprietors of the land, the crews are bound not to

trespass by landing on this or any other private property, without being expressly invited by persons entitled to do so.

"7. That no old Etonians, or any one not a present Etonian, be allowed to go up in either boat.

"8. That the first captain, or whoever is responsible for those availing themselves of the privilege, shall give a correct list to the head master before setting out.

"As this is granted for the benefit of rowing, and for the encouragement of a manly pursuit of that amusement, let all who avail themselves of it consider that they are bound in honour to carry out the conditions in the spirit and the letter."

This boating bill was, as I have already stated, the beneficial substitute, brought about in 1861 (partly owing to the influence of Blake Humfrey, captain of the boats), for "Check nights" and "Oppidan dinner." On "Check nights," so called, I suppose, from the fact that the boys had to don their boating colours, the Upper boats rowed up to Surley Hall after six in their 4th of June dresses. On arriving there the crews sat down to a dinner, and consumed any amount of duck, green peas, and bad champagne. After dinner toasts were proposed and drunk, and at eight o'clock the boats started to row down again. At Bargemen's Bush they were met by the Lower boats, also in their 4th of June dresses, and a procession was formed, which rowed under Windsor Bridge, round the Eyot, and then into the rafts. "Oppidan" dinner used to take place towards the end of the summer half, when all the little training there was was over. Those

who partook of it were the Eight, the Eleven, the captain of the school, and a few other swells who were invited by the captain of the boats. It was held at the "White Hart," and began after four and lasted till lock-up; but the diners had to break off in the middle for six-o'clock absence, and return and finish their repast. At its close they used to march arm-in-arm down to college, and on arriving there, the captain of the boats was "hoisted." It was rather a severe ordeal altogether, but an Eton boy's digestion is good, and he can stow away a good deal without any apparent discomfort; but I must confess it was occasionally observed that some had slightly over-estimated their powers of consumption, and that by the time they got back to college their ideas of a parallel line and a right angle were a trifle hazy.

A privilege equivalent to boating bill was always allowed to dry bobs playing in Upper Club during "long after fours." A list of those playing in the match was sent in to the head master: they were excused six-o'clock absence, and were allowed to have tea in Poets' Walk, under the trees, instead of returning to the houses for it. At six o'clock the old ground-keeper, Ward, who is still living, used to walk across from the lodge (now the pavilion) with two huge kettles full of boiling water, and when halfway across the ground, he stopped and shouted, "Water boils!" whereupon the boys all used to reply in a sort of sing-song fashion, "Make tea!" and immediately the game was stopped, and all the players betook themselves to Sixth-Form Bench for tea.

## CHAPTER X.

### 1862. CRICKET.

The Eleven of 1862—Early matches—Winchester match—A close finish—Other matches—H. Arkwright and W. C. Clayton—An Alpine accident—A Canterbury tale—The Harrow match—Our first victory for twelve years—A masters' match—I have a bad accident—"Trimmer" Cleasby—Athletic sports—House matches—Foundation of the Eton Ramblers—Their early matches—Anecdotes—Caught at the Christopher.



**S** F. CLEASBY was captain of the Eleven, captain of the Oppidans, and president of Pop this year. I was second in command of the Eleven. Our first match was against the Windsor Garrison, assisted by Wilson, the professional. We made a good start with a score of 339, of which Cleasby made 67;

E. W. Tritton's score was 41, and I made 107, and ran myself out on purpose. The Garrison, a weak team, were only good for 41 and 24 for six wickets. This was the first time I had ever played an innings with a band playing, and although it is often said by

cricketers that music puts them off, it had quite a contrary effect on me, and I liked it. After one or two "the Twelve *versus* the Eight" games, we played the Perambulators, who had a fair eleven, including R. D. Walker, G. Linton, Lord Turnour, C. L. Sutherland, and others. We made 117 and 116, the best scores being Cleasby's 41 and 20, and my 9 and 52. Perambulators made 96, of which G. Linton made 66. We then played Christ Church, Oxford, making 147, Cleasby's 26 and my 33 being the best. Christ Church made 70 and 112 for five wickets, B. M. Davies being their highest scorer with 36 in the second innings. Our next contest was against Cambridge Quidnuncs, who went in first and made 171 (C. G. Lyttelton, 46). Eton made only 79 and 103. Cleasby got 27, but ran me out before I had a ball. I got 27 second innings. They had a very strong side for those days, with such men as C. G. Lyttelton, T. De Grey, H. Strutt, A. L. Smith, A. W. T. Daniel, G. R. Johnston, H. M. Plowden, R. A. Fitzgerald, and R. Lang, and we only saved our single innings defeat by 11 runs, Plowden and Lang, the old Harrovians, getting most of us out.

The M.C.C. was our next match, and although we made a good fight of it in the end, we began most disastrously by only scoring 31 without a double figure; the second innings we got 126, of which my 47, Cleasby's 18, and J. Frederick's 12, not out were the only three double figures reached by Etonians during the day. Our opponents, who only made 69 and 89, had Grundy and Wootton as professionals, and the latter was far too many for us, getting seven wickets

in the first innings—four of them in five consecutive balls. When M.C.C. had 10 runs to make, G. Johnstone, their last wicket, played a ball on to the wicket without knocking the bails off. A. S. Teape bowled well, getting four wickets for 39 runs.

The Eton and Winchester match was played on June 27 and 28 at Winchester. We made a very early start, driving over to Farnborough in Charley Wise's break, and catching the train there for Winchester. We won the toss, and, at the end of the first day's play, it appeared a good thing for us, as we made 270 against 153, causing our adversaries to follow on. They played up so well, however, in the second innings, that they made 213, thus leaving us with 97 to win. This did not appear to be a very severe task, but, as it turned out, we were within an ace of failing to accomplish it, for when A. C. Talbot went in only 2 runs were wanted; but, besides being as blind as a bat and as nervous as a kitten, he wasn't worth a run, and ought never to have been played. However, as luck would have it, a leg bye and a fluky snick for one, settled it, and we won by one wicket. I shall not, as long as I live, forget poor Cleasby's nervous excitement in this match, and I never remember seeing anybody in any cricket match in such a state as he was. He slogged away merrily for 89 the first innings, putting a good many up on the on side. Unluckily for him, a bright thought at last struck the Winchester captain early in the second innings, that it might be advisable to have a man out there. The result was that poor old "Trimmer" was promptly caught for 0 about his very



first ball. This, and the subsequent rapid fall of one or two other wickets, so upset him that he retired to the changing tent, and wouldn't again look at the match, but walked up and down the tent all the time. In the first innings I made 58, and in the second I was in for some considerable time, for when I saw the others going out so fast I played steadier than usual, but at last I was caught long leg when I had made 34. We played on the old small Winchester ground, and I remember hitting W. E. Bryan, a one-armed bowler, over the wall twice in one over; they were not very good hits, but as the ground was so small they answered the purpose. L. Garnett made 40 first innings; G. H. Tuck 35, and A. Teape came out with a very useful 20 the second innings. On the Winchester side, J. P. Young with 51 and 76 was the most successful batsman, and he fielded splendidly. In those days cricket fagging was allowed at Winchester, and it had the effect of making the boys great adepts in that particular line. Young was well backed up by Herbert Stewart, the captain, who kept wicket and made 24 and 26. He was a very keen cricketer and splendid wicket-keeper.

Our next match was at Maidenhead, against an eleven composed mostly of Austen Leigh's and Eton officials. We came off rather badly in the first innings, only making 69, of which A. Teape's 22 was the largest score; I made 0, Cleasby 13, and Tritton 11. They made 141. In the second innings we did well with 175 for seven wickets, of which I made 76, Tuck 32, and Frederick 34. H. B. Sutherland bowled well in this

match, getting six wickets for 34 runs. After this we had a very close struggle, I. Zingari being beaten by only one wicket, 144 to 145 with one wicket to go down. L. Dent was our best performer, making 33, N. Lyttelton not out 32, and Teape 26. I. Zingari had some strong men, including Rev. E. T. Drake, Captain F. Marshall, F. H. Norman, R. A. Fitzgerald, Harvey Fellowes, Henry Arkwright, and W. C. Clayton. The last two played a great deal together, and as H. Arkwright was one of the best bowlers of the day, and W. C. Clayton a splendid wicket-keeper, they made rather a strong combination. They were contemporaries and companions at Harrow, and it is curious that they should both have met with such untimely deaths. W. C. Clayton was killed playing polo in India, and Henry Arkwright, with his guide Michel Simond and two porters, was overwhelmed by an avalanche on Mont Blanc, when crossing what is known as the ancient Passage, and all four were swept into a crevasse. Although it happened in 1866, his remains were not discovered till August, 1897, having taken over thirty years, I suppose, to work down. He was a great friend of mine after I left Eton, and we used to lodge in the same house for the Canterbury week, and have great fun together. He did his best to get me to go with him to Switzerland on his fatal expedition. A year or two before, I had spent a month in Switzerland, and done the *Col du Géant*, and one or two other difficult climbs; his great ambition was to ascend Mont Blanc. I didn't consider hanging on by your eyelids to the face of a rock, with crevasses and precipices and the thunder

of avalanches all round you, quite good enough. Just before he started he came to see me, and tried again, but I preferred shooting and cricket at home, and, luckily for myself, wouldn't go.

While mentioning him, I must tell of a little lark we had at Canterbury once. After the theatricals had taken place, it was often customary for the "old stagers" who had been acting, to adjourn with some of their friends to an upper room in the Fountain, and there make a night of it with supper, music, songs, brandies and sodas, and so forth. One piping hot night, Henry Arkwright and I had been roaming about, and thought we would go into the yard of the hotel and listen to the songs. The window was wide open, and we espied a certain bibulous captain sitting by it, with a long B. and S. on the window-sill outside. The thought struck us that it would be rather good sport to try if we could remove it without his knowing; so, having procured a ladder, which we found in the back yard, we gently placed it against the wall at a dark spot, where he could not see it. Arkwright kept "cave" and held the ladder, while I cautiously crept up it beside the window, and, when I got a chance, quietly took his glass and went down again. In less than half an hour I had performed this operation three times. After the first occasion the bell was violently rung, and the waiter severely reprimanded for not having brought the drink which had been ordered. The second time somebody was accused of having taken it; and when I had abstracted the glass a third time, having thus performed "the hat trick," I replaced the ladder in the

proper quarter and bolted, without waiting to learn the result. The next morning we asked a friend of ours who had been there, how many B. and S.'s the captain had had, and he said he didn't know how many he had had before he arrived, but that he kept accusing everybody of having taken his glass. Of course, none of those present knew anything about it, or what we had done. The next day I saw him sauntering round the ground, watching the cricket, and, going up to him and looking as serious as I could, I said, "Old chap, you look awfully chippy; you must have had too many B. and S.'s last night." I also primed H. Arkwright to meet him in another part of the ground, and say the same thing. The captain was more bewildered than ever, for he knew that we were not in the room the night before, so could not make out the state of affairs at all; and I don't believe that to his dying day, which happened a few years after, he had solved the mystery.

But to return to cricket. The Eton and Harrow was our next match on July 11. We went in first, and made 97; Garnett and Cleasby with 15, myself 10, Dent 12, Prideaux 23, were the only double figures. Harrow, however, only made 56, of which C. F. Buller's 20 was the only double figure. In our second innings we did better, but were made to play till 7.30, which was rather against us, and it must be remembered that at this time everything was run out. We again started badly, Teape being run out for 1, and Tritton running me out for 8 in trying a sharp bye. It was rather a doubtful decision, and the Harrow side fielding said I was in, and so did the Walkers, who had a carriage in

the right place to see. Luckily, Tuck and Frederick made a good stand, the former making 43, and the latter 33, Cleasby, Sutherland, Dent, and Prideaux just scraping into double figures, so we got up to 155, thus leaving Harrow 196 to win. Maitland played splendidly for 73; I. D. Walker also played well, till I managed to catch him at long leg near the boundary for 12; and Grimston made a useful 16; but they only made 147, thus leaving us victorious for the first time for twelve years, as Eton hadn't won the match since '50. In this match both sides were good, but the wicket was not easy. Harrow had a good trio in W. F. Maitland, C. F. Buller, and I. D. Walker, who was captain. Teape bowled magnificently for us, and "Pottles" Sutherland kept hammering away very straight. In the second innings of Harrow our wides amounted to 17, but most of these were some of "Jack" Frederick's erratic balls that were out of reach of even the long-stop.

After Eton and Harrow, the West Kent Club brought down an eleven under the veteran Herbert Jenner. The chief feature of the score, which amounted to 117, was the fine innings of my brother Neville, who had got 54 when I caught him at long-leg. We made 219, of which Prideaux made 89 run out, Cleasby and Tuck 28, N. Lyttelton 16, and myself 11. The West Kent got 105 for six wickets, Henry Gosling making 44, and Charley Sutherland not out 19. Owing to our having beaten Harrow for the first time after so long an interval, and also, I suppose, to give us a sort of encouragement at the finish of the season, the masters

gave us a match with a grand lunch and all. It was called G. Dupuis' Eleven, and was composed of A. H. A. Morton, G. R. Dupuis, Rev. G. D. Boudier (the enthusiastic old Eton cricketer, who had been captain of the Eleven in 1839 and started Sixpenny, and not only had made a great many runs in his time, but was said to have licked a bargee three times his own size), E. C. Austen Leigh, A. C. James, W. (Bull) Pickering, Major Milman, the artilleryman, Rev. N. L. Shulldham, the conduct, Rev. E. D. Stone, Rev. H. Snow, Rev. Johnny Yonge (I shall never forget him going in in his tight-fitting breeches), and the Rev. W. Eliot, the Fellow.\* I should think this is the only record of an Eton Fellow playing in a match in Upper Club against the boys, and, moreover, getting 9 runs. This was undoubtedly the match of the season. We put them in first, and they made 150, Morton getting 39, A. C. James 23, Major Milman (who, although he had only one arm, managed to bat and bowl very well with it) 12, Rev. H. Snow, although an aquatic, 17, Rev. William Eliot and G. R. Dupuis 9 each. It was during this innings that I had about the worse accident I ever had at cricket (I had had a finger broken trying to catch a cricket-ball that had been thrown at me in Lower Club some years before), and it happened in this way. "Trimmer" Cleasby was bowling some very indifferent slows, and Prideaux and I were put out in the deep field for catches, when Arthur Balls skied a ball just between us two.

\* He was supposed to have been the best runner in the school, and in the Eton Eleven in 1829, getting 12 not out  $\frac{1}{2}$  v. Manchester. No Harrow match that year.

Keeping my eye on the ball, I ran as hard as I could for the catch. All I remembered for the moment was feeling an awful concussion, and seeing Prideaux sprawling on the ground about five yards off. My nose began to bleed badly, and on retiring to the tent and inspecting myself in the looking-glass, I found I had one eye fast closing up, and the other as black as a hat. I also had a splitting headache. After lunch I felt a little more composed, and went in in my proper place, with one eye closed, and my nose still on the trickle; but after having made about twenty runs, my nose began to bleed so badly that I had to retire again; but as our side, towards the end, began to go out too quickly, I had to go in again, and there I stopped till the others were all out, making 50 not out, and just securing the match by two runs. Tuck made 36, and Frederick's 15 was the next best. My eye was very bad that night, and I had to be put in the hands of the doctor, who applied leeches, but for some time I appeared with two lovely black eyes. Curiously enough, Prideaux came off almost scot-free, and, except for being a little bit stunned at first, was none the worse. I think my face must have met the side of his head.

This closed our school cricket season, and I think that on the whole we did very well. Of the averages, mine was the highest, with 29; Prideaux next, with 24; Cleasby, 23; and although five of the others got double figures, none of them were above twenty. Sutherland was lowest with seven. The ground during the half was never in a good run-getting state. In the

W. S. Pridoux.

S. F. Cleasby (*Captain*).

A. Lubbock.

G. H. Tuck.



THE ETON ELEVEN, 1862.

[*Photo by Hills & Saunders.*

H. B. Sutherland, L. Garnett, Hon. N. Lyttelton, J. St. J. Frederick, E. W. Tritton, L. Dent, A. S. Tespe.





bowling way, Teape's was the best analysis, with 41 wickets for 447 runs, an average of a trifle over 10; Sutherland coming next with 30 wickets for 376 runs, or an average of 12. On the whole, I consider that Cleasby was a good captain, though a bit crotchety at times. Personally I got on very well with him, and we only had two slight altercations—once when, on running me out in the Quidnunc match, instead of begging my pardon, he told me I was a d——d fool, and if I didn't run quicker, he should run me out again. I told him I should take very good care he didn't, for if I considered that there was no run, another time I shouldn't stir, and he could run himself out if he liked. He got rather abusive, but Bob Fitzgerald, who heard his remarks, shut him up completely, and told him he was a little donkey; there wasn't a ghost of a run, and that he ought to apologize. The other occasion, which was more amusing, happened while we were competing for throwing the cricket-ball. Cleasby always took a very long run before throwing, and didn't throw very far then, although he rather fancied he did. After he had had a throw for the competition, and had not sent the ball very far, I burst out laughing, and in a chaffing sort of way said, "Why, Trimmer, you run farther than you throw." "What the devil do you mean?" he said, in rather a temper. I said, "Why, you run fifty yards and only throw thirty." Of course, this was an exaggeration, but it made him very angry, and he called me an unutterable fool, and threatened to punch my head, which, as I was about a head taller and a good deal stronger, greatly amused

me, and I said, "Oh, please don't." All the other boys were tittering, and I was splitting, so when it came to my turn I thought I shouldn't be able to shy the ball at all, but I managed to throw it 99 yards, good enough to win, although I threw 114 yards afterwards.

It was at the end of this summer half that some sports were held; it was quite an unusual occurrence, which came about in this way. Trench, who had been master of the beagles in the Easter half, after paying up everything, found that he had some £10 or £15 over, so he thought he could not spend the balance better than in buying prizes for sports. It was decided that the competitions should consist of high jump, broad jump, throwing the cricket-ball, putting the stone, and a consolation race of, I think, three hundred yards. They were held in the "field." We had, as usual, to enter our names at Saunders' shop for the different competitions. I went with Tritton to put our names down, intending to go in only for the jumping and throwing the cricket-ball; the latter I thought I might win, as I knew I could throw farther than anybody in Upper Club. I was not aware of any wet bobs being great performers; but as regards jumping and putting the stone, everybody's qualifications and capabilities were absolutely unknown. Tritton asked me what I had entered for; I said, "For the whole boiling, for the fun of the thing," and I persuaded him to do the same. I managed to win the high jump with 4 feet 9 inches, not a very grand performance, but, owing to cricket and boating, nobody had done any practising.

Greaves, commonly called "Leggy," from his long thin legs and tightly fitting trousers, won the broad jump. I succeeded, as I said before, with the cricket-ball, and, to my surprise, also won the putting the stone. I was quite a novice at this game, and none of the cricketing community had tried it much beyond a throw or two during cricketing-time, with the biggest stone we could find, but the boating lot had been practising it up at the Brocas. Charley Lawes wouldn't go in for it, as he said he should win too easily, but I threw him a match afterwards, and beat him by a good bit. Pelham won the consolation race. For my victories I was the happy recipient of some £7 or £8, but as it was a custom, I think almost a rule, that all money prizes should be invested in jewellery at Dick Merrick's, this worthy secured the money, in exchange for which I got two rings, two sets of studs, and sundry sleeve-links, the total value of which probably only amounted to about half the sum I had disbursed.

The rest of the half was taken up by the House matches. For these Gulliver's were the favourites, having three in the Eleven, S. F. Cleasby, H. B. Sutherland, and W. S. Prideaux, besides others who played in Upper Club, such as F. G. Pelham and my brother Edgar, commonly called Quintus; but my tutor's managed to beat them—a great fluke, I think, as Tritton and myself were the only two that played in Upper Club, the rest being quite small boys. I kept wicket and bowled at one end, and Tritton performed in the same capacity at the other. I got about 100 one innings, and Tritton did ditto the other, and by a

turn or two of luck, in catching their best men at the wicket, we managed to win.

It was during this half that the now very flourishing cricket club known as the "Eton Ramblers" was started, and I give myself the credit of being the originator and founder of the said institution. In the days that I am writing about, cricket matches were not of such frequency and extraordinary multiplicity as is now the case, so much so that up to about '63, I should say, it was customary in the West Kent Club to have Saturday afternoon "pick-up" games, and with a lot of my brothers, Normans, Goslings, Berens, Edlmanns, Wathens, etc., we used to have very good fun. Herbert Jenner, senior, or one of the Normans, or one of us used generally to be in command. All bowlers had a chance, and we had to go out when we had made twenty-five runs, if we had not previously succumbed in the ordinary course, and all fielded out if we had not enough players for two sides. It struck me that it would be a very good plan to have a club for Old Etonians to play a few matches in the holidays. I consulted my friends in the Eleven, who quite concurred in my views, and after some little discussion, the club was launched as the "Eton Ramblers." Although, as I have stated, it was my idea, and I arranged everything, I see it is recorded in the Rambler book, in my own handwriting, that the club was started by the old choices of 1861, *i.e.* S. F. Cleasby, A. Lubbock, G. H. Tuck, J. Frederick, L. Garnett, and H. B. Sutherland. We took great pains over the choice of a ribbon, and after meditating upon it for some time, we selected

what are still the colours, and to my mind, next to the I. Zingari, as pretty as any of the existing club colours. I myself rather held out for having it as it is, but without the gold stripes. A committee was formed, consisting of Colonel F. H. Bathurst, president; myself, hon. secretary; and E. W. Tritton, Hon. F. G. Pelham, C. L. Sutherland, and R. D. Cleasby, an elder brother of S. F. Cleasby, who, although not a strong player, had figured in the Eleven in '55, '56, and '57. Our first idea was to enact that only those who had been in the Eleven should be eligible, but we soon found it was impossible to carry this out, as there were not enough players available, even for the few matches we did undertake, so others were admitted; but membership is strictly confined to old Etonians, although the rule remained, and still remains, that boys who have played in the Eton Eleven are entitled to become members as soon as they have left the school.

The chief object of the club was to arrange a few matches in August within easy reach of London. After I left in '63 I always used to organize a Rambler week, and with such matches as Royal Artillery at Woolwich (two days), West Kent, Sevenoaks Vine, Crystal Palace, Civil Service, Charterhouse School, and other clubs in and around London, we had a very cheery time of it, and some good days of cricket. We often had strong elevens, as, besides playing a few of the present elevens of the day, we had some good old Etonians, such as R. A. Mitchell, C. L. Sutherland, sundry Normans, Lytteltons, Hoares, etc., and if we could have got our best side together, could have put a very formidable

team in the field. Some rather amusing episodes happened in some of the matches. At a Sevenoaks Vine match once, on a very dead and difficult wicket, we made 184 and gave them three innings, in which they only made 34 (highest score an 8), 65, and 35, thus leaving us winners in one innings against three. Playing against Epsom one year, I witnessed a most amusing episode, and although it seems incredible, it is absolutely true, and I give it as it happened. Epsom won the toss and went in, and after a wicket or two had fallen, as the next comer took some time to put on his pads, the batsman who was in the other end took the opportunity of strolling off to the refreshment tent, which was in another part of the ground from the pavilion, to get a drink. He had not returned when the incomer made his appearance. I was bowling at the time, and, not noticing that there was nobody at my end, I went on with the game and bowled the new man three balls, and he hit at two of them and missed the other, which nearly got his wicket. "Over" was called, and then, and not till then, we discovered that there had only been one man in, and the other man was seen emerging from the refreshment tent, licking his lips after finishing his drink. Of course, we all shrieked with laughter, and old "Granny" Martingell, who was our umpire, and generally performed that office for the Ramblers, nearly had a fit rolling over and over on the ground. I can with truth state that not one of our eleven had noticed the mistake, with the exception of Willie (W. M.) Hoare, who was fielding at long leg, and consequently had a better bird's-eye view of the ground,

and had, moreover, watched the man retiring for his drink. The fact was, I think, that I had my "mid on" close to the wicket, and he was placed where a batsman standing rather wide would probably have been, and thus might have given us the idea that there was a man in. I must in justice add that it was the first thing in the morning, and that luncheon could have given no cause for the erroneous impression conveyed to our organs of vision, if such was the case. Hoare, who saw it all, and was, as I have stated, the only person, umpires included, who noticed it, thought we were humbugging, and doing it for a lark. My chief regret was that the man who was in had not made a hit and had to run; it would have given a more amusing termination to an unpremeditated comedy.

Another rather amusing thing happened. It was at a Rambler match at Charterhouse School, on the old cricket-ground in London. A certain worthy baronet, who was rather deaf, hit at a ball hard, and, as we supposed, hearing a sound of some sort, thought he had struck the ball, and commenced running. The ball had bowled him out, and he didn't seem to realize the fact till he found the other man wouldn't move.

During the ten years or so that I had the honour of being secretary to the Ramblers we lost very few matches, and often made good scores; for instance, in '71, we made 481 *v.* West Kent, 340 *v.* Thorndon Hall, 256 for five wickets *v.* Civil Service, 367 *v.* Shoreham, R. A. Mitchell, the Normans, and my brother Edgar scoring well, and I myself was lucky one year for ten innings, making an average of 81.5. After I gave up



the management, it was left in the hands of my brother Edgar and A. W. Ridley; but after a time their other duties prevented their carrying on the work, and for a few years the matches were few and far between, but I am glad to say the club has for some years been fully resuscitated, and is now in a far more efficient state than it ever was before; more and better matches are played, and, of course, by now there is a long list of members who are able to hold their own with any amateur clubs of the present day.

One day this half G. H. Tuck and myself were caught in the Christopher. We had been running round with a boat race, and went into the "X." to have a glass on our way back to college. As there was nobody to look out, I volunteered to do so. I had no sooner cautiously put my head round the corner to look up town and see if the coast was clear, than I saw C. C. James about ten yards off; the worst of it was that he saw me too. I ran back into the tap-room and got behind a screen; but he rushed in and took our names, and also those of two wretched Lower boys, who were quietly having some beer, thinking they were perfectly safe. James complained of us all. I thought it awfully hard lines on the small boys, and tried to beg them off. I went to James afterwards and said it was all my fault, and expressed a hope that he would do what he liked about me, but would not complain of them; but they were swished. I told Balston, Tuck and I had been running with the boat race, and had only gone into the "X." for a minute to get a "quencher," and he let us off with a punishment.

## CHAPTER XI.

MICHAELMAS, 1862.

I become keeper of the Wall—Field and Wall colours—Some of our matches—Value of weight at the wall—A shinning match—Colleges *v.* Oppidans—"Lush"—"Hoisting"—A catastrophe—House matches—We win the cup—The field eleven—A match *versus* Westminster School—The short races—The Rev. J. E. Yonge—The Rev. E. Hale—Windsor Fair—How we spent Sunday—Chapel.



IN the Michaelmas Term of 1862 I had my choice whether I would become keeper of the Field or of the Wall; but as I came to the conclusion that the latter would be the less arduous post, and I knew that Robin Follett wanted to be first keeper of the field, I chose the wall. There is always one Colleger and one Oppidan keeper for the wall, and I had C. J. Bulteel, K.S., for my colleague. The field is generally kept by two Oppidans, who this year were R. W. Follett and A. Rickards. This year colours were

first instituted for the wall and field elevens, and we were a long time before we could make up our minds about them; but at last they were selected to our satisfaction, and have remained the same ever since, except that stockings have been added for the "field." Special costumes were not dreamed of then, and we never played in knickerbockers, an old pair of flannels generally being used. In addition to the quartered Eton blue-and-red shirt and cap worn by the field eleven, Follett was anxious to have flannel trousers with one leg blue and the other red, and one day he appeared in this costume, much to everybody's amusement. The head master, however, thought that it too nearly resembled the costume of a clown or jester, and put his veto on the coloured trousers. House colours and College colours were also instituted in this term.

The first match of note was "Pop" and "No Pop" at mixed wall (*i.e.* Collegers and Oppidans combined), and was a good match, Pop eventually winning by one shy. Then "Aquatics" and "Non-Aquatics," in which I played for Non-Aquatics, and we won by three shies. Ever since 1860 I had sometimes played for Aquatics and sometimes for Non-Aquatics in these contests, for I was regarded as a sort of amphibious person, being in the Eleven and in the boats. Then followed the time-honoured matches of "two sides of Chapel"—Organ and Pulpit; Follett and myself both playing for the Organ side, which won easily by 5 rouses to 1. The first school match was against an eleven brought by H. Brandreth, composed chiefly of Eton masters and private tutors; but in this instance lack of condition

told on our opponents, and we won easily by 5 rouges to 1. Dames and Tutors in the field was a good match, Tutors winning by 1 rouge. Having met an eleven of Brandreth's at the wall, and won by 6 shies to 0, we next had a very good match against a strong eleven of Old Etonians in the field, and were beaten by 1 goal against 2 rouges. They managed to fluke a goal, and although we gained 2 rouges and had a good deal the best of it, we couldn't obtain a goal. This was the first time the school had been beaten in the field for five years. Our adversaries had two very good behinds in J. R. Selwyn and G. R. Dupuis, while Lord Jersey played very well for us. North and South "mixed" at the wall was a tie. The Seven and Eleven at the field was won by the Seven—at least, we had obtained 4 rouges to 0 when the game was stopped owing to Jervis breaking his leg. I was given the credit of being the cause of the accident, which really happened in this way. I was running down the ball towards Jervis, who was long-behind for the Eleven, and when it was about ten yards or so from each of us, we both went for it at the same time, and kicked almost together. I think I must have kicked a fraction of a second quicker than he did, as the ball went in the direction I was going, and I think he must have kicked the sole or heel of my boot. We both flew head over heels in different directions, falling a long way apart. I felt nothing, and was quickly up and going on with the ball towards their goals, when little J. B. Walter, who was playing for the Eleven, ran after me, shouting, "You have broken Jervis's leg." We

immediately stopped the game, sent for a doctor, and carried him off on a hurdle to his tutor's, the Rev. W. Carter. It was rather hard lines for him being laid up for the rest of the half; but a lot of us used to go and see him, take him books and papers, and make the time as cheery as we could. He was a very plucky football player, but a trifle wild in his kicking, not using his judgment and discretion as much as he might. Pop *versus* No Pop was naturally an easy win for Pop, by 4 goals and 3 rouges to 0. The Eleven *versus* Twenty-two at the mixed wall was won by the Eleven by 16 shies to 2, and the same match, confined to Oppidans, was won by the Eleven by 6 shies to 0.

These two matches were sufficient to disprove the mistaken idea of some that the wall game is merely a matter of weight, and that the heavier side is always the stronger. The Seven also beat the Eleven at the wall, and the Twenty-two in the field. We had a good match against an Old Etonian eleven brought down from Oxford, which resulted in a tie, both sides obtaining 1 rouge. It was a horrid day, raining the greater part of the time, and the ground was very muddy and slippery. In this match I had a shinning encounter with L—. He was what we used to term a cool shinner, and in the course of the game I caught him doing this to me, and upon my retaliating, we had a sharp set-to. Being close to the side line, we were surrounded by a lot of Eton boys, all of course shouting to me to "Shin him," "Go it, Lubbock," and all that sort of thing; but our encounter soon stopped, and led to no serious results.

Our Oppidan wall eleven were then beaten by a team brought by Mr. Brandreth, and we also had to succumb to another brought by Mr. Warre. There were then a few matches, such as the first two divisions against the school; two halves of the alphabet; Boats and No Boats; here I played for No Boats, although I was in the *Monarch*, and we won by 6 shies to 0.

On November 30, St. Andrew's Day, Collegers and Oppidans took place as usual, and punctually at 12.30 the ball was put in by one of the umpires—G. R. Dupuis, I think. Up to about 1860 it had been customary in this match to have one Oppidan umpire and one Colleger, and a referee from one side or the other taken in turn. But this system had not proved satisfactory, for there often were many very doubtful points, especially respecting shies, and it was resolved that the best course was to have two perfectly unbiassed judges, so either two masters or private tutors who knew and thoroughly understood the game were chosen. The sides were considered to be very evenly matched, and a tough fight was anticipated. I lost the toss for choice of sides, and we had to kick towards good calx. We hadn't been playing for very long before we managed to get the ball into calx, where I soon made thirteen shies, and to this day firmly believe we made a goal out of one of them. I had told Follett, directly he heard me shout "Got it," to rush to the door, and after one of the shies was allowed, I threw the ball to him—for in those days I could throw a football fairly well with one hand—and he, catching it with both hands, threw it straight at the door, hitting

it, as far as we could see, fair and square. The goal was not allowed, as the Colleger who "kept" the door declared it had hit his hands first; but from what we could see, and those close by said the same, this was a mistake. We had the best of it throughout, and won by 13 shies to 0. I think we were really the stronger side, having very good walls in Whittuck, W. Prideaux, and W. R. Griffiths; a very good third in Follett; and a splendid flying man in Neville Lyttelton. After the match I was hoisted back to my tutor's. In those times, during the "after four" after Collegers and Oppidans, it was an old custom to have what they called "lush," which consisted of the two elevens, with perhaps the captains of the school and some of the swells, with any old Etonians who liked to come and subscribe, retiring to an upper room at the Christopher, and there consuming as much "bishop" \* as they could conveniently stow away, singing songs, "For he's a jolly good fellow," etc., and having an occasional speech. We afterwards marched back to college, and hoisted the captain of the winning side. This was all duly performed, and I was hoisted to my tutor's. For the benefit of the uninitiated, I may explain that "hoisting" is the traditional method at Eton of doing honour to boys who have gained some special distinction in games or sports, cricketers who have materially helped to win a match, winners of the sculling and pulling, captains of successful eights, and so forth.

\* I perhaps ought to explain that "bishop" was a somewhat potent beverage, chiefly composed of hot port, sugar, lemon, and a dash or two of something else, made in a bowl and ladled out like punch. It used to be rather a favourite drink on a cold day.



It generally occurred in summer half, and after eight-o'clock absence, or at some time in the day when most of the school are in and about college.

The hero—or victim—of the demonstration is seized by four or more companions, two clutching hold of his shoulders and two of his legs, and in this precarious and uncomfortable position he is carried by them, feet foremost, as fast as they can run, up and down the road in front of "the wall," attended by a crowd of boys, shouting and cheering at the top of their voices.

On the present occasion, when I had been safely deposited after this ordeal, thinking it would be the right thing to do, I proposed that the captain of the Collegers should be hoisted back to college. Now, hoisting me and hoisting Bulteel were two very different things, he being exceedingly stout, and weighing a very great amount more than I did; but my proposal was no sooner made than adopted, and we started off all right. My tutor's house (now Mr. Ainger's) was at the bottom of Keate's Lane, and by the time we had reached the middle of Keate's Lane, whether it was the "bishop" or Bulteel's weight, I cannot say, the carriers suddenly broke down, and poor Bulteel was deposited flat on his back in the middle of one of those soft wet mud-heaps which the scavengers leave at the side of the road when they have been scraping it. The whole thing was so ludicrous, and Bulteel, covered with mud from head to foot, so pitiful an object, that we all fairly exploded with laughter. Some wanted to try again, but we thought, after this little contre-temps, it would be the safer plan to let him get back to



college on his own legs. Moreover, Bulteel didn't think that, under the circumstances, it was quite good enough to trust himself to another attempt. He was an awfully good-tempered, good-natured fellow, and took it all as a capital joke, heartily laughing at his own muddy condition.

In a conversation I had with Bulteel after the match, he said that, although he didn't expect the Collegers to win, he thought that if we did get the ball into their calx, they would have been able to stop me getting shies, for they had practised this a good deal. He admitted that he himself had not been quite up to the mark, which he attributed to having had sausages for breakfast. He rather agreed about the goal, but said he could not see very well, as there were some boys in the way. The only other match of importance, after Collegers and Oppidans, was one in the field against an eleven brought by W. T. Trench, which we defeated somewhat easily by 4 rouges to 0, although they had a good eleven, including G. R. Dupuis, E. C. Follett, J. R. Selwyn, S. Schneider, H. Brandreth, and other good players.

After this the House matches for the cup commenced. By this time all the houses that had any pretensions to being a crack house at all had fixed on colours. My tutor's house colours were dark blue with a red cross. At the outset there was no particular favourite, and the betting would certainly have been 6 to 4 on the field—Marriott's, Gulliver's, or Stevens' perhaps the most likely. My tutor's were not considered to be in it, as Tritton and myself were the only two that had even

played in the field, none of the rest of our eleven being even in choices, and most of them quite low down in the school. We first managed to beat Wayte's, then Gulliver's, and, to our surprise, had to play Stevens' for the final. I had coached up our eleven beforehand what to do. I gave Tritton strict injunctions, when he saw me running down with the ball, to guard behind, and when he had the ball I agreed to do the same. In this way we kept fairly on the safe side, and after a very hard fight we managed to win by 1 rouge to 0. Arthur (now Lord) Kinnaird played for us, but was only a small boy then, and in lower division.

The field eleven for '62 was decidedly the best I had yet seen. Whittuck and W. R. Griffiths were very strong in the bully. Neville Lyttelton and R. S. Bridges were splendid behinds, and in Lyttelton, E. W. Tritton, Hon. F. G. Pelham, Lord Jersey, and R. W. Follett, we had a long way the fastest and best runners in the school. Follett and myself always played "flying men," a new feature in the game that year, although of course we had corners as well.

After the half, during the holidays we played Westminster School in Vincent Square, at their own game, which was different in many ways from ours; but after playing for some time, during a scrimmage N. Lyttelton broke his arm, so the game was stopped, and the match left drawn. *Tempora mutantur*, or perhaps I ought to say football *mutatur*, for I am sure nothing short of a death, or half the side being seized with a fit, would stop a match in the present

day. I give the field eleven as they appeared in choices:—

R. W. W. Follett	} Keepers.	E. W. Tritton.
A. Rickards		Hon. F. G. Pelham.
A. Lubbock.		Earl of Jersey.
Hon. N. G. Lyttelton.		E. A. Whittuck.
R. S. Bridges.		W. R. Griffiths.

S. P. Hadow.

Although Jersey was a very good field player, he was just out of the Oppidan wall eleven, and did not play in Collegers and Oppidans. Pelham, also in the field eleven, was only very low down in choices at the wall. On the other hand, A. Pochin, who was in the Oppidan wall, was nowhere near the field eleven; and I could mention many other similar cases, but I merely quote these as examples that it does not follow, because boys are good at one game, they are also good at the other.

The short races as usual took place in South Meadow on November 26:—

**HURDLE RACE.** *First heat.*—Greaves, 1; Trench, 2; Wood, 3; Cuthell, 4. Time, 20 seconds.

*Second heat.*—A. Lubbock, 1; Farrer, 2; Thompson, 3; Butler, 4. Time, 20½ seconds.

*Final heat.*—Greaves went off with a slight lead, finally winning by about six yards; A. Lubbock, 2; Trench, 3; Farrer, last. Time, 19 seconds.

**ONE HUNDRED YARDS.** *First heat.*—Tritton, 1; Sutherland, 2; N. Lyttelton, 3; Frederick, 4. Time, 12½ seconds.

*Second heat.*—A. Lubbock, 1; Greaves, 2; Prideaux, 3; Pelham, 4; Pochin, 5. Time, 13 seconds.

The first three in each heat started in the final. Hon. N. G. Lyttelton won by a yard; Tritton, 2, by a foot; A. Lubbock, 3; Sutherland close up, 4. Time,  $11\frac{1}{4}$  seconds.

**THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YARDS RACE.**—Nine started, and it was a splendid race, Prideaux winning by a yard; Tritton, by a fine spurt, wrested second place from Follett just at the finish, and was second by a foot; Follett, 3; Pelham, 4; then Jersey, Pochin, Greaves, and Cuthell. I started, but shut up, as I had a bad leg, and it gave way. The time was 44 seconds.

I especially mention the times, although they were not very grand, but we had no extra good flyers that year, although "Leggy" Greaves, as he was usually called, was good over hurdles, and quite above the average. It must also be taken into account that the races were held in South Meadow, where the grass is somewhat soft and holding. Another reason for the bad times was that, as a rule, boys didn't really train and practise much for these races.

I had about this time been up to the Rev. John Eyre Yonge for a good while. He complained of me once in rather unusual circumstances. One day when I was "staying out," it appeared that some boy had written some impertinent remarks, or had drawn a picture of "Johnny" on one of the copies of verses or themes shown up to him. This made him so angry that he threatened a general punishment if the boy did not give himself up. As the culprit did not confess, the result was that when I arrived next day in school, I found myself included with the whole division in

having to write out a hundred lines. I had no intention of doing this, and so after a few days, during which he had gone on doubling the number of lines till it had reached about a thousand, he asked me if I had done any of it, I told him "not a line," and he thereupon complained of me. I tried to argue with Dr. Goodford on the unfairness of the punishment, especially as I was staying out when the offence was committed, but without any result. My tutor gave me a severe reprimand; I said a swishing took less than a minute, and didn't hurt much, whereas all these lines would have taken me hours to write out. With the exception of this little episode, Yonge and I were very good friends, and he was very pleasant to be up to; but he did make us laugh sometimes. He had a very peculiar way of giving a prolonged sniff after a boy had just sat down, whilst he was looking over his book to see whom he would call up next; this was the signal for a dozen boys in different parts of the room to give a similar prolonged sniff in imitation of him. Of course, when he looked up to try and catch a boy at it, all the boys would be looking hard at their books in the most innocent way, although now and then a boy couldn't help laughing, and would be caught and get a pœna. He was very popular, and had, I think, a strong vein of humour. He was a master at Eton for thirty-five years, from 1840 to 1875. For a short time my mathematical adviser was the celebrated Rev. E. Hale, almost invariably known as "Badger"—a most kind-hearted man, universally popular, and one who took a keen interest in everything connected with Eton. He was

most cheery, and always in a good temper, and I can still remember his voice: "Oh, I say, boys, don't make such a noise!" He kept on his mastership many years after I left, and took an active part in the volunteer corps. It was while I was at Eton that the Rev. T. Dalton first came as a mathematical master, and I was in the first division he took. It was a common dodge to put a lot of red ink on one's pocket-handkerchief, and a little on one's face, and get out of school on the plea that one's nose was bleeding; this and many other tricks were played on him at first, but I do not think he took long in finding out the boys' little eccentricities.

There was one event occurring during the Michaelmas Term which we used to look forward to with the keenest pleasure, but which has now been abolished, and is unknown except by fading tradition to Eton boys. I refer to "Windsor Fair." It was very strictly prohibited, and a boy was always swished if caught there; but for this element of excitement, I have no hesitation in saying that it wouldn't have possessed half the attraction for us boys that it did. Indeed, when the prohibition was withdrawn in the later sixties, the fair soon lost its interest, and gradually died a natural death.

As a small boy, I always used to save up my shillings to spend there, either on the toys, masks, penny whistles, and other trash which it was the custom to buy, or on some such mild forms of gambling as were more or less surreptitiously carried on there. I was never actually caught at the fair, but had some very nearshaves. On one occasion I just managed to escape

Mr. Wolley by getting behind the counter of a ginger-bread booth. I have seen many exciting "chevys," and it was commonly believed that one day a master, while chasing a small boy on Windsor Hill, was tripped up by one of the fair cads. Another time a boy was actually hiding under the roulette-table when a master went in, and, seeing no boys playing, went out again. The booths for whistles, gutta-percha whips, crackers, and the usual fair merchandise, were always on Windsor Hill, while Bachelor's acre was devoted to "knock-'em-downs," Aunt Sallys, and all the gambling fraternity, such as pricking the garter, three thimbles and the one little pea, three-card trick, putty and button, two sticks and ball, two or three roulette-booths, where we soon lost our little all. Many boys used to exercise all their ingenuity in endeavouring to circumvent the three-card trick, but without success. Little did they know that there are some twenty ways of manipulating this sleight-of-hand performance. Yes, I think many of us enjoyed the old Windsor Fair with thorough boyish enjoyment; but it only lasted about a couple of days, so the pleasure was short-lived—and it was just as well, too, for a worse collection of sharps and roughs it would have been difficult to find anywhere, except, perhaps, on Epsom Downs on the Derby Day.

As many inquiring parents have often asked how we used to spend our Sundays, I will give an idea of the day's occupations. To begin with, we had what we called "long lie," which meant to say we had no early school, and therefore could stop in bed till 8.30. House-prayers took place at nine, then breakfast.

Chapel service began at 10.30, and used to last till about 12. After 12, boys used to go for a walk, some few used to go up to Windsor and see the Guards come out of church, or go up the Long Walk. Two o'clock was our dinner-hour, and at three o'clock there was chapel again, choral service, with the St. George's choir from Windsor. After chapel in summer the boys used to walk about in the playing-field or up the river; or to the Duke of Buccleuch's park at Ditton, which we were allowed by him to do; some used to go on to Windsor Terrace and hear the Guards' band play. In winter and summer, too, some boys who were fond of church music would go to the evening service at St. George's, Windsor, where Sir George Elvey was the organist, and he would let some of us go up in the organ-loft and see him play.

Tea at six, after lock-up in winter, and supper at nine, and prayers took place again at 9.30. Except for boys who had pænas to do or were backward in their work, the only recognized Sunday school-work was Sunday questions, usually called "Sunday Q.'s;" and how we did all hate them! Some masters were particularly exacting about them, and they really took a long time to do. It will be seen that our religious education was not neglected. I personally hated Sundays, but at the same time I think that a day's rest from hard exercise, especially in the summer, did us good. We had chapel twice on whole holidays, and once on half-holidays; one sermon on Sundays, and none at other times, except on Sunday afternoons during Lent, when the head master used to preach.



On these occasions, I suppose to show their disapproval, as soon as the head master began to preach, half the boys in the chapel would have a fit of coughing, and for the first few minutes it was impossible to hear anything but the coughing. On ordinary half-holidays the Evening Service was only read, but on Saturdays and Saints' Days the service was choral with an anthem. Some used to appreciate a fine anthem, while with others the sole recommendation was brevity, and many of our old anthem books had the time of duration of each anthem carefully annotated in pencil in the margin.

## CHAPTER XII.

EASTER, 1863.

The "swells" of 1863—The beagles in 1863—The E.C.H. in 1899—Duties of the master and whips—Securing fives-courts—My brother Edgar—I win the fives again—Stephen Freemantle—J. B. Walter—A private cellar—My tutor—Caning at Eton—The authority of elder boys—Discipline at my tutor's—Our fags—Sir Martin Gosselin—My parrot and pets—The parrot's escapade—Lord Rosebery—Lord Falmouth—Sir Hubert Parry—Lord Downe and his brothers—Story of the Prince Imperial—The sports of 1863—An accident—W. F. Donkin—In the *Monarch*.



HARLES ROBERT MOORE, K.S., was captain of the Collegers at Easter, '63; he was in Pop, and very nearly in the Eleven. We tried him in some matches, and some considered him good enough, but neither Bell nor I thought so, although he got runs occasionally. He was a pretty bat, but with

too much wrist flourish; after leaving the University, he was for some time a master at Radley. The Hon. Stephen James Fremantle was captain of Oppidans, and secured the Newcastle Scholarship. The Hon. F. G. or

"Bunny" Pelham was master of the beagles; W. R. Griffiths captain of the boats. I was captain of the Eleven and president of Pop, which post I had held since the summer of '62.

I went a good deal with the beagles, but generally had a game or two at fives, when I could get a good four and a good court. Running with the beagles in our time was rather hard work, as we had so little time, especially of an "after twelve." We didn't get out of school till twelve, then we had to go to our tutor's and change as quickly as we could; the meet would, perhaps, be a quarter of an hour's run distant, and as we had to be back again and changed for two-o'clock absence or dinner, it really did not give us very much time to pursue the wily animal to advantage. I say animal, because sometimes we had a bagged fox; but, as a rule, we found a hare, and although there were quite enough about for hunting purposes, it used often to take some time to find one, and then if she took a line away from college, we had to whip off and had a long run home. Round about Maidenhead was our best and most favourite hunting-ground, but we often ran a hare past Slough and into Ditton Park. My son Robin, who was one of the whips in '97, writes the following:—

"The E.C.H. now is a very different concern to what it was forty years ago, when the pack was first started. Now they hunt after lunch—the whips and master have a bill of absence, and take their time to the meet, where the hounds await them in the hound-van; the van is kept out all day, and, after hunting, the staff roll home on it, well wrapped up in ulsters, behind a pair

of Charles Wise's best, ably (not always) tooled by the master. The pack generally consists of about fifteen couples, and ten or eleven couples are taken out. For some time past they have been kept at Lock's, in the High Street, in kennels which are small and damp, and I am glad to hear there is now a movement on foot to build bigger kennels on Agar's plough, and to keep a proper kennel huntsman at the expense of the hunt.

"In many ways the E.C.H. shows the tendency of the age. The master and whips are now faultlessly arrayed in velvet hunt cap, velvet Norfolk coats, and white stock, as well as immaculate white knickerbockers, permitted to no one else.

"Of course, all the master's time is taken up in hunting the hounds, and the duties of field master are taken by the first whip, and they are no light ones—an Eton beagle field wants as much keeping in order as a Leicestershire field—all the followers being as keen as hawks and as jealous as women. I should say the average bag is twelve hares in the half; sixteen is the record. It is no sinecure being master of the E.C.H., for besides all the bother of accounts, game for farmers, decisions as to who is to run and who isn't, one has to hunt hounds before the most critical field in the world, and one has to run all day without stopping, and Dorney ploughs take some tackling. There is no doubt about it, it is tremendous hard work, and no one who has a weak heart or any physical infirmities should ever dream of whipping in.

"The days of bag foxes are over: sport is entirely confined to puss, although a drag is not unknown.

The great drawback against having an excellent pack, is the fact that master and huntsman change every year, and so a slack one may undo all the good a capable one has left behind him; hounds come and go, and every master is full of alterations and ideas of his own; but, taking everything into consideration, they enjoy very good sport. The number of hares' heads is no index, and the too prevalent desire among new masters to break the record is not as it should be."

Owing to there only being the four fives-courts down by Eton Wick Road, it was no easy matter to get a court, and as soon as chapel was over there was a regular rush out, and a good quarter of a mile race down Keate's Lane to the courts, the first on to a court claiming it, and if he didn't want to play himself, giving it to a friend. One popular method was to persuade a sixth-form Collegger who was a good runner, to try and get first, or an Oppidan sixth form, as sixth form went out of chapel before any other boys, and the Colleggers before the Oppidans. Another dodge, if the court was wanted for an "after twelve," was to secure the assistance of a præpositor, or to get a master who had no school, or a private tutor, to play with you in a four, and make a compact that he should secure the court. It was very difficult for lower boys to get a chance on the good walls, except "after ten," "after two," or on a short "after four," when the swell uppers didn't care to play. I think, under the circumstances, and considering the very small number of courts, it was remarkable that there were so many good players. Things are very different now, as there are thirty-eight

new courts in the Field alone, besides one or two others elsewhere.

In these circumstances, and considering that nearly all the private schools have courts of their own, and more boys are able to play young, I think that most people will agree with me in expecting that the standard of play should be much superior to what it was, but I am told this is in no wise the case. There may perhaps be more good players now than then, but individually the best are not better than they used to be.

As my tutor's house was at the corner of Keate's Lane, and his study looked out on the road, he must have had a good view of the races, an opportunity which caused some trouble on one occasion to my brother Edgar (Quintus). He had gone out of chapel one day because his nose was bleeding, and having gone to his Dame's (Gulliver's) and put his head in cold water, he found it had stopped and he was all right. Not liking to walk into chapel again, a happy idea struck him that he might utilize his enforced leave by slipping down to the fives courts and securing one. Unluckily for him, my tutor was looking out of his study window, and, rushing out, collared him. My tutor was very angry, and I think either had him swished or gave him a very long punishment. My brother told me he hadn't the slightest idea of going out of chapel on purpose, and that it was only when he found he was all right that the thought of the fives courts occurred to him. I explained all this to my tutor, but he wouldn't believe it.

I went in for the fives with Quintin Hogg, more for the sake of the fun of it than with any expectation of winning, as he was not a first-class performer at the game. By making him keep out of the way and taking as many strokes as I possibly could, we managed to get into the final, and had to play against S. F. Fremantle and J. B. Walter. They were both great friends of mine—I had played with them a great deal the last few years; they had started together on several occasions, and I had knocked them out both the previous years. I wanted them to win, and told my partner I should let them do so, and shouldn't try. This sort of thing, however, except for a professional sculler, jockey, billiard player, or prizefighter, is more easily intended than carried out, especially when one is in the thick of the fray, with a whole host of boys backing one up. And so it turned out on this occasion that before half a game had been played, I was doing my very best, with the result that we easily won. Stevey (as I always called him) Fremantle was a son of Lord Cottesloe, and a more gentlemanly, delightful boy never existed; he was not only very clever, gaining the "blue ribbon" of Eton scholarship, "the Newcastle," but was good all round at games. He was third in choices out of the field Eleven, well up in wall choices, and not far out of the cricketing Eleven, generally playing for the "next nine with others against the Eleven." He died in 1874 of typhoid fever, caught while on a "reading party" visit to Cornwall. Little "Jakes," J. B. Walter, was also a most charming boy, clever, cheery, full of fun and keen as possible. He

too was within a few places of the Eleven at cricket, and in choices for the Field and Wall. He went up to Christ Church after leaving Eton, and there got a First Class in Law and History. He met with a sad death, being drowned while skating at Bearwood, his father's place, in 1870, within forty-eight hours, I believe, of his return home from a voyage round the world. His brother, A. F. Walter, now the chief proprietor of the *Times*, was at Eton at the same time, and was in the Eleven in '64 and '65. Alas! how many of my old fives friends have gone! S. Fremantle, died in '74; J. B. Walter, drowned in '70; E. C. Follett, died about '70; Lancelot Dent, died at Mentone in '75; and S. F. Cleasby, died from fever in India in 1865—in fact, he had hardly been there a year before he succumbed to the climate.

I think it was during this half, or, anyhow, about this time, two boys were caught having a private cellar of their own in one of their rooms. It was rather a clever arrangement. In the corner of one of their rooms they cut the carpet so that it could be taken up easily; then they sawed through a board or two of the flooring, and under these kept their bottles of beer. When they wanted one, they had only to take up the corner of the carpet and lift the boards, and replace them and the carpet with a tack or two, and so conceal all outward trace of their misdemeanour. I think they had forgotten to square the maid properly, and, finding it out, she sneaked to the master, and the whole thing was discovered. They were both swished, and I rather think turned down.



I think I must now say something about the Rev. James Leigh Joynes—"dear old Tootur," as we always called him. I was in his house over eight years, and during the whole of that time I do not think he ever said an unkind word to me. He used to lecture me a good deal on the disgrace of being swished, but as this calamity was generally brought about by my not doing punishments, I used to contend that if I was to be punished I preferred the short and quick mode of flogging, to the hideous monotony of writing out lines and spoiling my play hours. I could not, however, get him to see the force of my argument. Afterwards, when he came into power as head master of Lower School, he was supposed to swish so unmercifully hard that I heard that the head master had to speak to him about it. I think perhaps he had me and my ideas on the subject in his mind's eye. He was very much liked by everybody, both in his house and in the school. He was a very fine fives player, and gave the cups to be played for, and small pepper-pots as mementos. When I had won the cup three years running, I told him I thought he ought to let me keep it. "Oh yes, certainly," he said; "keep the cup by all means, but you must give another one in its place." I never saw him play at football, and he took no interest in cricket or rowing—at least, not ostensibly, for I never remember seeing him looking on at any race or match of any sort. He took most interest in his pupils' work, and was fond of hard work himself, and as a boy had got the Newcastle scholarship. He was strict in school, and one thing he couldn't bear was to see any boy laughing.



THE REV. J. L. JOYNES (MY TUTOR).  
(From a Cartoon in "Vanity Fair.")



He had two or three peculiarities, one of which was that, when he was writing or looking over verses, or anything of that sort, he would keep flicking his left arm with his fingers, as if flicking off a fly; another was continually shrugging his shoulders, as if his braces were uncomfortable. He used always to pronounce "tu" as "too," and "new" as "noo." One day a boy, who had some musical talent, having asked leave to have a piano in his room, he replied, "No; toones are all very well when they are noo, but when they are old they are a noosance." I should like to record the following instance of my tutor's tact and kindness. One day my brother Edgar was told to write out a Georgic; he thought it was an unjust punishment, and refused to do it, the alternative being, of course, a flogging. At that time a rule had come into existence that no master might complain of a boy without first consulting his (the boy's) tutor. My tutor was accordingly consulted, and he tried in vain to persuade my brother to do the Georgic. He thereupon said, "Well, will you do half of it; if you will, I will do the other half myself for you." The result was that at last Edgar consented to do the whole. When this concession had been extracted from him, the master who had originally set the punishment, seeing that it was really an unfair one, let him off altogether. I have already mentioned that Edgar was good and quick at verses. On one occasion he introduced at the end of a copy of verses, one of my tutor's own rather favourite lines. When Joynes was looking over the copy, he came upon a verse which did not satisfy him,

and, dashing it out with a "This will never do," he put in the identical verse which already stood at the end. My brother said nothing, and when my tutor came to the end of the copy and found his own verse already there, he drew a long face, but said nothing.

Not long ago some letters appeared in the papers on the subject of the caning at Eton at the present time, by the big boys of the school. An old Etonian wrote an indignant letter to a daily paper, complaining of a custom which, he asserted, "sanctions a systematic bullying." If small boys make a noise, or otherwise misbehave themselves, they naturally must get a hiding of some sort, and I am told that now, if a small boy shirks football or fagging, he probably gets a caning, but I don't see that this in any way comes under the head of bullying. Besides, if big boys hadn't a certain amount of disciplinary power over the small ones, what would it lead to, and what would the small boys grow up to be? There is always safety in numbers, and any big boy who used his power or authority indiscreetly, unfairly, or in a cruel, bullying way, would soon find himself in the wrong box, and have the whole nest buzzing about his ears. One definite proof of the good of the present system to my mind is, that the boys themselves are quite amenable to and approve of it.

Either my tutor's must have been a very well-conducted house, or all the small boys must have been of an exemplary disposition, for during the time I was there I never heard of a boy being caned. I know that it went on in other houses and in college, but never to any severe extent, nor was there anything

approaching to bullying. At the football matches, those in the Eleven or the Eight or Pop used to have canes to keep the boys back from the line, which was absolutely necessary, but the canes were more for show and for inspiring fear, for prevention than for cure, and I never saw a small boy hit hard enough really to cause pain. I myself never possessed a cane at Eton, although, no doubt, had I been an onlooker instead of playing in the matches, I should have been compelled to have one.

This year, at my tutor's, Tritton and myself were about the only two near the top of the school, and Hogg, who messed with us, one of the only other boys who could fag, so we had nearly all the fags to ourselves, and at that time had no less than fourteen for our mess. Amongst them was Reginald Pole-Carew (Polly, he was called), afterwards in the Coldstream Guards, and recently successor to Sir William Nicholson as D.A.G. of the Punjaub Army. He was aide-de-camp to Lord Roberts during the Afghan Campaign of 1879-80, and has since distinguished himself both in Egypt and in Burmah. Also Edward Dansey, commonly known as "Joe," who afterwards went into the 1st Life Guards; Charley Byng, also a major in the 1st Life Guards; the present well-known Lord Kinnaird; and Gosselin (now Sir Martin Le Marchant), who, after leaving Eton, went to Christ Church, Oxford. He was *attaché* to the British Embassy in Berlin; was transferred to Paris; was made a K.C.M.G. for his services as British Commissioner at the Niger Convention in Paris, and has since been made an additional Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. As a boy

at Eton, he gained much distinction for his piano-playing. "Goose," as we all called him, was a great friend of mine. I had one of those big musical boxes and a green talking parrot, and sometimes, on coming into my room of a sudden, I would find "Goose" introducing some outside friend of his to my parrot, with the musical box playing. We were fairly well off for live stock in the house then, as, besides the parrot, I had two cages of canaries, which I tried to breed, but, as strict undisturbed quiet is the chief requisite for this object, I needn't say that my endeavours were fruitless, although the birds generally got as far as laying, and even hatching. At one time I had a tame squirrel too, which I had found in the holidays and brought up, but at Eton he soon died from too many nuts. Quintin Hogg had a pike, about three-quarters of a pound weight, in a big square aquarium, and I used to make him very angry by wiring it, as I told him, only to show him how it was done, but it died at last from want of room, not of food. My old parrot was well known by many boys; he was a green Amazon, and only had one eye. I bought him originally from Ned Fisher, who kept the bird shop up town, for £3, and had him for a long time after I left Eton. He was a capital bird, and would talk and shout in the most amusing way. I thought he would get me into a scrape one day, as he got out and sat on the top of Day's house just as we were going to chapel, shouting as loud as he could. All my "pretty pollying" and displaying biscuits wouldn't entice him down, and a lot of boys waited till the clock had struck, and the Provost and Fellows had taken

their seats, before they rushed into chapel, laughing. I am glad to say I got the parrot back all right in the end, but never let it out about chapel-time again.

All the Fitzwilliams, from Lord Milton downwards, were at my tutor's. They were fair football players, but took no leading part in other games; Cosmo, or, to give him his proper names, Henry Cosmo Orme Bonsor, was also there, at one time fagging for me. I remember him in '63, as a small boy, having been smuggled into the pavilion at Lord's during the Eton and Harrow match. He would keep on shouting, his father all the time trying to keep him quiet for fear of his being turned out. Before he left he became a good football player, being in the field Eleven; he was also in the *Monarch*; but, although fond enough of the game, he never shone as a cricketer. Crawford Tait was also there, but died before he had time to fulfil the great promise of his boyhood. Lord Rosebery was at Eton as Lord Dalmeny. Nothing ever seemed to ruffle or put him out, and he treated everybody and everything with the utmost complacency: he never appeared to work, yet he knew everything. After I left, Rosebery became an oar instead of a cox, and was bow of the *Monarch*, a place which, curiously enough, was filled by Lord Coventry, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and Lord Rosebery among our present politicians. Another celebrity of my time was Evelyn, better known by his friends as "Star," Boscawen, now Lord Falmouth; he was very fond of cricket, although he did not get into the Eleven. As a boy he was one of those who got up a club known as the Kentish Stars;



but it was not from this that he derived the nickname of "the Star," which, I believe, originated in a horse called "Star of India," which belonged to his father, and of which he would often talk to his friends. On leaving Eton, he joined the Coldstream Guards, was afterwards military secretary to Sir John Mitchell, Commander-in-Chief in Ireland; but when the Egyptian troubles broke out in 1882, he was sent thither, and distinguished himself at Tel-el-Kebir. At the same time that he telegraphed home news of that battle, he received from his father a message announcing that Dutch Oven, who started an extreme outsider, had won the St. Leger. He tells how he was lying out on the sand, very tired and sleepy, when they brought him the telegram, which he did not in the least expect. When fresh trouble occurred in 1884, he was sent back to Egypt in command of the Camel Corps at Metammeh, and he was present at Abu Klea and Abu Kru, and was mentioned in despatches. His brother, Hugh Boscawen, who afterwards went into the 1st Life Guards, was at Eton at the same time, as was also Hubert Parry, now Sir Hubert, and the director of the Royal College of Music, who came in '61. He had lessons from Sir George Elvey at Windsor, as there was no resident teacher at Eton, although Mr. John Foster came down from London one day a week to give lessons in playing and singing. At Eton, besides being an excellent football player, he had the reputation of being a powerful debater. Two notices of questions introduced by him in Pop appear in the record as follows: "Did Homer write or recite his poems?" His side was

defeated by two, the majority deciding that the poet recited them. The other question was, "Is fagging beneficial to school life?" and the unanimous verdict was in favour of the system. While still at Eton he took the Oxford degree of Mus. Bac., and on leaving Eton, he went to Exeter College, Oxford, where his leisure was chiefly devoted to outdoor sport; but he soon became a distinguished member of the College Musical Society, and later on was one of the founders of the Oxford University Musical Club. As captain of the cricket and football clubs, he was everywhere popular, and his pianoforte-playing, especially the rendering of current music-hall ditties and extempore fantasias, was the delight of his chums. He married a sister of the Earl of Pembroke. The late and present Earls of Pembroke were both at Eton with him. Parry told me that his own great work, the "Art of Music," occupied him nine years.

Lord Downe and his brothers, the Dawnays, were all my tutor's pupils; in construing before 11-o'clock school in pupil-room, Downe and his brother Lewis always were put on first, and had to do the whole lot. I used to chaff Downe, and tell him I thought it was very lucky my tutor always picked him and his brother out, as I didn't believe any of the rest of us knew a word of the lesson. Guy Dawnay was killed during a hunting expedition in Africa by a wounded buffalo. The story I heard was that Dawnay, having shot the animal, thought it was dead, but on going up to it, it suddenly jumped up and charged him before he could shoot, and gored him to death. Lord Downe

was in the Zulu campaign, and aide-de-camp to General Fred Marshall at the time of the Prince Imperial's death, and this is how Archibald Forbes relates the circumstance of the news arriving: "It was in Zululand, on the evening of June 1, 1879. A little group of us were at dinner in the tent of General Marshall, who commanded the cavalry brigade in the British Army, which was marching on Ulundi, King Cetewayo's royal kraal. The sun was just going down, when Colonel Harrison, the Quartermaster-General, put his head inside the tent door, and called aloud in a strange voice, 'Good God! the Prince Imperial is killed.' Harrison, though stolid, sometimes jested, and for the moment this announcement was not taken seriously. Lord Downe, Marshall's aide-de-camp, threw a crust of bread at his head; and Herbert Stewart, then Marshall's Brigade Major, afterwards killed during the desert march in the Soudan, laughed aloud." \*

It is curious how frequently the late Prince Imperial was described as an exceptionally good horseman. I had frequent opportunities of watching him in the hunting-field, and should have said he was not a good horseman, at least from a hunting point of view. The mention of his name reminds me of a little incident which once occurred with the Queen's Stag-hounds. We had a very long run from near Harrow Lane all over the Harrow country for over three hours, and did not take till dark, close to Hatfield. Nearly everybody had gone home, and there were only about six of us left, including the prince. I had been helping to take the deer, and when

\* A. Forbes, "Memories and Studies of War and Peace," p. 201.

I went back to where my horse was, to mount, I found the prince just going to get on my horse. I said, "I beg your pardon, sir, but that's my horse." "Oh," he said, "I am very sorry," and went to look for his. It was certainly dark at the time, but there were enough lights about to distinguish one's horse right enough. Mine was a great big bony, weight-carrying hunter, and his was a small, rather weedy-looking sort of hack. I asked him where he wanted to go, as I knew the country well; he replied, "To Chislehurst," but added, "I don't know how I am to get there."

Bunny Pelham won the mile race this year. I started simply because Edward Hope\* had entered, and in fun I told him he was no good; but as he maintained that anyhow he could beat me, I said I would enter, and bet him half a crown that I beat him, which I did, but I think he was last, and I about last but one. Robin Follett won the steeplechase; he, Pelham, and Jersey were the three best long-distance runners this year. One night, just about this time, I had what might have proved a very severe accident, which I record as a warning to others. I was in the habit, before the maid came to take away the candles at bedtime, of standing in my nightshirt before the fire, having a last look at my lesson for the morning, or reading a book while warming myself before popping into bed. I was doing this one night, when, suddenly feeling my legs getting exceedingly hot, I turned round to look, and found the tails of my nightshirt blazing. I pulled it up with both hands and rolled on it, and

\* Now Clerk to the Privy Council.

eventually squeezed it out, but not till my legs and hands had been a good deal burnt and the shirt absolutely ruined. I was in a good deal of pain all night, and had hardly any sleep. My hands were the worst, and for three or four days I couldn't play fives or do anything. I kept it dark, as I thought I should get so unmercifully chaffed, and put off my kind inquiring friends with evasive answers. I think William F. Donkin, who was in my division, a great friend of mine, was about the only person to whom I confided my misfortune, as he saw my hands and knew at once that they were burnt. After he left Eton he went to Oxford, where he went in for chemistry, and became chief analyst at St. George's Hospital. I used often to meet him, and had one or two pleasant days down the river with him photographing, an art in which he was a good expert. Most of the best existing photographs of the tops of many of the Alps and Alpine scenery were taken by him under exceedingly difficult circumstances. He was devoted to climbing, the love of which eventually cost him his life, as he was supposed to have been carried away by an avalanche while climbing in the Caucasus some years back, and I believe his remains have never to this day been discovered, although Mr. Douglas Freshfield went to search for them.

I was rather glad in the Easter half when the first of March came. The boating afforded a change, for, although fives was very good fun, one got a bit sick of it and of the bother of getting courts. The beagling, too, though decidedly entertaining, was, under all the

circumstances, making rather too much toil of a pleasure. We finished up the season with a drag to Maidenhead, where, having had a grand blow-out at the expense of the Beagle fund, we had to run back to college to get in time for lock-up. I kept my oar in the *Monarch* for the Easter Term, but went out when the summer came on. Pelham had an oar in the *Victory*, and, like myself, had started off in the boats prior to getting into the Eleven.

## CHAPTER XIII.

SUMMER, 1863.

Holiday tasks—My verses—The Rev. F. E. Durnford—Cutting names—Onomatopœia—The boats and the Eight in 1863—Boat races—Henley—The *Eton College Chronicle*—The Eleven—Indifferent prospects—Winchester match—The head master's dinner and its results—Forty presentation bats—Harrow match—A bitter experience—Chaff at Lord's—Hoisting and a misadventure—Bad luck at Eton after 1863—The pang of leaving Eton—Taking leave; leaving-books—A row down the river—Temptations to stay another year—Retrospect—Eton friendships—Bishop J. R. Selwyn—Public-school life.



I HAVE not as yet mentioned our holiday tasks, which took various shapes. At one time it was a certain number of chapters of Hume's "History of England" to be read; at another, an ode of Milton to learn by heart, or sixty hexameters to be composed on some given subject. I

think the learning-by-heart idea was given up as being quite hopeless, and I believe few boys ever thought of their holiday task till about the very last day of the holidays, and from what I can see it is exactly the same now. After the Easter Term of '63, we had the

sixty hexameters to do as our holiday task. At that time my brother Edgar (Quintus) was a very fair hand at verses, and we used to say he knew his Latin Gradus by heart, and had the happy knack of running off passable hexameters and pentameters as a baker might turn out gingerbread nuts. There were many boys at Eton of the same cast of mind who could do the same thing. I always got him to do them for me when they were set as the task. It was not that I couldn't do them, but that he did them much faster, easier, and better than I did, and, moreover, rather fancied himself at them, and did not in the least mind the job. These holidays I had, as usual, put it off till the very last minute. He had done them for me roughly; I had written them out, and got him to look them over and alter for me, intending to write out a fair copy to show up, but when the day of return to Eton arrived, I hadn't time to do this. I was up to Judy Durnford, and I thought I would show up the foul copy with my brother's alterations. He happened to write rather like my tutor, and Judy, thinking it was his writing, said, "Ah, Lubbock, I see you have got your tutor to look over your holiday task. A very good plan indeed; I only wish more boys would have the same sense." I didn't undeceive him, but remained mute, and although he never found out his mistake, I was rather uncomfortable about it for some little time. I was up to him all the summer half, and although some boys did not like him, I am sure no man could have taken more pains than he did to teach his division. He always brought about half a dozen reference books, which he



would keep referring to in school, reading out and thoroughly explaining anything difficult, and if he saw a boy wanted to learn, he did all in his power to help him. When I was up to him, we had school in the swishing-room, and Jersey and I, who were next to one another, used to sit facing him at the bottom of the octagonal table, on the side of which, after a deal of trouble, we succeeded in cutting our names in big bold characters, letter by letter, during numerous school hours. One day, when we got into school and had taken our places, we found the table had been, for some reason or other, turned right round. We supposed the room had been swept out, or something of that sort, but whatever may have been the cause, there were our names under Judy's very nose. Suddenly seeing them, he said, "Ah! what is this I see? Jersey! Lubbock! I declare. Now, if you had got your names up here"—pointing to the list of Newcastle scholars behind him—"I should have been pleased to see them there." He took no further notice of it, and I thought it was a very kind and clever way of putting it. Many masters would have given us a severe wiggling, or perhaps a long punishment. He was always very kind to me, let me off very cheap at saying lessons, and when I left, sent for me and presented me with a leaving book, Southey's "Doctor," adding, "All I can say is, Lubbock, I only hope, when you read it, it will make you laugh as much as it did me." He was very keen always on "Onomatopœia," and when any instances turned up, such as "Procumbit humi bos," or "Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum," he would have the whole

collection of them trotted out, and as these were about the only things I did know, he used to cry, "Lubbock will tell us," and I would rattle them out as fast as I could.

W. R. Griffiths had succeeded Lawes as captain of the boats, while Pochin was captain of the *Victory*, and "Sam" Corkran captain of the *Prince of Wales*, having in his boat, among others, Algernon Turnor, afterwards private secretary to Lord Beaconsfield, and Henry Lane Fox, the youngest of the three brothers (we used to call him Cub), who afterwards went into the Blues, and died in '76. The present Lord Ellesmere was cox, A. Rickards, my old Twopenny cricketing mate, was captain of lower boats, and "Billy" Willan had the *Dreadnought*. Henry Wellesley, now Duke of Wellington, was in the *Thetis*, of which C. N. Phipps ("Long Phipps") was captain; the present Colonel Eaton was cox, and generally went by the name of "Cheeky." Little A. H. Hall was captain of the *St. George*; Corkran won the sculling; Lord Melgund, now Earl of Minto, second; and C. Newton, third. Corkran and A. Rickards won the pulling; R. Pochin and A. Hall, second; and A. Pope and Lord Melgund, third. Sir A. Lambe and H. Holland won the double sculling; and Sir A. Lambe won the tub sculling, for which 120 boats started. The House Fours were won by Marriotts, who had a very strong crew, composed of W. R. Griffiths, stroke; Corkran, 3; F. Willan, 2; A. Turnor, bow; with Wellesley, cox. Few people would have thought the present Duke of Wellington had ever steered his House Four.

The Eight was a very strong one, and at Henley, for

the Ladies' Plate, won their first heat, beating Trinity Hall and Radley, this being the first time Eton had ever beaten a college crew in full training. In the final they were beaten by University College, Oxford (who covered the course in 7 minutes 23 seconds, up to this time the fastest on record), but beat Brasenose. Albert Brassey and J. E. Parker, Old Etonians, were rowing in the winning crew. This was the first year that W. W. Wood rowed in the Eton Eight—he was a very fine oar—rowing again in '64; and together with John E. Tinne, who was in the same division, was the chief founder of the *Eton College Chronicle*. This paper has been going ever since; and although before it started there were many experiments of the sort made, they all found an early grave. The one great advantage in the *Chronicle* is that it is entirely under the control and management of present Etonians; the articles and letters are chiefly their own composition; it is carried on in an orderly and gentlemanly manner; and its columns afford to the boys an opportunity to air their grievances, give full vent to their complaints, and make any suggestions as to the management and rules of any of the games that they may at any time think desirable. I fancy the head Colleger has most to do with the editing. Whether it pays or not, I can't say; but if it does not, it ought to do so. No doubt the success of the *Chronicle*, as contrasted with the failure of a score of similar efforts, is in a great measure due to the fact that it has been confined almost exclusively to the recording of events, and has not attempted to soar into the heights of literary fancy. As a narrative

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of events, it has a special interest, not only for present, but for old Etonians, and for parents of boys, many of whom subscribe to it.

There are in existence but few complete sets of the *Chronicle* from its commencement, and such sets have acquired a considerable value.

I never thought at the beginning of the summer half of '63 that our Eleven would turn out so well as it did. In the match against the Twenty-two, and the first "Twelve and Eight" match, it looked as if Jack Frederick and myself were the only two that were going to make any runs; the bowling talent gave but little promise, as we let the Twenty-two get 180 runs, Prideaux, who bowled in a sort of æsthetic, airy fashion, looking up in the air in the opposite direction to which he wanted the ball to go, and whom we thought nothing of, getting the most wickets. Collegers *v.* Oppidans, in which Griffiths, as captain of the boats, played (making 1 and 0), didn't produce any very promising colt. In our first match against Brasenose, we could only compile 99, with no good score, and let them make 192, giving them 12 wides and 13 leg-byes; in short, none of our bowling seemed up to much. They had a fair eleven, including R. D. Walker, who got most of our wickets; and although it was called Brasenose, it included R. A. Mitchell and H. W. Hoare. In the next "Eleven and Eight" game we had to face Wootton, Dawes, and Bell, and were dismissed for 69 and 145, Wootton getting nearly all the wickets, and Neville Lyttelton being about the only one who could stay in. He made 40, not out, and 39. This was on the

21st of May; so up to that date our prospects were far from rosy. But against Christ Church we ran up a good score of 305—N. Lyttelton, not out, 75, and myself 65. This seemed to rouse us a little; and against a weak team of Old Etonians we put together 237—including Tritton's 46, my 56, and N. Lyttelton's 47, and we got them out for 63. We now seemed steady down to work, and Sutherland and Pelham were bowling well. We had a good match against a very fair eleven of Quidnuncs, they making 113 and 81, to our 129, Frederick, who up to this hadn't done much in the school matches, playing the best innings, and making 46, while Tritton and I got into the twenties. Against the M.C.C., as usual played on June 20, we made a very poor show; but they had Jimmy Grundy, Nixon, and Wootton to bowl. We only made 83; Pelham's 25 was our only score above 20; and we got the M.C.C. out for 114.

Eton *v.* Winchester was our next match, and this year it was our turn to play on our own ground. Neville Lyttelton had unluckily sprained his back in the M.C.C. match, and was unable to play. As he was really our one and only wicket-keeper, besides being one of our best bats, he was a great loss. I was very much put to it to know what to do about a wicket-keeper. Frederick, who was always ready to go anywhere, volunteered for the post, and as I saw no alternative, I put him there; and although none of us beforehand had much confidence in his success, he did very well.

In those days the visiting eleven had to leave home early in the morning, and arrived with but little time to spare before the match began. Bustling off early,

perhaps on the top of a big breakfast and having a train journey, is the most fatal thing in the world for cricket, or any game in which a steady eye is wanted, and I always thought in this match it was rather hard on the visiting side. Now this is altered, and the eleven arrives overnight, so they have full time to settle down and get their eye to its proper condition. I can't say whether it is the brain, stomach, or what that is affected, but a railway journey always seems to upset the eye, and I never, if I could possibly avoid it, took a train journey before playing an important match.

I lost the toss to E. S. Eden, who was their captain, and they went in first in what was for Upper Club a very perfect wicket, sending in J. B. Allen and F. Bowen. The latter was almost directly bowled by Sutherland for 0, while Pelham secured Eden, the captain, for 1. Allen, H. Foster, W. G. Marshall, and J. M. Pyke were the only ones who managed to run into double figures, and before lunch we had got them out for 97. Sutherland, Pelham, and Teape had bowled well. To fill up Lyttelton's place I had Harry Forsyth, who was not a good bat, but was a splendid field at long leg, and a very safe catch. E. W. Tritton and Arthur Pepys went in first for us, and got about 30 runs before lunch. After lunch they ran up to 62 before Pepys was caught off Marshall for a very steady 21. Frederick came next, and soon made 16, when he was caught by their captain off Yates, and I followed. All this time Tritton had been playing splendidly, hitting much more freely than was his usual custom (one of his hits caught old fat Chatterton, the umpire,

a tremendous crack on his arm, severely hurting him), and getting runs at a tremendous rate. I began hitting at once, in fact, far more than I ought to have done in an important match like this. Tritton didn't get out till he had got 130, and he could have stayed in longer, but he was so tired at last that he had had quite enough of it, and hit at every ball till he was caught. I went on hitting away freely, with Sutherland (who made 22) as my next companion; and when we drew stumps at 6.30, we had made 373 for six wickets, of which I had made 130, not out. I never, on the Eton ground, and I don't think on any other ground, remember seeing runs scored so fast. It will be seen that we made 373 runs in considerably under four hours, and, except "tenters," all run out. It was a most piping hot day too, and, as the *Times* remarked in its account of the match, "Adam's wine" during the innings was in constant request. Tritton's innings was a grand one, and I don't think he, or either of us, gave a single easy chance while we were in.

That evening, according to custom, both elevens had to dine with the head master. I was so tired that I went to Balston and asked him if he would excuse me for that reason. He said, "Certainly, Lubbock, sir, you must be tired." I intended to go to bed early, but a "sock supper" at my tutor's, with some claret-cup, revived me, and instead of going to bed early, I sat out in my tutor's garden with a few Old Etonians, who had come to supper, till past one o'clock smoking big cigars. While at Eton I seldom smoked, though now and again I would have a pipe on the quiet. Once in Upper

Club, at a cricket-match, I had got up into one of the small chestnut trees as a place of security, and was enjoying a pipe, when a master came by. I rather thought he had detected me, but as I knew he himself smoked, I hoped he would say nothing. He was good, and simply gave me the hint that he had seen something that he didn't want to see again.

Next morning I got up early, and went in to see Tritton, and ask how the dinner went off, and to find out if they were sore with me for not going. He told me they thought I hadn't gone to the dinner because I wanted to keep my eye straight. This idea had really never entered my head. He looked very bad, with his eyes like the proverbial bottled gooseberries; said they had had a splendid dinner, with lots of champagne, but that he himself had had a very bad night, and had been half the night with his head out of the window, and must make an early visit to the college pump. We were due to begin about 10.30, although it was nearly 11 before we commenced. I was in still, but my eye wasn't quite so like a hawk's as I could have wished; nevertheless, I managed to stay in till the rest of the side got out, and we had made 444. This was the record for this match in those days, on three points, viz. the number of runs, the number scored in the day, and Tritton's and my individual innings. I ought, perhaps, to add a fourth record, for the quick time in which the runs were got deserves to be thus classed. Winchester did better the second innings, making 153, of which J. T. H. Yates did the best with 43; and we thus won in an innings and 194 runs. Had N. G.



Lyttelton been able to play, there was no reason why he should not have made a big score also.\*

\* As the score of this match is a rather remarkable one, I append it in full :—

## WINCHESTER v. ETON.

*Played at Eton, June 28rd and 24th, 1863.*

## WINCHESTER.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
J. B. Allen, Esq., c	Lubbock, b		
Pelham .....	18	b Pelham .....	0
F. R. S. Bowen, Esq., b	Sutherland	0	c Frederick, b Pelham
C. J. Eden, Esq., b	Pelham .....	1	run out .....
H. Foster, Esq., b	Sutherland .....	12	c Forsyth, b Pelham
W. G. Marshall, Esq., c	Lyttelton, b		
Teape .....	27	b Sutherland .....	10
J. M. Pyke, Esq., b	Bovill .....	13	b Pelham .....
C. D. Malet, Esq., c	Tritton, b Bovill	6	c Lyttelton, b Pelham
C. Awdry, Esq., c	Pelham, b Teape	2	not out .....
J. J. Tuck, Esq., b	Teape .....	0	b Lyttelton .....
J. T. H. Yates, Esq., b	Teape .....	8	c Teape, b Sutherland
H. B. Deane, Esq., not out	.....	0	c Frederick, b Pelham
Bye 1, leg-byes 2, wides 7 .....	10	Bye 1, leg-bye 1, wides 7, noes 1 ..	10
Total .....	97	Total .....	153

## ETON.

1st Innings.	
E. W. Tritton, Esq., c	Pyke, b Foster .....
A. Pepys, Esq., c	Awdry, b Marshall .....
J. Frederick, Esq., c	Eden, b Yates .....
*A. Lubbock, Esq., not out .....	174
H. B. Sutherland, Esq., c	Bowen, b Allen .....
E. B. Bovill, Esq., b	Eden .....
W. S. Prideaux, Esq., b	Tuck .....
Hon. F. Pelham, c	Bowen, b Allen .....
Hon. G. W. S. Lyttelton, b	Foster .....
H. Forsyth, Esq., leg b. w., b	Foster .....
C. A. Teape, Esq., b	Allen .....
Byes 4, leg-byes 5, wides 21 .....	30
Total .....	444

Eton winning in one innings and 194 runs. Winchester went in first.

Umpires—G. Lee and G. Chatterton.



At 1.15 p.m. the Winchester Eleven left for Slough amidst the enthusiastic cheers of assembled Eton. The *Times* added, in its report of the match, "We think the chief characteristic of this match is always that friendly feeling for 'Wykehamists' during the game, which bears such a strong contrast to the excitement at Lord's." For this match, first and last, I was presented with forty bats: some from my schoolfellows; some from Old Etonians I hardly knew; two came from fat Powell, the Eton bat-seller at that time; and last, but by no means least, one from the Provost and Fellows. My room was more like a bat-maker's shop than anything else. I gave away quite half, keeping what I thought were the best. I must mention that at that time it was very common to give boys bats, much more so than it is now.

Our next match was against I. Zingari, a strong eleven, including the Hon. T. de Grey, R. A. Fitzgerald, C. G. Lyttelton, R. A. Mitchell, E. T. Drake, Captain F. Marshall, Lord Skelmersdale (the late Lord Lathom), and others. They made 191, of which C. G. Lyttelton made the best innings of 66. I caught him at long square leg off Pelham—very deep, in fact, about as deep as I could go—a long way over the path and close to Fellow's pond. It was a splendid hit. We made 91, of which my 32 was the only decent score, E. T. Drake's lobs being too good for us. Maidenhead beat us by 143 against 111, the only good score being G. R. Dupuis's not out 53 for Maidenhead.

Eton v. Harrow came next, July 10 and 11. I shall never forget going out of the pavilion to toss with poor

old "Donny" Walker, who was captain of Harrow. I had a half-crown all ready, and when I was about to toss, Donny said, "No; let me toss, let me toss!" I said, "Go ahead," and I won. We then had some little discussion as to what time we should play to; and as it struck me it might be quite possible we might be batting at the end of the day, when the light was bad, I proposed to draw at 6.30, while he wanted 7 o'clock. I said, "We had better toss for this," which he agreed to; so I said, "Well, it's my turn to toss now." "No," he said; "as you won the other, I must toss." So I let him. Up went his shilling, and I won again. He was very cross, and told me that was his lucky shilling, and that it was the first time he had lost a toss with it that summer.\* We went in first, Tritton and Peps as usual; the latter was out directly for 1. Frederick then joined Tritton, and both played well, Tritton especially being in good form. Frederick was at last bowled by H. G. Phipps for 32. I followed, and off my very first ball was caught by Donny Walker, who kept wicket for Harrow. It was a bad ball on my legs, and ought to have gone for four, but I hit a little too soon, and it caught the back of the bat, and bobbed up in the air an easy catch for I. D. One cannot imagine a more degrading—(and yet I can't exactly call it that), anyhow

\* I cannot let these pages go to press without placing on record my sincere regard for one of the best of fellows and keenest of cricketers and sportsmen, whose premature death cast such a gloom over the Eton and Harrow match of 1898. I. D. Walker was one who "played the game" throughout, and made others play it too; and his memory will always be fresh, not only among generations of Harrow cricketers, who owed so much to him, but among a very wide circle of personal friends and admirers.



a more dreadfully disgusted feeling for a boy, especially the captain, who has been clapped in, walking back from the wicket (what a long way it seems!) into the pavilion amidst a dead silence, having secured a duck. I was the more annoyed because it was the only time my father had come to see me play a match, and I had taken a great deal of trouble to get him a good place in the front row. N. Lyttelton was caught at point for 0, through foolishly hitting with one hand at a wide ball; Spencer Lyttelton made 14; Tritton was unluckily run out for 91. Thus Frederick's 32 and Spencer's 14 were the only double figures besides Tritton's. Still, the total, 184, was a fair one for those days. It did not, however, prove nearly enough, as Harrow put together 268. To this total C. L. Hornby contributed 68, a fine innings, though he was missed at the wicket when he had got 25, the ball putting N. Lyttelton's finger out. After that he was let off badly again at square leg. Grimston (37) and C. F. Buller (34) were Hornby's best supporters, and there were no less than 56 extras. Our longstop had done well on the Eton ground, but the fast and bumpy Lord's ground beat him; not only that, but Jack Frederick's bowling was not only at times very fast, but also erratic, and there was no telling whether the ball would go wide to off or wide to leg. We did much better in the second innings, seven of us getting double figures; Sutherland, with 5, and W. S. Prideaux, run out, 5, were the only failures; and we made 285. Eight bowlers of the Harrow side went on, of whom Buller was the only one at all successful, and they were lucky to get us out for what they did.

Two of our side were run out, and I was again caught, hitting at a leg ball this time, by W. O. Hewlett, the longstop. During this innings there was a tremendous lot of chaff, especially by a large gang of Eton boys who had congregated near the scoring-place. In many places the spectators had got inside the ropes, and were sitting in the grass four or five deep. The "bub bub bub bowl" and cry of "sneaks" was incessant. At one time it got to such a pitch that E. W. Burnett and I. D. Walker, who were the bowlers, refused to bowl, and Burnett especially kept running up to the wicket, and, as the "bub bub" went on, he stopped and refused to deliver the ball. This was really a very stupid thing to do, as it, of course, made the Eton boys shout all the more. If they had gone on and taken no notice of it, it would probably not have been so bad. They also seemed to forget that all the "bubbing," etc., might quite well have put the batsman as much off as the bowler. Tritton and I were in most of the time the worst of it was going on, and were simply splitting all the time. Many times when they wouldn't bowl, I went out to the boys and asked them to stop; but it was impossible; you might as well have asked a young rook to stop cawing; and it went on the whole of the innings, which ended just before stumps were drawn, and Harrow did not go in at all. They wanted 202 to win, and it is hard to say in whose favour the draw was. It was a creditable score to make in a match like this, especially on a well-worn wicket; and perhaps Pelham might have come off this time, as the first innings he didn't bowl up to his proper form. I



made 80, and Tritton again played very well indeed for 58.

After the match there was as usual a "hullabaloo" outside the pavilion, and in the course of it all I was hoisted out into the middle of the ground and back again. I shall never forget during this operation that my right leg man and left leg man held opposite views as to which side of an old lady, who was calmly surveying the scene, they should go, and the result was that one went on one side and one the other, and the poor lady was sent flying on her back. I felt very uncomfortable, but it was, under the circumstances, impossible to get down and apologize. The boys hoisting me and the others running were far too excited to take any notice of such a, to them, trivial matter.

I think if Pelham had bowled well, and our chances had been taken the first innings, we might have beaten them; but of course things of this sort always happen, and I dare say our opponents considered they had bad luck. They really had a very good eleven too, comprising as it did Hornby, Grimston, C. F. Buller, W. F. Maitland, M. H. Stow, and I. D. Walker. I thought our bowling better than theirs, on paper certainly; but then Sutherland and Pelham never came off, and it was left for Spencer Lyttelton and Frederick to get the wickets. In fact, at one time we had got into such a pickle that I had to go on with lobs, and got Grimston caught at the wicket; but it wasn't really out, at least I didn't think so. This was the fourth and last time "Donny" Walker played in this match, and considering what a fine bat he really was, he

was unlucky in never getting more than 20 against Eton.

Our next match against the Knickerbockers was a good one; they made 117 and 44, and we made 127. I made top score of 35, Tritton 20, and Frederick 16. J. H. Maxwell, who was playing for them, got 8 of our wickets, all but one clean bowled. He bowled fast left-handed, with a good deal of break on.

Our final and last match was against good old West Kent. This year they brought a very weak team, which, however, included A. S. Teape, our old '62 crack, to bowl. Unluckily for them they lost the toss, so came in for a long leather hunt. Prideaux woke up on this occasion, and smacked away gaily for 76; there were some twenties and thirties, and I was in for a long time making 163, when I let old Herbert Jenner stump me out on purpose. We made 418, and got seven of the West Kent out for 59.

On the whole the Eleven turned out far better than we ever expected. Thinking it was a mistake having played Bovill, as he missed many catches, and his bowling was no use, I put Forsyth into the Eleven, and rather wished we had played him at Lords, as he would have been useful in fielding, and would probably have held two or three of the catches that were dropped, but he was little use as a bat. Our first five averages were a good deal above the usual figures. Mine was exceptionally high (127), for although I got a 0, it was compensated by the long innings against Winchester with a "Not out" to it, besides a few other useful scores. Tritton's was very good; his three innings

E. W. Tritton.      Hon. G. W. S. Lyttelton.      C. A. Tespe.      A. Pepps.



THE ETON ELEVEN, 1863.

H. D. Forsyth.      W. S. Frideaux.      A. Lubbock (*Captain*).      Hon. F. G. Pelham.      J. Frederick.      Hon. N. Lyttelton.      H. B. Sutherland.

[Photo by Hills & Saunders.]





in the Public School matches working out as 83. After Tritton came Frederick with 25, Neville Lyttelton following with 24, but he was laid up for some little time with a bad back. The whole Eleven worked well, and I don't think Tritton, Frederick, or myself ever missed a single day's practice. The only bit of holiday from cricket I allowed myself was sometimes, after a day was over, to row up with Sam Corkran, or make him scull me up to Boveney Weir, in which we would flop about, going under the tumbler, etc., till it was time to go back to lock up. Pelham was not very strong, and I was always getting injunctions from his tutor not to overwork him.

Tritton turned out a fine bat after leaving Eton, playing for Oxford, and once or twice in the big matches. Sutherland, Frederick, Pepys, and N. Lyttelton all went into the Army. "Pottles" Sutherland, as he was generally called, was out in the Zulu campaign, but was wounded before he reached the scene of the severe fighting. Bringing up the rear with the Commissariat department, he was thrown from his horse, his head striking against a stone. He was very seriously ill for a long time before he got over the accident. I am glad to say he is all right now, and takes as lively an interest in cricket as ever, and is generally to be seen in the pavilion at Lords when there is any match of importance taking place.

It is strange that '64 witnessed the first of a series of disastrous one-innings defeats of Eton. The performance against Harrow in '64 was unaccountably bad, and did not represent the true form of the side. They had

begun the year very fairly well—they had beaten a good Winchester eleven by nine wickets, and in S. G. Lyttelton they had one of the best school bats of the year. They had two good bowlers in S. G. Lyttelton and Evans, but there was no good change, and there was an undoubted batting “tail.” Harrow were distinctly superior, though not so much so as the result indicated. Buller was a splendid bat this year, Stow was a consistently good scorer, and there were several other useful men—J. M. Richardson, A. N. Hornby, small as he was then, Montgomery (now Bishop of Tasmania), and Evetts. I believe the turning-point against Eton in this match was a bad mistake of the umpire, which gave Buller a second life. N. Lyttelton had caught him at the wicket when he had only got 3, which he afterwards made up to 61, and it was his innings that broke the Eton bowling.

I need not say with what a pang of regret I had at last to take leave of Dr. Balston and my tutor. The former had been most kind to me in all the dealings I had with him as the captain of the Eleven. He had never said no to anything I had asked him. He was a most perfect gentleman in every way, and I should say there never was a head-master more popular or beloved than he was. I had a long talk with him, and when I had deftly secreted the envelope containing the bank-note on the table,\* and had received his leaving-book, I felt quite down in the mouth, and shall never

\* It was customary in those days, when taking leave of the head-master and tutor, to leave your school fees in an envelope on the table. This has now been altered.

forget his, "God bless you, Lubbock," as I shook hands with him for the last time. As to taking leave of my tutor, I was far more nervous and "jumpy" than I ever was in any Eton and Harrow cricket-match, and afterwards hardly remembered anything I said. I know I talked many platitudes about the jolly time I had had in his house, and thanked him for all his kindness, but all that I distinctly remember is that he made me promise to come down to Eton and see him as often as I could. He gave me a fine leaving-book. Leaving-books were given by the boys at this time, and I had over a hundred and thirty given me, chiefly of the unreadable sort, although there were some nice ones among them.

I finished up the half by rowing down to Putney (boys often used in the summer to go down the river to some place near London on their way home, and leave the boat to be taken back) with Long Phipps and Sam Corkran; we had a lunch and a bathe at every weir on the way down. How often have I wished I could have that last summer half again! Yet the post of captain of the Eleven is no sinecure, and the anxiety of the school matches is great. As far as my age was concerned, I could have stopped at Eton two more years, and I had sundry offers of presents if I would do so. One Old Etonian offered me a good hunter; another keen Old Etonian cricketer £25, and when I refused it, increased his offer to £50; another promised a bat every time I made ten runs; these and many other inducements were held out to me, but I had had enough. Many of my old friends had left, and most

of the others were then leaving; the main attraction to me was gone, and I didn't care to stay. I had lived happy, and departed with a feeling of attachment and regret, which years since past have confirmed and heightened. All my old sympathies and strongly-knit associations came rushing upon me on my last day. My dreams have often taken the form that I am still at Eton, happy and careless—now that it is my turn to go in at cricket in Upper Club; now bathing in the Weir; or that I am running down with the ball in the field, or going in for shies at the wall. The bad dreams, too, come in—I can't say a word of my repetition; can't construe a line of my lesson, and am in dire fear that I shall be called up every minute; can't find my bat anywhere, or my turn won't come round to go in. Such visions often haunt my dreams still. I suppose it is the same with all Old Etonians, and as long as one lives, the pleasures and discomforts of one's youth will haunt one's sleep.

Among the many boys of all sorts whom I knew—and one does not spend over nine years of one's life at a public school like Eton without knowing a great many—I only remember one Etonian who, I might say, went hopelessly to the bad. Poor H——! He was a jolly, cheery boy at Eton, went into the Army, raced, gambled, etc. One day I was at Tattersall's, buying a horse, and I met him there selling his horses. He was very excited, and cursing his luck. Shortly after this he was driving a hansom cab; and he soon fell lower still, and, I am told, died before he was thirty.

Among so many, one can know intimately only a

few, and beyond the limits of one's house and division there are many one can know only as casual acquaintances. But, go where you will, Eton is a passport to intimacy for the time. As an example of this, I can give rather an amusing story of poor Billy (Bishop) Selwyn, who was a great friend of mine for many years at Eton. John Richardson were his proper Christian names, but he was always known as "Billy." He had been in the Eight, won much distinction on the river, and kept the Field. He was a sad cripple, during the latter part of his life, from rheumatism, brought on by malarial fever, which took possession of him in the unhealthy islands of Melanesia, of which he was for some time bishop. On his return from Melanesia, he had to attend some clerical meeting at Cambridge. The subject was dull—as far as things ecclesiastical can be dull—but his attention was arrested by one of the speakers. There was something which seemed familiar in the grim pertinacity with which he held to his points, and in the dogged amiability with which, with elbows well "in," he seemed to grind a writhing opponent. It must be—it was Smith. In a moment the Tridentine articles were swept to the winds. Theology went to the "wall," and the bishop, melted into the boy, was back again in the strain and stress of a great match, in the fruitless attack and never-flinching defence, in one crowded hour of glorious life, "Collegers and Oppidans" of 1861.

There is a sort of freemasonry that exists among Old Etonians. All schools have the tendency, but not to such a marked degree as Eton. Wherever you go—

Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, anywhere or any place in the world—it is all the same: “You were at so-and-so;” “I was at this or that tutor’s;” “Do you remember ‘Long Smith,’ ‘Little Jones,’ or ‘Fat Robinson?’” So the conversation runs on, and the speakers fall at once into the familiar Eton talk, and so are able to exchange mutual remembrances of their school days.

It was at one time the custom to send boys very young to Eton, and take them away early; but this has been found out to be a great mistake. Boys leaving young do not have the same chances. If a boy is a prig, the probability is that he remains priggish; if conceited, the conceit is never properly driven out of him. One can almost invariably tell a man by his outside manners or something—I can’t say exactly what—if he has had a full spell of public school life. One has often heard the remark, “So-and-so. Ah, poor fellow, he never had the chance of being well kicked at school!” or, “He never had that or this licked out of him.” It is not the kicking or the licking, it is the manners, customs, and life of the latter days of the school life of a boy that make him see his faults without his knowing it; make him find his own level, and become the agreeable and sensible being he ought to be. It is the last few years of a boy’s school career that form, so to speak, the crowning point, not only the most beneficial, but often the most enjoyable part of his whole existence.

I believe Lady Ashburton quotes as her experience, that the only lasting ties are those existing between racing men, adding that the reason might possibly be



found in the fact that each man knows something which might hang the other. This is a somewhat cynical view of the case, and although it cannot be disputed that the closest of school friends very often drift apart in after life from differences of position, occupation, and circumstances, and the common associations of early youth may be forgotten, yet I believe that Eton friendships are more free from this drawback than, perhaps, those of any other school.



## CHAPTER XIV.

## FAGGING, BULLYING, BETTING, ETC.

Duties of fags—No cricket fagging—Dictating punishments—Influence of fag-masters—Beneficial effect of the system—Little bullying at Eton—"Drawing"—"Fat Fe"—"Greening"—Running away—Declining a swishing—"Cold pig"—Fighting—Betting and gambling—Sweepstakes—Ascot Races—Sayers' fight with Heenan—Sayers' circus at Windsor—Card-playing—Smoking—Billiards.



**D**URING my time at Eton fagging was not severe, certainly not in my tutor's, and, as far as I knew, not generally throughout the school. If an upper boy wanted a lower boy to send on any errand, it was the custom for him to put his head out of his door and to shout "Here," and as the last comer was chosen for the job, the boys bolted to the sound as fast as they could. Toasting, when fires were allowed, boiling eggs, helping to make an omelette, frying sausages, were the chief features of the breakfast and tea fagging; expeditions to the sock shops to get a shilling's-worth of ham, sausages, spiced beef, pulled bread, or something of that sort, were also common

occurrences. The worst task I ever had to do was to go up to the White Hart to order breakfast for some upper boys. Cricket fagging was not allowed as it was at Winchester; this was considered very advisable, as it would very likely have caused boys to take a dislike to the game, and have made it still less popular than it was. As it was, out of about 800, quite two-thirds went in for boating, and, allowing for a considerable number of loafers, the number of "dry-bobs" was disproportionate to the size of the school. As cricket improved and more opportunities were given, this was not so much the case. The fagging depended a good deal on the class and feeling of the uppers. Some fagged unnecessarily and at every opportunity, while others, more sensible and forbearing, hardly fagged at all. One of the worst forms of fagging, although I do not believe it was carried to any excess, was making boys dictate punishments; this, of course, involved either docking their own work, or causing them to stop indoors when they might have been more profitably engaged enjoying themselves in the games.

A fag's master ought to have great influence for good or bad on the fag, and is most culpably responsible if he does not use it for good; he should also be most careful that attendance on himself should in no way interfere with the fag's meals, lessons, or play. I never came across any really bad case of fagging, but there were certain boys who had a character for such delinquencies, more especially one boy in college who rejoiced in the cognomen of "Louse." Mr. Brinsley Richards seems to make out that crib fagging was customary,

and that it involved two to work, *i.e.* one to read out of the crib, and the other to "keep cave;" but this I believe to be a "literary licence," and during my time I never saw anything of it. That fagging did good I am quite certain; it took cheek and conceit out of some, smoothed off the rough edges of others, and generally proved to be an excellent and beneficial discipline.

Bullying there was not very much of, though there were a certain few who were very well known for possessing that propensity. One I knew well; he nearly drowned me once in Cuckoo Weir. One of his chief delights was to get a boy in deep water, then, putting his hands on his shoulders, to shove him down. One day he did this to me two or three times running, and as I was then only a tyro in the art of natation, I had a very bad time of it, and got so blown and flustered at last, that some other boys came to my rescue and made the delinquent shut up. After leaving Eton, this boy became a crack rider across country. Report used to have it that there was a lot of bullying in college in the Long Chamber, and there may have been; indeed, I have no doubt there was at one time, but by the time I went to Eton this had almost all been stopped and done away with.

Although what I call actual bullying was dropped, there was a considerable amount of what we used to call "drawing," or what I believe to be called in the present day "ragging." One boy in particular I remember at my tutor's, of whom, when nothing much was going on, and we had little to do, we used to say,



"Oh, let us go and draw H——." This began with a little mild chaff at first, but H—— used very soon to lose his temper as well as his head, and the visit usually ended by wet towels and sponges being thrown at him, and if we could coax him out of his room, the fun was for one or two of the boys to go in, and, while one held the door, pretend they were breaking his pictures, throwing his books about, and all that sort of thing. After shouting in vain for the maid, who of course kept out of the way, knowing all the time it was only a lark, he used to rush off shrieking, to try and find my tutor. Naturally, by the time my tutor arrived we were all very busy in our rooms, doing derivations, maps, or something. If this boy had only had the *nous* to take no notice, and not care two pins about it, it would have been no fun at all, and we shouldn't have gone near him.

There was another boy in the house at the same time, very fat and extremely modest, who went by the name of "Fat Fe;" he always had a bath in the morning, which at that time was a luxury confined usually to one or two of the leading upper boys; so we used to wait till he was well settled in his bath, and then, when we heard him splashing and puffing away, we would open the door wide and shout to the maid that Mr. —— wanted her immediately. This used to make him very angry, so of course we used to try it on pretty often. Here again, if he had quietly gone on with his ablutions and taken no notice, it would have been no amusement to us.

Of course, hoaxing or "greening," as it was called,

was common in the case of new-comers, but it only prevailed among lower boys, and was considered entirely *infra dig.* among the uppers. One case of hoaxing I well remember; it was practised on a boy who was by way of being a bit of a "sap." He had been one day found fault with by my tutor for being idle and not having done his verses or some other lesson properly. There was another boy who was a very good copyist of handwriting, so we got him to draw out a "bill" in imitation of my tutor's handwriting, and forge the signature:

IN THE BILL,  
*X, Y, Z, for idleness.*

J. L. JOYNES.

The victim was then told that my tutor had complained of him, and was going to have him flogged, but that, having left the bill on his desk in pupil-room, another boy had found it and surreptitiously abstracted it. He wouldn't believe it at first, but, the forged bill having been produced, he thought, of course, it was all right. He was thus kept on tenter-hooks for some time, every school expecting the sixth-form præpositor to make his appearance and report that he was "wanted after school" by the head-master. After a while he was told of the hoax, and he took it very good-naturedly, and thought it a good bit of fun. I must confess, however, that there was one rather bad piece of bullying, so much so that the two Collegers (it happened in college) who were found out were not only severely flogged by Dr. Goodford, but turned down six divisions, from Upper Fifth to Fourth Form—rather a come-down, but I believe

they thoroughly deserved it, and it had a good effect on any that were at all inclined to similar practices. There were only some five or six cases of fags running away, and only two of these, as far as I knew, seemed on account of bad treatment, and they were Collegers. They were away for a week, and finally caught at Harwich, whither they had found their way, being bent on going off to sea. The other cases were as much from a dislike of school discipline as anything, and two of the boys in question seemed to have a special predilection for slipping off. Spankey, the bun and jam "wall man," was usually despatched after the runaways, and generally brought them back in triumph. One very fat boy, named W——, had an exceeding dread of being swished, and petitioned his father to take him away when this penalty was imminent; but his father said he would take him away, but he was first to return and receive his flogging. This the boy eventually did, and then retired from the school—rather an ignominious way of taking leave.

"Cold-pigging" boys who wouldn't get up in the morning was very common. I am sure I saved one boy no end of punishments. "Nebby D——" was a clever boy, and used to do some verses, Sunday questions, and other little services for me, so it was to my advantage, to a certain extent, to keep him properly up to the mark. He was dreadfully idle and passionately fond of reading novels, which, by hiding the ends of tallow candles in his bed, he was able to do after the lights had been taken away. The result was that he was so tired and sleepy in the morning that he couldn't be

roused. I used to make a point of going into his room as soon as I had finished my bath, with my wet sponge, and give him a thorough good "bustling up." Some used to put off getting up till the last moment, and rush into school half dressed, boots unbuttoned, or perhaps with only pumps on.

There was a story of a boy who boarded at Wolley's, who used to wait in bed till he heard the clock begin to strike seven, and was in his place before it had finished. This may be believed by any one who likes to do so.

As to "fighting;" regular agreed-upon, pitched battles were very few and far between, and the few that took place were only among the small and lower boys. I only had one fight, and that arose in the football field when I was a lower boy; it was with a boy named Thomas, and beyond his giving me a black eye, and my making his nose bleed, no harm was done. The biggest fight that I can remember was between R. E. L. Burton and Charles Tayleur; the former was a very big, strong boy, and the latter also strong and wiry. They fought three times for about an hour, and it eventually ended in a drawn battle, with a shaking of hands. Burton was afterwards in the Eight, and after that in the Oxford crew; he boarded at Carter's, and I steered him, with Charley Lawes as bow, in their tutor's sweepstakes, which they easily won.\* Tayleur was a very good runner, and won the mile race in '59. At this time fighting was looked upon as rather bad form, and an occasional report that a fight was to come off in Sixpenny, or behind the

\* They afterwards won the pulling together.

gasworks, was received with little interest; yet I must confess my views rather coincide with those expressed in *Etoniana Ancient and Modern* as follows:—

"In the matter of bullying, fagging, and fighting—which in ancient times made a public school a world of awe to tender-hearted English mothers—modern Eton has become what even they would call a model school. It never had at any time the evil reputation which formerly attached to Westminster and Winchester on these points. So smooth and even does the course of schoolboy life run there now, that Etonian fathers are apt sometimes to doubt whether their sons do not find things made rather too pleasant for them—whether a little more of the hardening process in boyhood might not be absolutely good for those who will not find grown-up life entirely a bed of roses. They do not feel sure that it was not wholesome even for a small marquis to have to use his fists; or for a duke, upon his first entrance into public life, to get that "extra kick" which was once his traditionary welcome at Eton, and which might serve as some counterpoint to the extra compliments which society was sure to award him hereafter. They look back to that wager of combat between Dreadnought and Defiance in the playing-fields, or the great "Battle of the Barges," and of the "Boys and the Butchers" (dim tradition even amongst the oldest of their band, which unhappily seem to have found no *sacer vates*), and say to themselves, perhaps with some natural exaggeration of the past, that Eton had its giants in those days. When they read in the evidence of a modern Etonian, questioned by an old



Etonian Commissioner, who is surprised to find the boys never fight, the naïve explanation "that he supposes it is because they funk each other," they protest against it as a libel on the school. It is with grim satisfaction that they hear still of collar-bones broken and knees put out in the fierce football bully, when heroes meet "at the wall." For they have not forgotten the great Etonian captain who said that the "Battle of Waterloo was won in the playing-fields of Eton." But, modern or ancient, Collegier or Oppidan, they hold fast by the old school, wonderfully unchanged in tone and feeling amidst the many social changes which it has only shared with the larger world outside, and still maintaining, not only in their own partial estimate, but by the hearty and generous testimony of non-Etonians, the charter of the "Eton gentleman."

As to betting and gambling, I do not think much of this took place. Some used to put a few shillings or half-crowns on a horse sometimes, and I well remember "Old Fisherman" being a great favourite for the Ascot Cup with the boys. I think he won it for two or three years running; and for the Derby we often had a fancy. There was generally a school sweepstakes for this race, and "Snip" or "Jobey," the tap "cave" look-outs, having the reputation of being experts in these matters, generally had the organization of the lottery. By a curious coincidence, it almost always happened that there was one more ticket wanted to make the names and horses come out right, and this they took for themselves, "to make things square;" and by another extraordinary coincidence of luck, they invariably drew

one of the first favourites. Some boys, when they had a chance and enough time, used to run over to Ascot; but I think it was more for the swagger of the thing, and in order to say they had been there, than for their enthusiasm for racing. If they were caught they were swished. I remember a party of four going over once; they were J—, P—, M—, and H—. They went over disguised with wigs and spectacles. J— and P— having met a gipsy woman, and being chaffed by her about their wigs, etc., took off their disguises, and had no sooner done so than they met Little Day face to face, and were promptly recognized, and had to undergo the ordeal of a swishing. The other two were not caught, and returned to Eton in safety.

There was one event which caused a considerable amount of interest among the sporting fraternity of the school, and that was the fight between Tom Sayers and John C. Heenan, otherwise styled the Benicia Boy, for the championship of England's belt and £200 a side. Heenan was born of Irish parents at West Troy, New York, but when twelve years old was sent to his uncle at Benicia, in California, hence the appellation of the "Benicia Boy." *Bell's Life*, then the best sporting paper of the day either for cricket, boating, racing, fighting, in fact anything connected with sport of any kind, was eagerly waited for on Saturdays, and the latest accounts of the men carefully scrutinized. We all backed Tom Sayers, the Englishman, naturally. The fight was one of the most extraordinary on record, lasting two hours and six minutes, with thirty-seven rounds, the betting

constantly veering round from 2 to 1 on Sayers to 6 to 4 on Heenan. As early as the sixth round, when stopping one of Heenan's tremendous left-handers, Sayers' right arm was broken, and for the remainder of the fight he had the use of only one sound arm. Picture to yourself fighting a practised boxer, a prize-fighter, eight years younger,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches taller, 3 stone 5 lbs. heavier (Sayers was thirty-four years old, 5 feet  $8\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and weighed 10 stone 9 lbs.; Heenan was twenty-six years old, 6 feet 1 inch, and weighed just 1 lb. under 14 stone), in such a condition! It seems simply marvellous that Sayers managed to hold his own all the time, and after the fight was apparently the fresher of the two. There can be little doubt that had Sayers not had his arm broken and been left almost useless, he must have won this memorable fight. At the end of the thirty-seventh round, a general rush was made by the crowd into the ring, with the police striving to take into custody the men and the seconds, and a most furious riot ensued. Nobody seemed to know exactly what took place, except that the umpires and referees were chucked out. There is, however, no doubt that the combatants got together and fought five more rounds in a small space made for them in the crowd, but, there being no referee present, no cognisance was taken of these supplementary rounds, although some accounts give the length of the fight as two hours and twenty minutes, with forty-two rounds. There can be little doubt that, when Sayers found his arm was powerless, he decided that his only resource was to blind Heenan, which he did by going for his right eye first, and never

leaving it till he had completely bunged it up, and then giving all his attention to the other; and he must have nearly succeeded in his intention, for almost immediately the fight was over Heenan went stone blind and collapsed altogether, having to be lifted into the railway carriage, and upon arriving in London he had to be put to bed. Sayers, with the exception of his broken arm, seemed quite fresh after a few minutes, and showed few signs of the fearful punishment he had gone through. As the battle ended in a draw, the two by the oracles of the P.R. were declared equal, and each was presented with a belt, a facsimile of the original champions. There can be little doubt that Sayers must have been a most extraordinary fighter, and had for his size immense strength, which I believe chiefly lay in his thighs and loins, and out of sixteen battles he had only been beaten once by Nat Langham, after fighting for two hours two minutes and sixty-one rounds; he had three draws, and won outright twelve battles.

After this fight Sayers retired from the P.R., and ran a circus, which sometimes visited Windsor. It used to come through Eton from Slough, and Sayers used to be seen driving a pair in his phaeton, with a massive gold chain on, and smoking a big cigar, with an enormous mastiff by his side. After the performance was over, he used to have the gloves on with some well-known member of the P.R., and go through a little mild sparring, and would then hold a sort of *levée*, in which some of the Eton boys would go through the form of being presented and shaking hands with

him. He began to look ill very soon after giving up fighting, and died in 1865 from consumption, at the early age of thirty-nine years and a half. It is a somewhat curious incident that Heenan died in 1873, in the States, at exactly the same age, *i.e.* thirty-nine and a half.

There was very little card-playing in the school in my time, although a quiet rubber used sometimes to take place. In my tutor's we made a patent arrangement with looking-glasses, so that while playing we could see down the passage and thus detect any one coming. I once got caught myself in the manner described in a previous chapter.

There was not much smoking. One or two were rather noted as smokers, and used to smoke on the quiet at the Brocas, or in Eden's shop, or a very small dirty "sock" shop in the street running by the Brocas. Eden was a bit of a dog-fancier, and sometimes kept a dog for a boy, and was often to be seen about college, with a dog under his arm and one or two puppies peeping out of his coat-pockets. Some who did smoke, or pretended they did, were, I think, rather like the young counterjumper mentioned by Dickens, on the outside of a coach, who lighted a great many cigars and threw them away when he thought no one was looking. Except on certain occasions, such as "lush" at the X. after Collegers and Oppidans, there was not much drinking. Tap was without doubt well patronized at times, but on the whole it was almost as much for eating as drinking, and a chop or Welsh rabbit, or bread and cheese and beer, usually constituted the repast.

Oysters and stout and billiards at the White Hart in the winter was often favoured by some, and a very large amount of oysters and stout was often put away during a game or two, the order generally being given to the waiter to go on bringing in oysters till he was told to stop. This was not then so expensive a luxury as it would be in the present day, for oysters then—real natives; none of your blue-points or seconds—were only tenpence a dozen. They were, in fact, so cheap that at my tutor's we often used to have oysters for supper. Tommy De Grey, now Lord Walsingham, and I used often to play billiards and have our oysters. We used to have grand matches; he was a good player and could give me points, but if the luck was on my side, we had some good contests. I forgot to mention two incidents about smoking. I think it was after Collegers and Oppidans, when the usual afternoon "bishop"-consuming ceremony had taken place, and certain boys and some Old Etonians had been smoking, thereby impregnating the clothes of those that hadn't smoked, that the Rev. F. E. Durnford perceived a strong smell of tobacco about H——, generally known as "the Cow." It so happened "the Cow" was not a smoker, and was far more amenable to the laws and regulations of the school than many others; but notwithstanding his protestations of innocence, Durnford said, "I am very sorry I must have you flogged. Oh, H——, H——! 'Procumbit humi bos.'" H—— was very wrath at the accusation, and at the thought of a swishing, never having undergone that operation, so he went to my tutor and strongly expostulated against being put in

the bill, explaining that he had not been smoking, and narrating the circumstances and the reason of his smelling of tobacco. My tutor thereupon consulted my brother Beaumont, who informed him that he had been one of the party, and that he had not smoked, and, moreover, that he never did smoke. The result was that, after some palaver with Durnford, he got off. The other case was of a boy named M. D. T. T——, who was caught smoking and was complained of, but would not take a swishing. There was a great lot of unnecessary fuss made about this, letters from parents appearing in the papers, and the end of it was that the boy was taken away from Eton. During the time I was at Eton, this and the case of Fat W——, who was going to be swished for running away, were the only two cases of boys refusing a swishing.

I may as well mention that Egyptian cigarettes had not at that time come into fashion. The boys who smoked or who tried, had to content themselves with Kitty Frazer's bird's-eye. The said Kitty Frazer kept a small tobacco shop up town, and the shop is still in existence, but whether the beautiful Kitty is still alive or not, I cannot say.

## CHAPTER XV.

### CRICKET.

Cricket in 1854, and in 1863—A professional engaged—Fred Bell—Improved averages—Increasing keenness in the School—No pavilion—Help of Old Etonians—Buttress—Dawes—Muncey—Number of dry-bobs—Harrow cricket—Lord's a fiery ground—Shooters—The art of playing them—Average age of Harrovians—Close finishes—Muncey and Bell—Royal cricketers—The best Eton cricketers of my time—Mitchell "Lyttelton"—V. E. Walker—Summaries and averages—Chaff at Lord's—Three-day matches—Walter Forbes—C. I. Thornton.



THE cricket when I went to Eton in 1854 was very different from what it was when I left in '63. But it really did not take a turn towards improvement till '60. Before the summer of '60 many Etonians, present as well as past, came to the conclusion that it was high time something was done. The repeated easy victories of Harrow, and the bad form shown by our elevens, began to make all Etonians a bit disgusted. After some discussion it was resolved to engage a permanent professional, not only to coach the Eleven, but to give



his advice in all things pertaining to the cricket of the school. Fred Bell of Cambridge was selected, and although not quite A1 as a player, he was decidedly useful, and, what was far more to the point, had a very good knowledge of the game. He often played for the United England Eleven and in other first-class matches, once, in '58, playing for Players *v.* Gentlemen at Lord's, in place of John Lillywhite, who had hurt his foot. In this match Bell scored 5, and not out 33, Players winning easily. As a rule he was not a run-getter, but a good field. His bowling was not grand, but just the sort to coach boys with—very fairly straight, with an occasional half-volley, cocked up on the leg side, that makes my mouth water even now to think of. He certainly taught many to hit, who I think never would have done so had they been coached by a shorter and more difficult bowler. Many found fault with him, but as far as my experience went I always considered him a most excellent coach, and especially in fielding and catching. A man who is not a first-class bat or bowler often makes a better coach than one that is. Anyhow, from '59 to '63, the score considerably increased, as the following table will show:—

ETON *v.* WINCHESTER, '54 TO '59.

710 first innings.

375 second innings.

Total 1085 for ten innings, average 108.

FROM '60 TO '63.

922 first innings.

278 second innings.

Total 1200, average for seven innings, 186.

In '61 Eton's second innings was 66 for one wicket, not counting this as an innings, but scoring the runs and calling the number of innings 6 for one wicket, it left an average of 200 per innings.

ETON *v.* HARROW, '54 TO '59.

311 first innings (Eton's).

438 second innings.

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Total 749, *i.e.* for the ten innings, average 74·9.

FROM '60 TO '63.

514 first innings (Eton's).

890 second innings.

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Total 144, *i.e.* for eight innings, average 175.

From this it will be seen that by the end of '63 the average in these public school matches, as compared with those down to 1859, had nearly doubled. Of course figures may be made to prove anything; and it may be argued that the improvement in the wickets (Upper Club was relaid in '60), or inferiority of opposing sides, may have caused the increase. The former may have had a good deal to do with it, but as to the latter argument, I should say that the Harrow and Winchester elevens had, like our own, been improving.

After '59 C. G. Lyttelton and R. A. Mitchell were at their best, and Harrow had lost their crack bowler, Bob Lang. Still I think the improvement in Eton cricket was more to be ascribed to the more general keenness, interest, and pains taken by the boys. The mere fact of having a professional coach, besides other

well-known pros coming down to bowl and teach, unquestionably tended to produce this result. Before '60 it had always been considered the proper thing to be in the boats. Dry-bobs were looked down upon. Even up to the time I left, the cricket arrangements were somewhat primitive. The luncheon and scoring tents were all right, the same as they are now; but we had no pavilion, and only a wretched little tent under the trees to change in. It was no uncommon occurrence on rainy days to find one's shoes floating about full of water. Our cricket-boxes were brought down in the morning from our tutor's by Jack Joel, who also brought down the flags and stumps from the captain's room, where they were kept. Cricket-bags were then only just coming into fashion. Prior to that time, a cricketer used to be seen arriving for a match with a small hand-bag for his clothes, and his bat separate in a green baize case, if he was an extra swell, perhaps a leather one, with his pads strapped on to it. Boys trying for the Eton Eleven were not allowed to wear flannel trousers, but they had to wear "ducks;" horrid things for running in, especially if they got at all wet. There were no "line-of-sight" canvases. Taking everything into consideration, cricket was not carried on in the comfortable way it is now.

Colonel (now Sir) F. H. Bathurst, Colonel Fred (now General) Marshall, and other Old Etonians, did all they could to improve our cricket by sending down professionals, and at different times we had Buttress, Dawes, Wells, Jimmy Dean, Grundy, G. Wootton, Muncey, and others. I think this and the presence



"MIKE."

(From a Cartoon in "Vanity Fair.")



of two such fine players as C. G. Lyttelton and R. A. Mitchell did a good deal to push the game. Buttress was at one time considered one of the best bowlers of the day, and had the reputation of being able to pitch a ball on a shilling, but although we tried him often, I never saw him bring it off. While at Eton, where he was for some time, I think his thoughts were too much taken up with the numerous bottles of beer he had tied to a stone in the river, as he said, to keep cool, to do really well in the bowling way. His bowling was medium pace, with a curl in from the leg. Dawes was rather fast, but I don't think he ever knew where the ball was going to. Muncey, who was a friend of Bell's, was a lob bowler, not up to much, but good enough to teach boys to hit. Besides the pros, some of the Eton masters and private tutors used to come—E. C. Austen Leigh, A. H. A. Morton, G. R. Dupuis, and others; and I have even seen the present head-master, Dr. Warre, trying his hand, although he always said he knew nothing about dry-bobbing. Altogether we—I mean, those in the Eleven or trying for it—got a good lot of practice and coaching.

I have often heard it asked how it was that out of so many boys (the school then averaged about 820) there were so few really good players. It must be borne in mind that out of this 820, quite three-quarters were wet-bobs, to say nothing of a certain number of loafers. Take the tub-sculling, for instance. It was no uncommon occurrence for there to be over a hundred starters, a great many of these perhaps not in the boats, and as there were only Upper Club, Lower

Club, College, and Sixpenny where it was possible to have a game, perhaps a hundred was the outside limit of those who could be playing at one time. Before the sixties it required no inconsiderable amount of moral courage on the part of a small boy to proclaim himself a dry-bob. At Harrow and Winchester, although the schools contained only about half the number of boys, there was no counter-attraction like the river, and the Eleven at these schools was the chief aim of a boy's existence. At Harrow there was far more interest taken in their cricket, not only by the boys themselves, but by old Harrovians, and with such keen and enthusiastic mentors as the Hon. F. Ponsonby, afterwards Lord Bessborough, and the Hon. Robert Grimston, it is no wonder that they constantly turned out very strong elevens. Up to this date Eton generally produced two or three quite as good, perhaps, as the best two or three of Harrow, but the tails of the elevens were of very different quality, ours showing a great want of tuition in every respect. In 1859 some of the Eleven—W. M. Hoare, W. Young, and my brother Montagu—were wet-bobs, and played in “aquatic,”—or, I might more correctly put it, “village-green”—fashion, going in minus pads and gloves, and slogging at everything with a very crooked bat. Up to and including '59, it was quite possible to be in the Eight and Eleven at the same time. There was no systematic coaching for either. The Eight had no particular race to be coached for, and as there was comparatively no coaching for the Eleven, boys could do what they liked. After that year coaching was more strictly enforced, and a double blue became

an impossibility. Besides what I have already mentioned, Harrow had other advantages. To begin with, their ground far more resembled Lord's in every way, being quick and lively, while our Upper Club was a dull, dead, slow wicket.

After '60, when the ground had been re-laid, it was better, but even then nothing like Lord's, and shooters were very few and far between. How well I remember my first innings at Lord's in '61, being bowled by Cator by a shooter! It was a surprise to me. I was miles too late for it, and had to go home before I knew where I was. I hadn't received such a ball during the whole of the term on the Eton ground. It was no uncommon occurrence in those days to see, out of an over of four balls, three shoot, and the other bump right over the batsman's head. Neville Lyttelton told me he has twice seen all four balls of an over shoot. I can't call to mind actually witnessing this; but playing in *Gentlemen v. Players* at Lord's some few years after I left, I received three dead shooters and one next door to it in one over from G. Wootton. Not only for batting was Lord's so vastly different from the Eton ground, but the fielding was absolutely different. The ground being so fast and fiery, the ball either was past you before you knew where you were, or else bumped over your head. The Eton ground, on the other hand, being more like a well-kept lawn, the ball came slow and true. At Lord's at that time the creases, instead of being marked with whitening, were cut. I never could see any object in this, unless it was to give more trouble to the ground-keeper. People of the present day have



no idea what Lord's was then, and one might now sit for a whole week there watching cricket and not see a single shooter bowled. I have often thought how I should like to see one of the crack orthodox players of the present day (not W. G.; he knows all about them too well) receive one of the old-fashioned bang-bottom-of-the-stump shooters. I expect it would make him "sit up," as they say, or rather sit down in the pavilion, whither I think he would have to go. I don't mean to insinuate that they couldn't play shooters, for if such things existed, men would very soon learn to deal with them; but I mean it would be such a surprise, and would astonish the batsman so much, that he would be quite unprepared for it.

Reverting to the question of the school match, there is one more point in favour of Harrow which I might mention, and that is age. Boys, as a rule, used to stay a good deal longer at Harrow than at Eton. For a match like Eton and Harrow, with all the gallery and excitement, where no small amount of nerve and endurance is required, a year or two in age makes a very great difference. An old choice, for instance, who has had previous experience, has an immense advantage. One year a friend of mine was so impressed by what he heard regarding the disparity of ages of the two elevens, that he actually took the bother to look up and find out the whole of the ages of the two sides. The result was, he told me, that the Harrow eleven averaged nearly two years older per boy than the Eton. This may have been an exception, and possibly there may have been some years when there was no difference, and others when Eton had the pull.

In '61 we had a very young eleven; I myself was only fifteen, and I know Jack Frederick, Sutherland, and one or two of the others were not much more. In fact, I could have stopped at Eton another two years after '63 as far as age was concerned. In mentioning Harrow's advantages, I don't wish to make excuses for Eton's defeats; I merely wish to point out where I consider they were at a disadvantage. Harrow might say, "Granted you have the river, but you have enough boys for both." This is true, but the boys as a rule will be boys, and go where the spirit leads them. The Eton and Winchester matches being played home and home, neither side could be said to have had any advantage as far as the ground was concerned. Winchester had no river, so cricket was all they had to look to, and, moreover, they had cricket fagging, which as a rule made the boys better fields than the Etonians.

In looking over the old scores of this match, it is curious to find how many close finishes took place. The match of 1845, when Dr. Hornby, the present Provost of Eton, J. W. Chitty, F. and C. Coleridge, with E. Macniven, captain, were playing, ended in a tie, both sides making 163, and the last man for Eton, E. W. Blore, a bowler, being run out for 0: Winchester 111 and 52, and Eton 66 and 97. As far as I know, this is the only record of an Eton school match ending in a tie. In '58 Winchester won by one wicket; in '59, by three wickets. In '60 Eton won by 19 runs; and in '62 Eton won by one wicket. This last match, I must say, was won by us chiefly through the bad umpiring of Muncey. I can't quite remember

who it was, but I rather think it was Lionel Dent whom he gave "Not out" when he was most unmistakably caught at the wicket. Muncey had his "little bit" on Eton, and he ought never to have been allowed to umpire. He had been bowling and coaching for some time at Eton, and was a very doubtful customer. After leaving Eton he went to Newmarket and turned racing tout, and went the wrong way altogether. F. Bell did not stay long after I left Eton; he turned lazy towards the end of his time, and went back to Cambridge, where he died of consumption in 1871, aged 41. While at Eton, Bell used to go up sometimes to Windsor Oastle to bowl to the Prince of Wales and the other princes, but, to use his own words, he told me he "couldn't make a job of 'em at all." He was good tempered, obliging, and at times quite amusing. There can be no doubt he did a great deal of good—this is not only my opinion, but Mitchell's, and that of others who ought to know. It is easy enough to make hitters stick, but it is not so easy to make stickers hit, and this Bell, to a certain extent, was able to do.

As regards cricketers during the time I was at Eton, till C. G. Lyttelton and R. A. Mitchell appeared on the scene, I should put down E. B. Fane, F. H. Norman, T. E. Bagge, and J. B. Dyne as about the most useful bats; J. M. Mordaunt and J. B. Dyne as the best bowlers; while E. G. Hornby, Lord Turnour, now Earl of Winterton, B. W. Waud, and C. L. Sutherland, who was a good wicket-keeper and field, might be classed as above the average. After '58, no doubt the Hon. C. G. Lyttelton and R. A. Mitchell were *facile*

*principes.* In batting they were two as fine bats as Eton has ever produced, and I very much doubt whether there have ever been two such fine all-round cricketers in the Eleven at the same time. They were both good bowlers too. I thought C. G. the best in this respect, but a good deal of the latter part of his career at Eton he was suffering from a weak ankle, so was unable to bowl much. Both were good fields and safe catches, Lyttelton especially at point, and he was a splendid wicket-keeper. Their batting differed in many ways, both splendid hitters, especially to square leg. C. G. cut beautifully. Taking him all round, he had a more taking and a neater style than Mitchell, but at the same time was not such a safe scorer. If I had been asked which I would rather see make 50 runs, I should certainly say C. G. The latter was captain in '59 and '60, and Mitchell in '61, my first year in the Eleven. He was a most excellent, painstaking, and hard-working captain, perhaps a trifle too much on the strict side for a boys' eleven, but, next to V. E. Walker and Bob Fitzgerald, the best captain I ever played under. I always put down V. E. Walker as the very best; he was our captain in Gentlemen and Players the first few years I played for Gentlemen. After '60, J. Round, Hon. T. De Grey (Lord Walsingham), Philip Norman, D. Pocklington, and W. M. Hoare, J. Frederick, G. H. Tuck, E. W. Tritton, Neville and Spencer Lyttelton, were all good bats; A. S. Teape, H. B. Sutherland, J. Frederick, the two twin Smiths, O. G. and G. S., Hon. F. G. Pelham, and Spencer Lyttelton, all good bowlers, but Teape the best. In '60, L. Garnett was put into the

Eleven at the last minute to play Harrow, but was not a success, and had A. L. Ricardo been played, the match might have ended in a victory for us, instead of a draw. The great failure of the Eleven of '60 was the collapse of Spencer Smith. He commenced the term with brilliant success as a medium-pace left-handed bowler, and at one time looked a certainty for the Eleven; but, as is often the case in a young bowler, he was over-bowled, and by the end of the half was no good at all, and not even in the Eleven.

From '60 to '63 we had good elevens. In '62 we beat Harrow by 54 runs, this being the first year we had won this match since '50. '61 and '63 were draws, not much in favour of either side, and might both times have ended in a close and exciting finish. While I was in the Eleven, I considered '61 quite as good as '62, but I thought '63 was better than either. The averages for the elevens in school matches only for these four years work out thus :

1860.			1861.		
Runs.	Inns.	Average.	Runs.	Inns.	Average.
1675	11	152	1827	12	152
1862.			1863.		
Runs.	Inns.	Average.	Runs.	Inns.	Average.
2261	16	141	2513	12	209

I have given '60 the advantage of counting their second innings *v.* Harrow, when they made 221 for eight wickets, but in the others I have only taken finished innings, including first and second. It is curious that '60 and '61 should come out the same. Our 444 in '63 helped that

year a good deal, but we had one or two very bad scores owing to wet wickets, notably 83 *v.* M.C.C. and 91 *v.* I.Z. Up to and including '63 there used to be a great deal of chaff at Lord's, but I must confess I think our boys were the worst offenders. Such shouts as "Who shot that marker?" in the supposition that some Harrow boy had accomplished that performance; "Take your hands out of your pockets," was another shout, due to a report current at Eton that the head-master of Harrow had issued a mandate that all the boys' trouser-pockets were to be sewed up. "Bub, bub, bub, bowl" and "Sneaks," when an under-handed bowler went on, were the common cries. If a catch was missed, especially a "gaper," the most derisive hoots and yells were indulged in, but all this was nearly put a stop to after '63. Although there was this sort of acrimonious chaff at the time, after leaving school, Eton and Harrow boys were the best of friends, and played together in I.Z. and other matches with the greatest friendship.

Three draws in four years raised the question whether some alteration wasn't necessary to ensure the match being played out, but nothing was done, and the idea dropped; but more recently, since there have been fifteen unfinished out of forty matches, the question has been again raised, and the head-masters of the schools approached by the M.C.C. The Harrow authorities were ready to assent to a three days' match, but Eton, on the other hand, thought that, considering the encroachments made on the school work by Henley, Bisley, and the Eton and Winchester, it was not desirable to acquiesce in the proposal. So the matter was left in *statu quo*.

It is curious that, although the Eton and Winchester match, Rugby and Marlborough, and other school matches are generally brought to a conclusion in the two days, the Eton and Harrow should so often be left unfinished. The Walkers and some others are anxious to see the match played in the holidays, and three days if necessary allowed; others would like to see it home and home, but I think most prefer it as it is. I myself should be very sorry to see it removed from Lord's, upsetting all the old traditions under which the match has now been played for so long, and I think most old Etonians are of the same opinion. Of course there is too much of a picnic, and there are too many spectators there like the lady who was heard to remark, that it would be all very nice and jolly if it wasn't for the cricket, or like another who, I heard, told Lord Coventry, "he oughtn't to allow horses in the paddock at Ascot; it was dangerous." There are too many of this sort about at the match, but I don't see how that can be helped. Anybody that can pay his or her half-crown has a right to go, and if he or she doesn't care a rap for the game and likes to see the people and dresses, nobody can interfere.

After '63 many fine cricketers made their appearance in rapid succession, including C. I. Thornton, C. J. Ottaway, G. H. Longman, A. W. Ridley, Alfred and Edward Lyttelton (out of eight brothers Lyttelton, seven were in the Eleven, and the other would have been but for having a bad back and not being able to play), Walter Forbes, C. T. Studd, Hon. Ivo Bligh, Lord Harris. I always had a great admiration for Walter

Forbes as a cricketer, and thought him a good deal more useful than some of the others I have mentioned, and it was a great pity that after leaving Eton he couldn't play more in first-class matches; he would have been a most valuable acquisition to his county, as well as Gentlemen and Players. He could throw a cricket-ball further than anybody I ever saw, and I believe still holds the record of 132 yards, which he threw at Eton in '75 with a wind behind. "Billy the aboriginal," at Clermont, Australia, is supposed to have thrown 140 yards, but I don't think it was properly authenticated. C. J. Ottaway and C. T. Studd had perhaps the best defence, but without doubt Thornton was the finest hitter. He was certainly the finest hitter I ever saw. He hit 168 yards at Brighton in 1871, the distance being carefully measured by the Rev. S. Pycroft. W. Fellowes, about the year '56, is supposed to have hit on the Christ Church ground at Oxford 175 yards, but there was never proper evidence to verify this. Bonner, the Australian, is supposed to have once driven 160 yards at Melbourne. Thornton also hit 152 yards in a North and South match at Canterbury, and the same distance once playing at the Orleans Club, both carefully measured. Lord Harris, Ivo Bligh, and A. N. Hornby, who ought to know, and had many chances of seeing both, hold for Bonner being the further hitter of the two. I have certainly seen him hit a tremendous way, once especially while playing against England for Australia at the Oval, when he hit a low ball right over the canvas facing the pavilion. I should say, taking their best hits, there was not much difference in



distance, but that Thornton's were more frequent. In the Gentlemen *v.* Players at Brighton in '71, we were both playing for Gentlemen (it was a match for John Lillywhite's benefit), and I shall never forget it. Thornton only had eight balls, off which he scored 34, 7 fours and 1 six. Fifteen years later, playing for Gentlemen of England *v.* I.Z. at Scarborough in '86, he made 107 not out, the innings being made of 8 sixes, 12 fours, 2 twos, and 7 singles. Once at Canterbury, in playing for Kent *v.* M.C.C., he hit all four balls of one over of V. E. Walker's all clean out of the ground, the last hit was the best, going rather low over the I.Z. tent. I was in with him at the time. Many can remember him as a boy in the Eton Eleven in '67, hitting right over the old pavilion at Lord's. This was the best hit I ever saw made in this match. Talking of these hits, I have often wondered in which direction it is easiest to make the longest hit. Now there is no leg hitting, since the placing and "sliding off" style of play has come into fashion, but I have seen Mitchell and Lyttelton both make very long hits to square leg; on thinking it over, I think the longest hits I have seen have been those that were nearly straight over the bowler's head.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### ROWING, ETC.

The race against Radley—Comparative weights—Advent of Mr. Warre—Revival of race *v.* Westminster—Excursions to Monkey Island—Old Franklin—A curious hoax—Henley Regatta—Steady improvement in rowing—Collegers and the boats—C. R. W. Tottenham.

IN 1868 Eton rowed Radley for the first time at Henley; it was only a race between the two eights, and not for any cup. The Eton eight only averaged ten stone, which, compared with the averages of later years, seems very light; but it was a fairly good crew, and won by three-quarters of a length after a good race, although the time was not good compared with the Eton times of the present day. There were one or two strong men among them, and in Lawless they possessed an exceptionally fine stroke. The Eight of 1859 was, like the Eleven of that year, an exceptionally bad one; and there was very little doubt that W. M. Hoare, who was afterwards stroke of the Oxford eight from 1861 to '64, and R. Burton ought to have been included in the crew, and I also think that three or four others,

including C. A. Wynne, the captain, would hardly have been considered good enough for any Eton eight of the present day. This year the pulling was won by Burton and Lawes, neither being in the Eight; and Burton won, and Lawes was second, for the sculling as well. As there was no race of any importance, there was no inducement to select the very best eight, or to undergo any coaching or particular training, and the only race the Eight rowed this year was against a scratch crew from Cambridge in no training. On the coming of Mr. Warre to Eton as an assistant master in 1860, the whole tone and form of the rowing underwent a vast change and improvement, chiefly through his instrumentality. He also gave a lot of his spare time to coaching and rowing with the Eight. The Rev. H. Snow, also a master and a fine oarsman, likewise gave a good deal of encouragement and help to the Eight. I believe it was chiefly through Mr. Warre that the race with Westminster, which had been discontinued since 1847, was revived this year, and although it was generally supposed Eton would have the best of it, still the partisans of Westminster thought they might make a good fight. Two gentlemen were selected, to whose care and discretion the whole of the preliminary arrangements were confided. These were Mr. J. W. Chitty, of Exeter College, Oxford (an old Etonian who figured in the Eton eleven in '47, afterwards turning out a fine oar\*) for Eton, and Mr. John Wright, of St. John's College, Cambridge (an old West-

\* It is with sincere regret that I have to record the death of Mr. Justice Chitty while these pages are passing through the press.

minster man), for Westminster. By them it was decided to shorten the distance which had formerly been rowed, and to fix on the course from Putney Bridge to a flag-boat moored off the top of Chiswick Eyot, being somewhere about two and a half miles. Mr. Wright had done all he could in the way of selecting, training, and coaching the Westminster crew. The race was rowed on August 3, in the afternoon about four o'clock. Eton, as was expected, took the lead very soon, and although Westminster rowed very pluckily, they were gradually left astern, and at the point Eton were leading by more than a clear length, and by the Crab Tree they were four or five lengths ahead, and by Hammersmith Bridge, six lengths; in fact, it now simply became a procession, and Eton reached the winning-post, at the top of Chiswick Eyot, fifty seconds in advance; the time for covering the distance being thirteen minutes fifty-five seconds. Although the race was a hollow affair, still it gave a good deal of stimulus to the rowing.

Before the institution of Boating Bill, which I have already described, was started, Monkey Island or Maidenhead Bridge was as far as boys could get within the usual limits of time. "Monkey" was a favourite place, not only on account of the very good beer and food supplied by old Franklin (who, with his high gills, and hands in his breeches-pockets, used to carry on a running conversation with the boys), but as a charming place in itself, with quantities of flowers, bunches of which were sometimes given us by Franklin. It was also a good bit of fun to draw old Franklin and get a

rise out of him. He was rather an old screw, really, and if a boy owed him any money, it used to be a common practice to tell him, "Ah! So-and-so owes you some money, does he? Well, you were an old idiot ever to trust him; he never pays;" or they used to tell him the boy had left and gone abroad, and that he would never see him again, with the result that next day he would arrive in college, high collars and all, to make inquiries about the missing debtor. While on the subject of Monkey Island, I may as well tell a story which I think those boys who took part in the incident to which it refers will well remember.

A certain gentleman appeared at Eton one day with a friend. He seemed to take a great interest in the boys, and to wish to make friends with them. As far as I can remember, he stopped at the Christopher. He was generally to be seen about college, the playing-fields, or on the river, and used to have boys up to breakfast and dinner sometimes. Nobody seemed to know exactly who or what he was. One day he asked some boys up to dinner with him at "Monkey." With fried fish and other "Monkey" delicacies in their mind's eye, the boys gladly accepted the invitation, and upon arriving at their destination, eager for the grand entertainment, they were met by the gentleman's friend, who informed them in the most serious and doleful way that his friend had been taken suddenly ill and had expired in the course of the morning; that the doctor who had attended him could not say what the fatal malady was; that his friend had left his dying instructions that the boys should be admitted to his

death-chamber to inspect the corpse. Rather against their will, they were led up to the chamber and silently ushered in. There sure enough was the gentleman, to all appearance a veritable corpse, his eyes closed, his jaw tied up, etc., etc. The boys all assembled round the bed to take their last farewell look according to his wishes, and were thus absorbed, all in a nervous state of excited regret, when suddenly the bed-clothes flew off, and the supposed dead body jumped out of bed and began dancing round the room, playing a fiddle or some musical instrument he had had concealed under the bed-clothes, with a short pipe in his mouth. The boys were rather taken aback, but of course at once saw what an unpleasant hoax had been played upon them. The dinner came off, a very good one, and helped to put the boys in a good temper; but the wonder to me was, that they didn't there and then pitch the so-called corpse and his friend neck and crop into the river. I believe it afterwards turned out that the gentleman, who belonged to a good family, and was well off, was a bit gone in the upper story, and that his friend, who afterwards apologized to the boys, was a sort of keeper and companion.

In 1861, besides the Westminster race, which again ended in an easy victory for Eton, the Eight entered for the Ladies' Plate at Henley Regatta, and made a very decent show. They were beaten by Trinity College, Oxford, by one and a half length, but beat Radley easily by four lengths. The Eights kept on improving, and the '62 crew was better than '61, and '61 better than '60. In '62 Westminster was again easily defeated,

and for the Ladies' Plate at Henley, Eton again won against Radley, but was beaten by University College, Oxford.

As showing the difficulty of being in the Eleven and Eight at the same time, I may mention that H. Garnett, who had rowed bow in the Eight against Westminster, gave up rowing for a time to try for the Eleven; but, not succeeding in getting in, gave up cricket again and rowed in the Eight in 1861. This Garnett was not a brother of the L. Garnett who was in the Eleven in '62 and '63, but some more distant relation. H. Garnett boarded at Drury's, and Lionel Garnett at Wolley's. The Eight of 1863 had a very valuable addition in F. Willan, Seymour Corkran, and W. W. Wood, three oarsmen at that time hard to beat; but although they defeated Radley at Henley again, they succumbed to University (the holders of the cup). In 1864, when I think they had a stronger crew than any of the former years, they won the Ladies' Plate, defeating Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and Radley. This year, 1864, was the first year for a long time that a Colleger figured in the Eight. Reginald Godfrey Marsden, King's Scholar, was a strong oar, and before being in the Eight had been captain of the Collegers' Four. The Collegers never, "well, hardly ever," entered the boats, as it was considered too expensive a luxury for those on the Foundation; but they used to have a four and colours, in which they used to row as often as their school responsibilities would allow them. It was no wonder the Eight of '64 was such a fine one, when amongst them were such names as John Henry Mossop,



S. Corkran, F. Willan, W. W. Wood, Sir A. Lambe, Charles Stancliffe Newton, etc., and, besides, considering that they had the great advantage of the coaching and advice of Warre, who at that time was second to none in the knowledge of training, and all subjects pertaining to the science of bringing out fine oarsmen. In '63, Eton possessed in C. R. W. Tottenham the best coxswain, in my opinion, who officiated in that capacity while I was at Eton. He afterwards steered the Oxford crew to victory four years running, from '64 to '68. From this distance of time it is difficult to individualize any particular oar as the best of my contemporaries; but I should put down Robert Lewis Lloyd; Thomas Calthorpe Blofeld; George Lane Fox; Tom Baring; "Paddy" Hon. F. Lawless, now Lord Cloncurry; E. T. "Cow" Hankey; George Morrison, Walter M. Hoare, who, as I have already mentioned, stroked Oxford from '61-'64, as about the best and strongest up to '59. After that year, C. B. Lawes, R. E. L. Burton, W. R. Griffiths, F. Willan, S. Corkran, W. W. Wood. A. Hall, quite a light weight, and J. H. Mossop were about the pick to 1864. In later years Eton has produced some splendid men; but I think, taking them all round, the ones I have mentioned would be very hard to beat.



## CHAPTER XVII.

## BOYS' CHANCES.

Anxious parents—My brother Beaumont—Workers and Idlers—Increased opportunities—Indulgent parents—Encouragement in games—ROBIN LUBBOCK'S CHAPTER—Chances for cricketers—Coaching football—Colleger's football—MEMOIR OF ROBIN LUBBOCK—Private school—Early successes—Fives—Cricket and Football—In the Eleven—Love of Eton—His death—Accounts of Matches—As a debater—Is life worth living?—Passionate love of hunting—Presentiments—His popularity—Maxims.

I HAVE been often buttonholed by fond parents, who have sons at Eton, and questioned as to how it is that their sons can't get on at Eton in cricket and other pursuits. I can explain the conundrum in a very few words. "It's the boys' own fault." I know that when I first went to Eton, it was the idea that we not only learnt nothing, but even forgot what we already knew when we went there. A rather amusing story is told of my brother Beaumont. One day, being asked some question by his tutor, and not being able to answer it, his tutor said, "Well, I am surprised; I am sure your younger brother could have answered my question."

"Yes, sir," replied Beaumont, "I dare say he could, but then he has not been so long at Eton as I have." If a boy really wanted to work and wished to get on, everything was put in his way, and any amount of pains was taken. On the other hand, if any one wouldn't try, it was impossible, considering the number of boys, to make him. It was a case of one man can take a horse to a pond, but twenty can't make him drink. It was exactly the same in the matter of cricket and other games. If boys worked at anything, and showed they had any special aptitude for any particular game, they were discovered soon enough, and found their own level. There are some who won't work at anything, and are like the rustic who went to the doctor and said he ate well, drank well, and slept well, but didn't know how it was, the mention of work made him "go all of a tremble all over." Many parents, too, are apt to overestimate the powers and capabilities of their sons, and, if they remember their Horace, should bear in mind his "*non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum*," and must also remember that out of about a thousand boys, in the year, there is only one Eight, one Eleven, and one Newcastle scholar. At the present time, especially in cricket, they have far more opportunities than we ever had; there are many more grounds, and therefore more chances of getting into games and getting runs, more football fields, and, I believe, more than ten times as many fives courts; more masters, and more subjects taught. Boys are now more comfortable in every way than we were; they are better fed, and have far

more pocket-money than we ever had. From what I am told, I think some have a great deal too much of the latter, far more than they can spend in the ordinary way. Really, from what I hear, it would not in the least surprise me to learn that some of these rich gentlemen had adorned the walls of their sons' rooms with pictures from the Royal Academy. I have already said it is a boy's fault if he does not get on according to his merits; at the same time, he must have a certain amount of "gumption" and "go" about him, and push his way, and remember that the "most pugnacious cockerel in the brood generally makes the best cock."

I have often thought it might have been beneficial to Eton cricket to give some sort of prizes, such as they have at Harrow and some other schools. I believe at Harrow they give a prize for the best average, also for the best bowling analysis, and the best catch of the term. They have none of these at Eton. It is true, if a boy makes a good score, he often gets a bat or two given him, and I hear Mr. Ainger, now assistant master at Eton, very liberally gives a bat to a boy if he makes 50, or if he bowls five or six wickets; but this is only private generosity, and not in any way connected with the school. We have heard of fathers giving their sons in the Eton and Harrow match £1 a run and £5 a wicket. Of course, fathers can do what they like in the way of giving boys money, but I think some give their sons a great deal too much—in fact, far more than they can possibly want, and the majority of it finds its way into the shopkeepers' pockets or is

squandered away. I have heard of boys having £50 a term, besides free orders at all the shops. This I consider not only a great mistake, but rather unfair on the poorer parents who can't afford to allow their sons such extravagances.

As possibly some may think I am only an old fogey and know nothing about it, I may as well mention that I have now a son at Eton; have had two there since '90, who were both in the Eleven for two years, and high up in other games and in the school; and I now give what my second son wrote concerning a boy's chances of getting on at the present day.

“CRICKET AND FOOTBALL AT ETON.

“I am often being told by some parent of a new boy at Eton, ‘My boy says he can't ever get a game of cricket, and has nothing to do. What a disgraceful state of things!’ etc. I know this is an idea prevalent amongst a lot of parents, but from a very recent five years' experience at Eton, I can safely say that they are under a wrong impression. A lot depends upon the boy himself. If he is keen, energetic, and wants to get on at games, he can always get a good chance. There are seven games going in Lower Sixpenny, and if not picked up in the first two, one must go to one of the others; one is sure to have one or two pals in one of the games, and when once picked up the rest depends upon one's self. We will say a boy starts his first summer half in third game in Lower Sixpenny; he makes runs, perhaps fifty. Then the chances are he

gets picked up in the second game ; if he makes a lot of runs there, he probably gets promoted to first game. If, on the other hand, from the start he never makes a run, he must be content to play in the lower games. Of course a name helps him, as it does in every phase of life. A boy comes up to Eton having been captain of a good private school eleven—he will then probably be picked up in the first game ; or a boy comes who has a brother in the Eleven, and then, if he is a good cricketer, his brother will tell the keeper of Lower Sixpenny about him, and he will be tried in first game. If he makes runs or gets wickets, he stops there ; if he doesn't, he soon sinks to his level. One can't expect the keeper of Lower Sixpenny to know every new boy that has come since the preceding summer ; the boy, if he is worth anything, can get himself picked up in a lower game, and then it rests with himself to make his mark. I have known several fellows get their Eleven who started in the fifth or sixth game in Lower Sixpenny.

The second summer, for one who is no longer a lower boy, is spent in Upper Sixpenny, where there are three games for lower division. Here, if successful, he may get his Upper Sixpenny. And so he moves on, the next summer playing in Lower Club, which represents middle division in the school.

“After Lower Club there comes a crisis. The next summer, if good enough, one is picked up in Upper Club, either first or second game, and has a shot at the eleven. If a mediocre player and not quite “class” enough for Upper Club, one plays in what is called

Middle Club, where there are two games, or another club called Jordan. Here very likely a lot of your friends play, and there is always a game, and you know that if you make a lot of runs or become a "demon bowler," there is a chance of being picked up in Upper Club.

"With respect to being coached at Eton, first Lower Sixpenny have nets three times a week short after four, when two professionals bowl and coach. In Upper Sixpenny and Lower Club and Middle Club the same thing goes on after twelve and after six on whole school-days. Unless a boy is a lazy good-for-nothing with loafing tendencies, he ought always to be able to get a game; indeed, in Lower Sixpenny, one has only to go to one of the two masters who are supposed to keep an eye on the lower games, and they can at once get you picked somewhere.

"I don't know whether all parents expect their sons to get into the Eleven. I'm sure many think that this is the case, but it is nonsense. Every boy is not a cricketer, and you can't expect to get your Eleven unless you do something to deserve it—either make runs or get wickets. You may be quite sure that the very best Eleven possible is always chosen to play at Lord's. Of course, opinions differ. One person thinks so and so good enough for his Eleven, but the captain doesn't, and *vice versâ*; but when playing in Upper Club, there is the satisfaction of knowing you are getting a full chance for your money—you are playing under the eye of the Captain of the Eleven, and the result depends upon yourself.

## " FOOTBALL.

" Now let us change the game, and talk about football at Eton. Here again I have heard the same complaint, and here again I have the same answer: it depends upon the boy himself. As football is compulsory four or five times a week, a boy must be able to get a game. You don't always get a game of eleven a side. I remember my first half as a lower boy, we used to have to go about a mile away to our field. Mine was a small house then, and we played in the same field with three other big houses. Well, on whole school-days we often played six or seven a side, and very good games they were; and, as a contrast, on holiday afternoons we often played twelve or fifteen a side—the more the merrier. We used occasionally to play six times a week, and never had the slightest difficulty in getting a game. Then there were always lower-boy matches being got up, and later in the half the lower-boy cup was played for.

I think there is more keenness over football than cricket. In some houses much depends upon the leaders of the house football; if they are slack, and don't see that the lower boys play their times, and themselves play only about twice a week, and so have very few games, then perhaps there is something to grumble at. But such a state of things is the exception.

" Football is managed in the most ideal way in college, where every one is as keen as can be, and there are wall and field games every day, and every lower boy plays six times a week. If one doesn't feel fit on that, one ought to.

“ Then as a boy gets on at football, and perhaps obtains his house colours, there are always countless scratches going on in the winter half where he can get a good game, and the House Cup comes as a wind-up. In fine, unless a boy is unfortunate enough to be in a very slack house, which plays by itself in one field not conjointly with other houses, and so occasionally fails to keep up the game (but this, I am glad to say, is an exception), every one can play football at Eton, and if a boy doesn't play his times he suffers for his laziness. Some houses fine for it, which is not nearly as efficacious as a good 'smacking.' ”

The foregoing lines have a special and sad significance, as they were the last ever written by one whose life, full of brightness and promise and hope, was suddenly and prematurely cut off by an accident in the hunting-field on December 26, 1898.

It would be inappropriate for me to add anything about his boyish career, but I have been especially requested to insert here the following account of him written by one of his friends at Eton :—

ROBIN LUBBOCK, K.S.

Robin Lubbock was born on January 24, 1879. His first home was in Hertfordshire, among the sights and sounds of the country. He went to school at Stoke House, near Slough, which was at that time under the late Mr. St. J. Parry, whose place was afterwards taken by his son, Mr. E. H. Parry. Here he soon showed signs of promise in his games and at his books ; before



he left he was captain of the cricket and football elevens, and head boy in the school. In the summer of '92 he was seventeenth on the list of scholars at Eton. He came to Eton in September, and went to Mr. Arthur Cockshott's house for one half. In the Lent half of '93 he entered College.

He soon made his mark at all games, gaining his Sixpenny colours in '93, Lower Club and College cricket in the summer of '94, and in the winter half of this year he played for College at the wall and in the field, playing fly on St. Andrew's Day, and forward in the field. In the spring of '95 he won Junior fives with A. D. Pilkington, and won Junior high jump. In the summer he was out of form at cricket, owing to an injured wrist, though he played many an excellent innings for College after Lord's. At the end of the summer half he was elected to Pop without a black ball.

In the winter half he got his school field as goals; and played long behind for the College Field team of '95, which contained four School Fields and the thirteenth man. College thought themselves strong enough to challenge the school at the Field this year, but the match did not come off. At the wall, too, he played long for College. In the College wall book there is the following entry, written by the Keeper of the Wall: "College v. Old College Masters, November 19, 1895. . . . 'Eventually a big cool was sent to Lubbock, who made by far the finest kick I have ever seen at the wall. It went from beyond the ladder, straight for the door, and the goal-keeper fell against the goal in stopping it.'" He got his mixed wall colours after St. Andrew's Day.

In the Lent half of '96 he reached the ante-final of school fives, and was on the fives choices. In the summer he quickly found a place in the Eleven, and continued to score regularly for the school throughout the season. He distinguished himself in both the school matches, his two innings of 36 not out and 37 formed the only redeeming feature in a very poor display of batting against Winchester; while against Harrow he made 56, and together with H. C. Pilkington was responsible for a fine stand for the second wicket, and an addition of 101 runs to the score. Against Haverford, U.S.A., he played a faultless innings of 60 not out, made in an hour and ten minutes out of 105 from the bat. At the end of the season he was top of the school batting averages, with the following record:—

Innings.	Not out.	Highest.	Total.	Average.
12	4	62	288	48·5

His "character" in the *Eton College Chronicle* was as follows: "A fine bat, with a fine style, and a most consistent scorer. Improved greatly in fielding since the beginning of the half."

In the winter half he played long behind for the school, and was a member of Wienholt's Field eleven, which was only beaten once, and won nine out of twelve matches. His character in *E.C.C.* was: "A very useful player; kicks hard and high; seldom makes a mistake, and when he does is very clever at repairing it; he has been of the greatest value to his side; most difficult to pass." This half he was also Keeper of the Wall. He was one of the finest "flying-men" at the wall ever seen;

and, indeed, not only in his skill and his keenness, but also in his early and tragic end, it seems not inappropriate to suggest a comparison between him and a brilliant predecessor, J. K. Stephen. It was almost entirely owing to his inspiring leadership and wonderful kicking that College, who were not expected to win, were victorious this year, and the *Times* gave a true summary of St. Andrew's Day when it said that "R. Lubbock won the match." He had the rare distinction of being on the winning side three consecutive years, when College scored in all 13 shies to *nil*. He was also Keeper of College Field, and played "fly" for them.

In the Lent half of 1897, to his great delight, he was made third whip of the beagles. They had a good season with G. Robarts as master, and equalled the second best record for kills.

In the summer he was second captain of the Eleven; but he did not do so well this year, and was out of luck all through the season. His best performances for the school were making 34 out of a total of 63 from the bat against M.C.C., and 62 against I. Zingari. Against Harrow he made 27 and 13, and finished up fourth on the batting averages. He was a typical Eton batsman of the "Mitchell" school; a few glides, a few cuts, but getting his runs mostly by forward play and drives along the carpet, taking every advantage of his height.

He was Keeper of College cricket for the second year this half; and after Lord's he soon showed that his loss of form was only temporary by playing several magnificent innings for College; and the last time he represented College at any game, he played an innings of

124 not out, out of a total of 172. For College matches he had an average of 45. He might, perhaps, be classed with C. J. Ottaway and F. Marchant as one of the best batsmen College has ever produced. He was also offered and accepted an oar in the *Monarch*, and rowed up to Surley on the 4th of June, thus temporarily reviving an old custom of the early eighties, when the captain of the Eleven used regularly to row in the *Monarch*. He left Eton and went into business in the City in the autumn. Here he had worked steadily for over a year. Most of the few holidays he had he treasured up for the winter, and spent them in his favourite pursuit, hunting. He was already well known with the Belvoir.

He was elected to the Zingari in the summer; and although he had but little time for cricket, he showed he had not lost his form by twice topping the century when playing in friendly matches for his old friend and schoolmaster, Mr. E. H. Parry.

He dearly loved a visit to Eton, and it was but a few weeks ago from the time these lines are written, that he was down there playing against College with all his old brilliancy. He went down to spend Christmas week, and to hunt with his uncle Edgar Lubbock at Grantham. On Boxing Day the Belvoir met at St. Peter's Hill, Grantham. In the afternoon hounds were running, when the field were stopped by some stiff rails at the side of the railway, and Robin at once put his horse at them. They might possibly have been jumped by a good fresh horse, but Robin was on a tired hireling. The horse made no attempt to rise, breasted the rails,

and turned completely over on its rider, inflicting fearful injuries. He was driven back, quite conscious the whole time, nine miles to his uncle's house; and there was an operation the next day. Even if he had lived, he would have been a helpless cripple for life, but peritonitis set in, and he died after two days' agony, at five o'clock on the evening of December 28, 1898.

Such is a short account of his life at Eton, and his death. Though gifted with no mean ability, he cannot be said to have spent much time over his books at Eton (although he was a great reader at home, and took a most intelligent interest in the subjects of the day). The work he took most interest in at school was the essay he wrote weekly for his tutor; he had a considerable command of language, and the essays presented no great difficulty to him. His contributions to this book will serve as an indication that his style, if somewhat colloquial, was descriptive. And, as further examples, a few extracts follow from the accounts of matches, etc., which he wrote in College Wall-book, when he was Keeper of the Wall in 1896. They also give some idea of the effect he had on those who played under him.

On a match that college drew with a strong team of old College masters, he wrote, "I need not say I am intensely pleased with the way College played, and the remarkable improvement since last match; and in future this is our motto at the Wall game, 'SMASH, DASH, AND AT 'EM.' Let College remember this and act up to it. . . . H. played splendidly at third, and . . . I think his *vis-à-vis*, Mr. M., left the field a sourer and



ROBIN LUBBOCK.

*(From a photograph by Hills and Saunders.)*



a sadder man. . . . Well done, College! my heart is now lighter within me."

After another match in which College were beaten, he wrote, "Our outsides were rushed; but still, if we have our motto ever before us, and play up to it, we shall be 'all right.'"

Before St. Andrew's Day: . . . "If the whole of College XI. play with that dash that carried all before it *versus* College Masters, I have no doubt we shall acquit ourselves creditably. . . ."

After St. Andrew's Day: "We have won a glorious victory, and the more glorious that the Oppidans were hot favourites, and were considered a very strong team. College responded nobly to my demands for dash, and played with fierceness and keenness that carried all before them, rendering quite futile the attempts of the Oppidans to make their terrible rushes. . . . And now, Mr. H., don't think I have forgotten you; your hold in the bully before change for four minutes was enough to secure you everlasting praise: but that was not all; time after time you rushed the Oppidans, and the famous W. was powerless before you—in fine, you played grandly. . . . C'est fini, praise is awarded, all is over, and we have won a glorious victory. It was our motto that did it, it was that dash that carried all before it, and it is indeed a pleasure to have been captain of a team that played so magnificently as College did on Nov. 30th, 1896."

These accounts were, of course, written straight off after the matches, without any attempt at composition.

In College Debating Society he took a prominent



part. His old College friends will not soon forget the enlivening effect of his speeches on many a dull debate. He had a wonderful flow of words, and was never at a loss; as a late president once said of him, he was "endowed with an unrivalled command of the wrong phrases." On subjects that really interested him he was frequently really eloquent.

Perhaps a few short summaries of his speeches as written by himself in the books of College Debating Society might be of interest. On the question that "Ireland had been more of a bane than a boon to Great Britain," he said, "Mr. C. shirked the question; Mr. C. could only find fault with Ireland because of the revolutions, which were always the fault of the English, and not to be put down to the Irish themselves. Mr. C. showed dulness of mind, and lack of love of true nature, and a want of sport to dislike Ireland. Where would you go for humour, wit, attractiveness, originality, honesty, rather than to Ireland? Was there ever a place more calculated to appeal to the heart of a sportsman? A country that had bred such horses as Cloister, Birdcatcher, Harkaway, Barcaldine, Russboro, etc., was a country to be revered rather than deprecated."

On the question whether "life is worth living," he said, "There are two ways of looking at the question. The first was the cowardly way, that, owing to troubles and failures of this life, it was not worth living; these latter should be rather stimulated to action, as in everything failure only makes one keener. No; failures and troubles, according to the severest moralists, were

the things that made life worth living; and certainly if life were all beer and skittles, we should not enjoy it half so much. Then there is the other side: we all of us have our ambitions, our likes and dislikes; and there are cases when life is undoubtedly rendered tedious and dull, if one's whole being is centred on one hope, and that hope is irrevocably removed. Then perhaps we would rather die. He himself lived chiefly to hunt; and if by a broken limb, or in some other way, he was prevented from doing so, then indeed life would have lost all its charm, and it would be better to die.

"That now there were not so many things in life to live for as one hundred years ago. No longer could he earn renown and glory by deeds of bravery, or by death on battlefields, as in the wars of Napoleon. No longer can one stir the world with deeds of sport and prowess, such as those of men as Osbaldeston, Ross, Assheton, Smith, etc., men who had made the character of the English gentleman what it was. The present age was a degenerate age."

He also had a good ear for music, though he could not read a note. In the concert College gave in hall, in the winter half of '96, he sang a solo, written by his favourite author, Whyte-Melville. His song was a great success, and he was encored; and he used often to boast of his auspicious *début* as a public singer.

Besides his skill in and genuine enjoyment of all games, he had a real keenness for sport of all kinds. His love for hunting, horses, and hounds was the great passion of his life. On a horse he became beside himself, and in the hunting-field quite reckless. As

an instance of this, on one occasion, when out with the Belvoir last season, he tried to swim an unjumpable brook, got a ducking, and lost his day's hunting in consequence. He was considered a good rider of great promise; but he finally paid a heavy price indeed for his recklessness. He had, moreover, made his mark at other sports. He had killed his first stag on Lord Chesham's moors in Scotland, and brought back the head to adorn his room at Eton. He had also had lessons in driving a four in-hand, and shortly before his death he drove a few friends out of London on a coach for the day. And all this before he was twenty!

His favourite author was Whyte-Melville. He knew a great deal of his poetry by heart; and his letters he frequently annotated with scraps such as—

“What is driving but an art,  
Where man plays the greater part,  
In the blending of two natures into one?”

And—

“The way to cure all woe  
And battle fortune's shocks, is  
Shouting ‘Tally-ho,’  
And preserving foxes.”

And “The jingle of the stirrup is music in me ear; the champing of the bit is pepper and salt in the soup to me.”

In his pocket-book, after his death, the following lines were found in his handwriting, with “My Death-scene” written over them:—

“What a sad spectacle, oh, so unsightly!  
Mangled and bleeding he lies on the plain;  
Steady—they give the word: lift him there lightly;  
Spread the coat over him—let him remain.”

But it was not his skill at games, his love of sport, his talents, that endeared him to so many. These were mere accidents. It was Robin himself we all loved. Words are far too cold and inadequate to give a true impression of him to those that did not know him. As one of his friends said, "One always recognized in him a spark of something more than has touched the common herd of us." He had a charm of manner entirely his own, and a loveliness that none could resist. And this charm was only the natural outcome of an unvarying sweetness and gentleness of nature. His friends were found among all sorts and conditions of men and women, and among all ranks and stations of life—old and young, masters and boys, dull and lively, clever and slow, shy and forward, wet-bobs and dry-bobs. And Robin did not forget his friends, though they were many. A fortnight after his death, an affectionate letter arrived for him from an old Eton friend in Australia, who had been out there some years, in answer to one Robin wrote in September.

He was never known to do an unkind action to, or even to say an unkind word of, any living person, and of jealousy and malice he knew not the meaning; and so he never made an enemy and never lost a friend.

He was always good tempered and high spirited; he could stand any amount of "rag," and was ready to undergo, with perfect good temper, a friendly ducking in Fellows' Pond after "Upper Club" as he was to assist in ducking his best friends.

He was always bright, always courteous. On his last visit to Eton, he, with his usual grace, told a

master who is leaving before long, that his resignation would make a great blank in the Eton world. Who could have foreseen then that it was Robin himself whose loss was so soon to create a much wider blank in his own "Eton world" ?

In one of his letters last year he wrote down what he called a "few hints" on life in general. They were as follows :—

1. Keep clear of the women.
2. Don't crab a person.
3. Don't drink.
4. Never become an egotist.
5. Never override hounds at a check.
6. Throw your heart over, and your horse is sure to follow.
7. Never forget old pals.
8. Never ill-treat dumb animals.
9. Never leave go of the reins.
10. Go to bed early, and get up early.
11. Don't smoke cigarettes.
12. And, far most important, don't forget

Yours,

ROBIN L.

When he left Eton in August, '97, the only opening in life that offered itself to him was in the City ; to this, accordingly, he made up his mind, though most unsuited for it by nature and temperament. He showed his "grit" by the way he stuck to his work, though his heart was in the country all the time. And he showed it again in those two terrible days when he bore his agony with the greatest courage.

And now he rests in the friendly soil of Grantham Cemetery, with only a ditch between him and an open grass field. Here in the summer hunters are turned out to grass; and so, in his last long sleep, he is near to a scene which in his lifetime he would have loved to look upon.

He is indeed gone from our eyes, but in the hearts of us who loved him here he will always live. And when we too, the friends of his boyhood, are nearing our latter end, maybe ten, twenty, or fifty years on, and we look back over our lives to try to distinguish the brightest and best example we have ever known of the true-hearted English boy and English gentleman, *I know* that before the eyes of not a few of us who have "lived and remembered for years apart" will rise at once the image of Robin Lubbock.

C. H. B.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

### SUBSEQUENT CRICKET.

First experiences of first-class cricket—Canterbury Week—I. Zingari—Fuller Pilch—I go to Scotland—A wild cat—I go up the Nile—The season of 1864—The Peripatetics—My banking experiences—Boxing-lessons—"Wholesale holidays"—The murder of Mr. Briggs—West Kent matches—Parr's Australian team—New celebrities in 1864—County cricket—M.C.C. matches—Gentlemen *v.* Players of the South—Lockyer—Surrey cracks—Season of 1865—Chilly cricket—Julius Cæsar's benefit—I tour in Ireland—Season of 1866—M.C.C. matches—Gentleman *v.* Players—I make 200 *v.* R.E.—The Eton Eleven—I.Z. *v.* Lords and Commons—A match at Sandringham—Canterbury.

I HAD hardly left Eton when I was called upon to try my first experience of "first-class" cricket; for the day after I reached home, at the commencement of the summer holidays, I was summoned to Canterbury to take part in The Thirteen of Kent *v.* England, which was in those days generally the opening match of the week. From what I knew of some of our players, I

thought our team was a very weak one; and so it was, but we managed to make a very good match of it, and were only beaten by twenty-five runs. G. Tarrant, who was then in his prime, got most of the wickets, at one time getting three of us in one over for 0. I was one of the victims, being "yorked" about first ball with a fast one. At one time it was pretty well a procession of the Thirteen of Kent to and from the wickets. Willsher was our best professional and best bowler; Fryer, young Tom Sewell (Busy Tom), Goodhew, and Farmer Bennett were the only others; while G. M. Kelson was the best bat at this time playing for Kent.

In the second match, Kent *v.* M.C.C., I got 27 not out, out of 87, and 21 second innings. I had just been made an I.Z., and therefore played for them in the final match against Gentlemen of Kent, making 102 runs; but was out in obedience to a very doubtful decision of old Fuller Pilch, who generally stood umpire during the week, and had often "done himself a trifle too well;" I said, as I walked off, "Fuller, you old duffer, I wasn't out." "Perhaps not," he said; "but you had been in quite long enough." Another time, later on in the Canterbury week, he gave W. G. not out when he was palpably out, and on being remonstrated with, all he would say was he didn't care, he wanted to see him play. I greatly enjoyed the week, especially the theatricals, in which the Hon. Fred Ponsonby, afterwards Lord Bessborough, and the Hon. Spencer Ponsonby, now Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane, were the chief actors.

After that week, the only other match I played was for the Eton Ramblers *v.* West Kent at Chislehurst, in



which I made 59 not out, out of 99, and we won by eight wickets. This was the last match in which S. F. Cleasby played before he went out to India, where he died shortly afterwards. He was playing for the Ramblers, and made 12 runs.

After this I went off to Scotland to shoot, and never played again that year.

While in Scotland, I brought off such an uncommon event that I think it is worthy of record. My brother-in-law, Robert Birkbeck, had a moor and a forest at Wyvis, above Inverness. While he went deer-stalking, my brother Beaumont and myself used to shoot grouse four days of the week, devoting the other two to fishing and pottering about with a gun, picking up a brace or two, or anything that might turn up. One very stormy, windy day, we were coming down the river to fish, he being two or three hundred yards behind me, when, just as I got down to the water, I saw, some distance ahead, something running along the bank, every now and then stopping and looking as if it wanted to get across the river, but was afraid to jump in and tackle the stream. At first I thought it was a hare, and then a fox. I threw down my rod and ran after it, picking up two or three biggish stones as I went. Owing to the wind and noise of it and the stream combined, the animal didn't seem to hear me till I had got about fifteen yards from it; it then stopped and looked round at me. I saw then it was a cat. In an instant I let go one of the stones, catching it full on the side of the head, and it rolled over with a quiver. I ran up to it, and, although I think it was

perhaps only stunned, finished it off in case of accidents. It turned out to be a fine, genuine, wild stump-tailed cat, *Felis catus*. As this animal had become such a very rare British quadruped, it made the occurrence all the more extraordinary. I kept the skin for some time, intending to have it stuffed, but I am sorry to say it was lost.

Upon returning from Scotland, I went up the Nile with my brother Montagu as far as Wady Halfa and the second cataract. There was then hardly even a village. We shot birds and "at" crocodiles, of which I saw any amount, inspected temples, and, on our return, visited Jerusalem and Constantinople, not arriving home till late in the spring.

The first match in which I played in '64 was West Kent v. the Peripatetics, a club composed of old public-school men, and at that time capable of putting in the field a good eleven, although it has since degenerated, and is now, I believe, defunct. It was a good match, and West Kent just won, nearly all four innings being played out. Lord George Hamilton was playing for the "Peris," and although he didn't make many runs, he got six West Kent wickets second innings, clean bowled, fast underhand. At one time he was in with H. M. Hyndman—a curious partnership, considering that one of the men has since become an eminent Conservative statesman, and the other a prominent socialist leader. Among other noted cricketers playing in this match was H. M. Marshall, who was in the Cambridge Eleven for four years—from '61 to '64—and who played several times for Gentlemen; also W. F. Traill, for some years one of the best amateur bowlers in England,

a member of the Oxford Eleven in '58 and '60, and a frequent player for Kent and Gentlemen. I think, as a bowler Traill had about the easiest delivery I ever remember, and could go on all day.

I had then gone into my father's bank, Roberts, Lubbock & Co., with the intention of learning what I could of the business of banking. My father was getting old, and seldom came to the bank, and on commencing my career, the only instructions I received were that I was to ask the head clerk for leave when I wanted a holiday. I had certain qualms of conscience as to taking too many, more especially as I wished to reserve a good amount for shooting and hunting in the winter. I soon found nobody took the slightest notice of me. I was left entirely to my own devices, and as I had no salary, and no fixed work to do, nor anybody to show or tell me anything, I very soon got over any little squeamishness as to my conscience, and took what might be considered by most clerks a very fair amount of holidays. When I was at the bank, I used to slip out as soon as I could and repair to a sort of boxing gymnasium room in Northumberland Alley, down Fenchurch Street, where I spent a good part of the day having boxing lessons from the "Brighton Doctor," the then champion light-weight of the day, and boxing with Bob Travers, Plantagenet Green, and other celebrated prize-fighters. I shall never forget the old clerk's face one day, when I appeared with an unmistakable black eye, the result of a hot round with Bob Travers, in which we had both forced the fighting, and asked if I might have a holiday on Monday and

Thursday to play cricket-matches. "Oh," he said, "I call that taking holidays wholesale" (I think it was Gentlemen and Players week at the Oval and Lord's). When I added, casually, I thought they both might probably last three days, he fairly ran away.

It was while I was at the bank that the celebrated murder of Mr. Briggs by Muller, a German, in a railway carriage, took place. Mr. Briggs, a most charming, handsome old gentleman with a grey beard, was one of the head clerks at the bank, and had been there fifty years. Muller had evidently tried to steal his watch in the train; a scuffle took place, and Mr. Briggs was murdered and thrown out of the carriage. In the excitement of the moment, Muller took Briggs's hat by mistake for his own, and it was the hat that finally led to the identification and hanging of the murderer. Muller, having pawned Briggs's watch and other valuables, got clean off in a sailing-ship to America, and a detective followed in a steamer, and, arriving there first, arrested him on his arrival. He was discovered to be wearing Briggs's hat. Curiously enough, Mr. Briggs's son was a hatter, and could swear to his father's hat, which during the voyage Muller, being a tailor by trade, had neatly cut down to suit his own head. He was brought back to England, tried, and condemned. I went to the trial one day, and anybody less like a typical murderer it would have been difficult to find, as he looked more like a small, light-haired, mild-looking member of some itinerant German band.

As often as I could I played for West Kent; Chislehurst was nice and handy, and they were cheery

matches. One of the best scores I made for them was 121 not out, out of 240, going in first wicket down against the Home Circuit, whom we defeated in one innings. Amongst those playing for them was Sir George Honyman, the great commercial lawyer; A. L. Smith (now judge); R. A. Bayford, R. Marsham, the present magistrate, who was then a very good bowler, especially on a wicket such as Chislehurst then was; Hon. A. H. Thesiger, who afterwards became a Lord Justice of Appeal, and died in 1880; R. J. Biron, afterwards magistrate for Lambeth; and other well-known lawyers.

During the winter of '63-64, G. Parr took an eleven to Australia, composed of G. Tarrant, E. M. Grace, W. Caffyn, T. Hayward, R. Carpenter, G. Parr, C. Anderson, A. Clarke, R. C. Tinley, T. Lockyer, and S. Jackson. I give the names because I consider this eleven, as they then were, to be quite as good a team as has ever visited that country. Hayward always appeared to me quite the best bat of the professionals about that time. He had the highest average (36) of all the professionals for the Gentlemen *v.* Players matches in which he took part during his career. G. Tarrant was a fast bowler, very hard to beat. I know the Walkers and other good judges consider Freeman better, and he certainly came very fast off the ground and had a good deal of spin; but I always thought he was short and lacked pitch, and myself would have much preferred to go in against him rather than against Tarrant. T. Lockyer was also a most undeniable wicket-keeper, and for some years I thought quite the best, and certainly better than any amateur of his time. Pooley

came on as Lockyer was going off, and achieved some wonderfully fine performances, catching four and stumping four in an innings more than once. Many people thought he was a better keeper to slows than anybody else, but I think this idea was chiefly due to his keeping so much to Southerton.

1864 marked the first appearance at Lord's of Alfred Shaw, also W. G. Grace and A. N. Hornby, the last-named playing for Eton and Harrow. W. Grace was playing for South Wales *v.* M.C.C., and made 50 and 2, being bowled by A. S. Teape, our old Eton bowler of '62. Grace was only sixteen then. This year G. F. Grace also made his *début* in a match worthy of note, playing for West Gloucestershire *v.* Knole Park, and although only thirteen years old, he made 25 runs against such fine bowlers as C. D. Marsham and W. H. Draper.

At this time not much interest was taken in county cricket, and the really good county elevens could be counted on one's fingers. Surrey always had good teams, and F. Burbidge and E. Dowson (the father of the present Harrow bowler), on the amateur side did much for them. Notts and Yorkshire, too, could always play strong. Kent, unluckily for them, suffered then, as now, from a dearth of first-class professionals, and many of their best gentlemen had not leisure to play regularly. I was repeatedly being asked to play for them, but, besides being unable to get away, I couldn't afford it, and, moreover, rather preferred one-day West Kent, I.Z., or M.C.C. matches. I always made a point, however, of playing the Canterbury week, for this

"outing" (with the exception of the Eton Rambler week, which I always got up and managed) I preferred to any other. One match I played this year was an innovation on the usual routine, and I don't think it has ever been played since, or ever will be again. It was the First Eleven of M.C.C. v. next Eighteen. I played for First Eleven, and amongst our side were E. T. Drake, H. E. Bull, J. J. Sewall, E. W. Tritton, R. A. Fitzgerald, etc. No professionals played.

Jemmy Grundy and G. Wootton were the two "standing dishes" then for M.C.C., and accomplished some fine performances between them. For the Club v. Middlesex, with such players as T. Hearne, the three Walkers (V. E., R. D., and I. D.), E. W. Tritton, A. W. Daniel, W. H. Benthall, and E. Pooley, they got the county all out for 20. This was Pooley's first match: He began his career by playing for Middlesex, but afterwards qualified and always played for Surrey. I. D. Walker had, just before this match, made a very fine score of 59 for Gentlemen v. Players of the South at the Oval. I was also playing in this match, and saw Tom Lockyer for the first and only time fairly lose his temper. I had drawn my foot a little over the crease, but, although I got it back in time, he thought he had stumped me, and appealed, but I was given in. Very soon afterwards the same thing happened again, and again he put me down, exclaiming, "How's that, then?" "Not out." "Not out," he said angrily, and took up the ball and dashed it on the ground. I thought at first he was going to hurl it at the umpire's head. He was really the most good-natured, jovial man to play



LORD'S CRICKET GROUND IN THE SIXTIES.  
(From a photograph by Messrs. Barrauds.)



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with, and this was the only time I ever saw him get cross. He always played up, and if his side got in a hole, he would take off his pads and gloves and bowl up all he knew. Jupp and Humphrey were very good, always going in first for Surrey. Ben Griffiths was a useful left-handed bowler, and used to make some good hits. One of his, in 1865, when playing for Surrey *v.* Middlesex at the old Islington ground, was measured, and was found to be 119 yards. A good deal was made of it in the reports at the time, but although, of course, it wasn't nearly equal to many of Thornton's best, I think in the present day you might sit and watch cricket for a long time without seeing a hit as good.

1865.

A year or two's experience after leaving Eton forced me to the conclusion that cricket in May and in the early season wasn't good enough: chilly fingers, a thick sweater, with possibly a waistcoat under that, to field out in, and seeing the in-side sitting behind the windows in the pavilion trying to get warm, was not my idea of enjoyment; so I used to put off my cricket as long as I could, preferring the more balmy days of July and August. It may be said it cannot be too hot for cricket, but it can be a great deal too cold, and this is often the case in early summer. Neither could I take the bother to go up to Lord's to practise at the nets; indeed, I was always very casual about practice, for I found that one good innings of 50 or so against any sort of bowling was the best means of getting your eye in for the season. Some very good players I could

mention were absolutely useless unless they had gone through many hours of net work, while others seemed quite at home the first time of asking. One of the most amusing and at the same time good cricket matches I played this year was for the United South Eleven *v.* Eighteen of Eashing at Broadwater, Godalming, for Julius Cæsar's benefit. E. M. Grace and I were the guests of Colonel F. (now General) Marshall. E. M. was playing for the Eighteen, and they had a good lot, including Julius Cæsar himself, H. H. Stephenson, E. Dowson, Rev. H. Gillett, who was a good hitter, E. Napper, J. Street, and others. While we had H. Jupp, T. Humphrey, E. Pooley, G. Griffiths, T. Hearne, James Lillywhite, T. Sewell, T. Lockyer, E. Willsher, and John Lillywhite. We managed to win, getting 183 to their 158. I made the highest score, 32 not out, and was in for some time with John Lillywhite. The Eighteen rather chaffed him, but he was quite up to their chaff, and said in the most dignified way to me, "I am in no hurry to get out; are you, Mr. Lubbock? I am quite happy where I am." He finally succumbed to E. M. Grace after he had made 15. Julius Cæsar played well for the Eighteen, making highest score with 40, Willsher and James Lillywhite getting most of the wickets.

At Canterbury I played for Gentlemen of Kent *v.* Gentlemen of M.C.C., when small scores were made on both sides. I made 14 and 32 not out; and for I.Z. *v.* Garrisons of Kent, 116. I then went with the I.Z. under Fitzgerald's captaincy for their tour in Ireland. We had a very nice trip, playing at Dublin, Armagh,

Carlow, and Belfast. I made a good lot of runs, and exactly 100 at Belfast against the North of Ireland; but the cricket was a good deal spoilt by the amount of rain, and, getting into my head this was the normal state of the country, I vowed I would never go again, and never did.

1866.

The first match of importance that I played in '66, after sundry one-day matches, was for M.C.C. and Gentlemen *v.* Cambridgeshire. The latter at this time was not considered a very formidable county, but in J. Smith, T. Hayward, R. Carpenter, and G. Tarrant they had a strong quartette to start with. T. Hayward, besides his fine batting, was also a very useful, straight, medium-paced bowler; he and Tarrant got every wicket between them. No large scores were made, and we had a very exciting match, M.C.C. just winning "on the post" by two wickets. Henry Perkins, late secretary of the M.C.C., was playing for Cambridgeshire in this match. Next followed M.C.C. *v.* Oxford University which was unfinished, but was a close contest on the first innings. The next match I played in was Gentlemen and Players at Lord's. Owing to the differences which then prevailed between the M.C.C. and the Northern players, none of them would play at Lord's except Wootton and Grundy, who were engaged on the staff. Still the Players had a strong team, including four such good left-handed bowlers as G. Wootton, James Lillywhite, E. Willsher, and G. Howitt. The latter was very fast, somewhat erratic, but occasionally

putting in a regular trimmer. He is one of the very few bowlers who ever got W. G. Grace out for spectacles.\* This was a good match, and we were beaten owing to our letting T. Hearne make 122 not out, as he was easily missed several times. We also lacked a good wicket-keeper. V. E. Walker in the second innings made 10 by two hits, a 6 and 4. Tom Hearne was in for five and a half hours for his 122; W. G. was only seventeen years old, and made 25 and 11.

I played many West Kent matches this year, making a good many runs, and 200 *versus* the Royal Engineers (or rather 220) for the first time. I went in first wicket down, and was in nearly the whole day. At the end of the day we had made 447. I believe this was the first time 200 as an individual score had ever been made on this ground. One rather curious fact connected with the match was that at one time the telegraph board marked 400 for four wickets, Fred H. Norman making 61, and Phil Norman 69. I believe this was also the record one-innings score for that ground of any side. Except "tenters," they were all run out. I remember now what cramps I had that night.

This year ('66) my brother Edgar was captain of the Eton Eleven, and although they did well against Winchester, beating them by ten wickets, they utterly collapsed against Harrow, and were beaten easily in one innings. It must be allowed that Harrow had a very good eleven, including M. H. Stow, Walter H. Hadow, F. C. Cobden, and Walter B. Money, who was one of the best lob bowlers I ever saw. The Hon.

\* I believe Burton achieved this feat at Swindon once.

Walter Barrington was playing for Eton, and was the only one of his side that got into double figures in the second innings. C. I. Thornton was also playing, and made best score in the match for Eton (46 not out).

I was especially sorry Eton did so badly this year, as my brother Edgar had worked very hard indeed for the Eleven, and I think it deserved a better fate against Harrow.

One of the most amusing matches of the season was generally played at Lord's on the day before the "Eton and Harrow," viz. I.Z. v. Twenty-two of the Lords and Commons with Jimmy Grundy given as a bowler. These contests used to be great fun, and sometimes our legislators, free from the arduous duties of Parliament, would get a bit frolicsome and wild in the field. I remember this year some of them, with "Billy" (Sir W. H.) Dyke (who was always ready for a bit of fun) as ringleader, suddenly began returning the ball to the wicket-keeper as hard as they could shy; the result was many overthrows, till at last old Grundy, putting on his best sprint form, the only time I ever saw him try to run fast, ran after the ball, and, having secured it, put it in his pocket till the Twenty-two had recovered their steadiness. This year I was asked to go down to Sandringham to play for I.Z. there against Gentlemen of Norfolk, but I unluckily couldn't go. I heard all about the match afterwards from those who took part in it. Bob Fitzgerald and Lord Skelmersdale (late Earl of Lathom) both made good scores. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales played for I.Z. and went in first, but failed to score, unluckily for him his first ball being

a straight one ; of course a long hop to leg would have been a more suitable ball than a straight sneak. I chiefly mention this match as it is the only occasion I believe in which His Royal Highness has taken part in a formal cricket-match ; and, although he was personally unlucky, he had the consolation of being on the winning side, for I.Z. won easily. I heard that His Royal Highness played occasionally at Oxford when he was there.

As the misunderstanding with the Northern Players was still unsettled, they would not play at Canterbury, and instead of North and South, the match North *v.* South of the Thames was played instead. It was a good match, North winning by two wickets. Owing to wet weather, very small scores were made. I went in first wicket for the South, and was in the whole innings, scoring 33 not out, out of a total of 73. E. M. Grace only got 8, W. G. 0 ; G. F. Grace, although only fifteen years old, played instead of Bennett (who arrived too late), and made 1.

The second match was I.Z. *v.* Gentlemen of the South, and was chiefly remarkable for E. M. Grace's wonderful fielding at point, where he caught five out, a feat he also accomplished in the final match, M.C.C. *v.* Gentlemen of Kent, which we managed to win. In this match, C. I. Thornton made two magnificent hits clean out of the ground for 6 each. At Lord's this year, hits striking the pavilion had to be run out.

## CHAPTER XIX.

1867.

The season of 1867—Professional and amateur bowling—A trip to Paris—Cricket in the Bois de Boulogne—A single-wicket match—Banquet at the Grand Hotel—Nixon's benefit—M.C.C. v. Surrey—Middlesex v. England—M.C.C. v. Oxford—Gentlemen v. Players at the Oval—I make 107, and am presented with a bat—Accident at the A.A.C. meeting—Lillingstone Dayrell — 1868 — New-comers — North v. South — Eton v. Harrow—Thornton's big hit—1869—Early matches—Eton beat Harrow—Notable performances—Canterbury week—Thornton's famous hits—1870—A bad hunting accident—Three runs in one day—Story of the Hon. R. Grimstone—Harrow coaching—1871—Early matches—Eton—Gentlemen v. Players—A wonderful finish at the Oval—Gentlemen win—I make over 200 at Chislehurst—Canterbury week—J. Lillywhite's farewell benefit—Tom Hayward's batting—G. F. Grace—His early death.

ALTHOUGH I had made 1383 runs, with an average of 40·23, in 1866, and my name appeared in the sporting papers among the list of those who had made over 1000 runs during the season, I really made more runs in 1867; but as a great many of them were made in minor matches, for Eton Ramblers, West Kent, and



I.Z., they were not taken much notice of. I always thought it was easier to get runs against professional bowling on a good wicket like the Oval, Canterbury, or Lord's when it was in good condition, than on such grounds as Chislehurst (West Kent), Sevenoaks Vine, and other country places against amateurs. True the bowling was not so good or straight, but the wickets were so bumpy, and the bowling also often so bumpy, erratic, and multifarious, that one had to keep one's eye pretty well open to stop in. When a batsman had got a hundred, too, in these days he had generally had enough of it, as boundaries were the exception, not the rule, and everything was run out, so much so that players would often get out on purpose.

1867 was the French Exhibition year, and, to add a sort of *éclat* to the event, a Paris Cricket Club had been started and formed chiefly by the aid of those Englishmen who were sent over to look after the sporting department of the exhibition. For the grand opening of the club two matches were arranged, one against M.C.C. and the other against I.Z. These two elevens were left to the choice and management of Bob Fitzgerald, at that time secretary to the M.C.C., and one of the chief captains of the I.Z. matches. I went over as one of the party, and a very jovial, cheery party it was, including W. M. Rose, R. D. Walker, R. A. Bayford, Earl of Gosford, A. L. Smith (now judge), H. W. Fellows, R. A. Fitzgerald, and C. Edwards, as Chandos Leigh called himself. We had an awful crossing, but arrived at Paris all right, excepting that Harvey Fellows had his cricket outfit exchanged during the



CRICKETERS IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

H. C. Tennant. R. D. Walker.

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journey for what Fitz described in his account in *Bell's Life*, as the *bagages* of a Médecin Anglais volunteer general, which consisted of some diachylon plaister, one volume of Wellington's Despatches, "Cavalry Tactics," and a cocked hat.

The M.C.C. match was the first in which, having got the Paris Club out for 81 and 40, we made 256, of which I contributed 102, Billy Rose 45, and A. L. Smith 21. This match took place in the Bois de Boulogne, with the band of the Voltigeurs and Imperial Guard playing all the time. The wickets were very rough, and in the out field it was no uncommon occurrence for the ball to be lost in the bush, or disappear down a rabbit-hole. As it was about Easter-time, very early, before the end of April, none of us were in proper practice, but I need not add that the Paris team were weak. In the I.Z. match, Captain Kington, E. W. Tritton, C. F. Buller, R. C. Antrobus, and Lord Downe took part, and the result was much the same as on the previous occasion: we made 218, of which I made 72 not out, Kington 35 and Billy Rose 22, and we got them out for 61 and 35. As this match was over, and the Emperor and Empress were expected in the evening to witness the cricket, a single-wicket match was arranged. Charley Buller and myself against five of the Paris Club. As neither of us was much of a bowler, they kept us out in the field for a long time, and made 49 for four wickets, Charley bowled one and I two, and we ran one out, but we did not get an innings ourselves. It was a dreadfully hot day, and I was thankful when at last a message arrived to say that

the Emperor and Empress could not come, so no more play was necessary. We eight players who had been in the single-wicket match were taken into the private tent that had been got ready for the reception of the Emperor and Empress, and there for a short time thoroughly enjoyed our rest. It had been beautifully fitted with comfortable armchairs, sofas, looking-glasses, flowers galore, and, what was far more to our liking, there was a splendid tea-table set out with cakes, iced champagne, claret-cup, and every sort of luxury. The English elevens were entertained at a grand banquet that night at the Grand Hotel. Chandos Leigh made a long speech in returning thanks for the I.Z., in which, probably owing to his attempt to introduce tit-bits in French, he became a bit foggy, and would keep calling Buller and myself, Lubber and Bullock. Fitz for M.C.C. also made a speech, in which he traced the history of cricket from the landing of Julius Cæsar to play a match with Britain down to the crossing of Monsieur Le Gros (as he termed Harvey Fellows) to do the same with France. The play was not of a very high class, but I never had a more enjoyable or amusing cricket trip.

The first match of importance in which I took part was M.C.C. Ground *v.* the County of Surrey. It was played at Lord's for the benefit of T. Nixon, who for many years had been one of the ground men there. Both were strong teams. We had T. Hearne, R. D. Walker, B. B. Cooper, Alfred Shaw, S. Grundy, G. Wootton, W. M. Rose, and R. D. Balfour, who was a very good wicket-keeper at that time. Amongst the

J. Grundy  
(umpire).

A. J. Wilkinson, A. Lubbock, W. M. Rose, Sir A. L. Smith, R. D. Walker.



THE M.C.C. ELEVEN IN PARIS, 1867.

Earl of Gosford,

R. A. Fitzgerald.

R. A. Bayford.

H. W. Fellows,



Surrey eleven were Jupp, Humphrey, G. Griffith, W. Mortlock, F. W. Noble, E. Pooley, H. H. Stephenson, G. P. Greenfield, Julius Caesar, T. Sewell, and J. Heartfield, the last named getting most of our wickets. We went in first and made 129 on not a good wicket. R. D. Walker's 21 was the only score over 20, although several reached double figures, including myself with 10. Surrey only obtained 33 and 79, Pooley alone achieving double figures first innings with 14. Jupp played well second innings with 35, when he was bowled by Alfred Shaw with a shooter, a ball that was often fatal to him, as he was very fond of playing back. Wootton bowled splendidly the first innings, getting eight wickets, six clean bowled; his analysis being 135 balls, 15 runs, 23 maidens, 8 wickets. Shaw got five wickets second innings. At one time during the first innings 14 maidens were bowled running, 7 at each end by Grundy and Wootton respectively.

This was the first time M.C.C. and Ground had played against Surrey since 1847. G. Greenfield was at this time considered as a bowler to be equal in pace to Tarrant, but he certainly lacked his precision. The performances of Middlesex county last season were deemed so good that it was resolved that they should try their hands against England at Lord's on Whit Monday this year, and that the contest was fraught with considerable interest in the eyes of the public, the large attendance of spectators fully proved. England, for which side I played, had a strong eleven, comprising E. M. and W. G. Grace, Jupp, Bennett, James Lillywhite, L. Greenwood, A. Shaw, Wootton,



Grundy, and Biddulph, the wicket-keeper. Our adversaries had a fair team of amateurs, including V. E., R. D., and I. D. Walker, A. W. T. Daniell, J. J. Sewell, A. H. Winter, A. J. Wilkinson, and for professionals T. Hearne, T. Mantle, and G. Howitt. We won the toss, and at luncheon-time the score was 188 for the loss of two wickets (E. M. Grace's and Jupp's), "W. G." having made not out 75, and I 85 not out. W. G. succumbed soon after lunch, and nobody else made any stand. I obtained 129 before I was stumped off Mantle, and the innings closed for 261. Nobody made a long stand for Middlesex either innings, A. Daniell's being the best score of 33 in the second innings, and we got them out for 101 and 135. Wootton and W. G. Grace got most of the wickets.

After one or two I.Z. and other one-day matches, I played for M.C.C. and Ground *v.* Oxford University, and this was rather a curious match. Oxford went in first and obtained 102; the only stand made was by the last wickets, E. M. Kenny and R. F. Miles, who put on 57 between them. E. M. Kenny, who scored 47, was also a very good left-handed bowler, with a lot of curl, and bowled a very nasty ball. He was a fine hitter, too, and it was my opinion at the time that he ought to have been tried for Gentlemen and Players. We only made 163, although several of us made double figures. Alfred Shaw's 31 was highest. On going in the second time late in the day, the Oxford lost their first seven wickets for 9 runs, all clean bowled by Wootton or Grundy, except T. E. Case, who hit a leg ball, and was caught by long-stop. It looked at one

time as if the match would be finished in one day, but drawing the stumps saved that. Next day the remaining three wickets put on 25, making a total of 32, leaving us victorious in one innings. Except two run out and one bowled by Shaw, Wootton and Grundy got the whole of the wickets.

Gentlemen and Players, the next match I played in at Lord's, was chiefly remarkable for the small scores made by the Players, and for being the first appearance of A. Appleby in this match. He bowled left-handed, with a lot of spin on. I generally fielded long-leg and cover-point, but at one time, as they did not seem to be able to touch Appleby to leg, I was brought up long-stop, and Buller, who had been long-stopping, was put forward cover-point, and the way Appleby's balls used to keep on curling down the hill was marvellous; instead of standing nearly behind the wicket, I stood some yards on the leg side. Players won the toss, and sent in Jupp and Humphrey, the "Surrey Pets," as they were designated. W. G., who bowled a good deal faster then than now, but never above what might be called a modest medium pace, started the bowling, and in his first over forced Jupp back on his wicket for 0. Appleby got Humphrey caught for 0 his second over; two for 0. Round, who was keeping wicket, secured A. Shaw shortly afterwards at the wicket for 1, and we got the side out for 79. E. M. and W. G. Grace were our two first batsmen, and got 38 between them, but we were all out for 87. Players' second innings was quite a collapse, W. G.'s bowling appearing to puzzle them entirely, and they were out for 61, Ben

Griffith's 13 being the only double figure. W. G. got eight wickets, Appleby the other two. E. M.'s fielding at point in this match was wonderful. He stood quite close in, and the way he stopped some hard hits was splendid. This only left us 55 to get to win. E. M. Grace and I. D. Walker were bowled by Wootton for 1 each directly, but W. G. and I rubbed off the runs without getting out. W. G. amused me a good deal while we were in. He always called me "Allfred," and he kept saying, "Steady, Allfred," "Don't be in a hurry, Allfred," and all that sort of thing; while I meanwhile kept admonishing him with, "Steady, Gilbert," and "Well played, G.," as the Players were bowling up all they knew. I wonder how many different appellations he has had during his career? At first, when E. M. was playing, he used to be described by some as the "Young 'un," now with many he is the "Old 'un," "The Doctor," "The Champion," "Leviathan," "The Old Man," "The G.O.M.," with his own friends "Gilbert," and it was thus that we, in the team that went to America, always styled him. Gentlemen and Players were generally represented at the Oval by the same, or almost the same, team as had played at Lord's, with the exception, perhaps, of one or two at the tail end, and it was considered quite as great a distinction to play in one match as the other. Now, for some reasons, chiefly, perhaps, on account of there being many first-class matches going on, the keen interest in this fixture at the Oval seems to have gone off. The Northern Players were still absent, but Alfred Shaw and G. Wootton played, also Hickton, a Lancashire

colt, who I thought bowled as well as anybody. We were without W. G., who was absent from illness; but E. M. was playing, and we also had R. D., I. D., and V. E. Walker (the latter, as usual, being our captain), B. B. Cooper, A. W. Daniel, W. F. Maitland, J. Round, and E. W. Tritton. We made 136 first innings, and they made 249. We were rather weak in bowling, being especially at a disadvantage in having no fast bowler—a paramount consideration in playing against professionals. In the second innings we made 244 for seven wickets, of which E. M. made 71, and I made 107 not out. I well remember how I kept watching that old clock on the church at the back of the pavilion, and how glad I was when the hands touched seven, as I was very lame from a bad foot, and it hurt me to run. As I went into the pavilion I was met at the entrance by dear old Billy Burrup, who, in a short speech, presented me, in the name of the Surrey Club, with a bat. He afterwards told me that I was entitled to two bats, as it was the custom of the club—and I believe it is still—to give a bat for making 50 runs, but that, if I liked, I could have one bat with a silver plate and suitable inscription thereon instead. As I already possessed many more bats than I could possibly use if I lived and played till I was a hundred, I chose the latter. I kept the silver plate, and have it now; the bat I gave to my brother Edgar, who took a fancy to it, and he played with it for a long time. During this innings, of course, Alfred Shaw bowled well, but I thought Hickton bowled at times a very difficult ball. I hit Jim Lillywhite once right on to the top of the pavilion. During

this long innings of 244 there was not a single wide or bye proper, but two leg byes. It was a pity this match could not have been finished, as it would probably have been a very close fight.

I was very sorry not to be able to play in the Canterbury week this year, as, while jumping for the pole jump in the Amateur Athletic Meeting, I had broken a bone in my foot, and had in consequence to spend two or three months on the sofa. One of the most enjoyable annual matches that I used to play in these years was one organized by A. J. Robarts at Lillingstone Dayrell, his country seat in Buckinghamshire; his eleven against Gentlemen of Bucks. We generally got beaten, as the Gentlemen of Bucks were a strong side with the three Marshams (Rev. C. D., a splendid bowler, Bob, and Charley Marsham), Bob Fitzgerald, and other good cricketers. We generally had the Rev. E. T. Drake, Harvey Fellows, Alfred Pepys, Sir W. H. Dyke, and one or two others more noted for their conviviality than for their capabilities as cricketers, and very cheery and amusing gatherings we used to have. I remember on one occasion, after a match and dinner, a very well-known divine of the present day had ordered a cab late to take him to the last train. Billy Dyke and I, roaming about in the shrubbery after dinner, discovered the cab with its driver fast asleep in happy ignorance as to time or anything else. Without waking him, we proceeded to get a lot of large stone boulders that were lying about, and, having crammed as many of these as we could into the cab, we retired into the house as if nothing had happened. When at last it was

time to go, and the butler was sent to wake up and call the cabby, he drove up to the door without knowing anything about his load inside. We had all congregated in the hall to see our friend go off. I won't describe his surprise and disgust, which were in no degree diminished by the fact that the stones took a long time to unload, and that if he had missed his train, he might probably have not arrived at home in time to officiate at morning service the next day. We were glad to hear afterwards that this was not the case.

After the last Gentlemen and Players match, and before I had my accident, I played in a good many I.Z., West Kent, and Rambler matches, making a great many runs—more, in fact, as I have already stated, than I did in 1866. As it was, my average in first-class cricket was 72, the highest; but I didn't play very many matches. This year W. Yardley made his first appearance at Lord's, and soon afterwards I considered him as good a bat as anybody playing, after W. G. Grace.

1868.

The first important match I played in 1868 was for M.C.C. v. England, for the Marylebone Cricketers' Fund. We had a strong eleven, but they had a better. E. M. Grace played for us, and we, as usual, had the redoubtable Wootton and Grundy, as well as Tom Hearne, V. E. Walker, B. B. Cooper, and Charley Buller; while they had (besides all the Surrey best, Jupp, Pooley and Co.), Frank Silcock, Willsher (who

was still bowling very well and got most of us out), W. G. Grace (who made 29 and 66), and G. F. Grace; but the latter, whose first appearance it was at Lord's, only made 8 and 1.

This was the first year, too, that my old friend J. W. Dale appeared at Lord's playing for North *v.* South of the Thames, and the match was finished in one day, a rare occurrence for a match of this sort. North only made 73 and 56, and South 106 and 25 for one wicket. I think this year I. D. Walker played one of the best, if not the best, innings he ever played; it was for Gentlemen *v.* Players at the Oval, and he made 165 without a chance, Gentlemen winning in one innings. David Buchanan played on this occasion for the first time, and got a lot of wickets—in fact, nine out of the ten in the second innings. None of the North cracks were playing, which was much to be regretted, and tended to spoil a good deal of the interest in the big matches. They, in the mean time, were wasting all their energies and good cricket against inferior local Twenty-twos in the North.

The Eton and Harrow match this year was fairly good, but Harrow were too strong, and won by seven wickets. The memorable feature of this match was Thornton's magnificent hit right over the pavilion at Lord's, the finest hit I ever saw there, and also for the present Lord Harris's and G. H. Longman's first appearance in the Eton Eleven.

1869.

This year my first match was for Eton Ramblers *v.* Eton, who had a very fine eleven. A. S. Tabor went

in first, and carried his bat out for 59; Lord Clifton, now Earl of Darnley, who soon afterwards received his colours, played for us as an emergency. J. Round, Walter Barrington, and W. M. Rose were also playing for us. After this I played for M.C.C. v. Oxford. W. G., B. B. Cooper, W. F. Maitland, Grundy and Wootton, and C. E. Green were playing for us. The latter at this time belonged to Sussex, and played for that county, and it was not till some little time afterwards that he qualified for Essex, and did such notable service for the latter county. The M.C.C. won this match in one innings, W. G. making 35, Maitland 43, and myself 50. Maitland and I were in for over an hour and a half. In the I.Z. v. Lords and Commons this year, besides Lord Coventry, Lord Willoughby de Broke (who was a very free hitter), Lord Hyde, Lord Skelmersdale, Lord G. Hamilton, and Earl of Ellesmere; the Marquis of Huntly took part, the only occasion on which I ever saw him play. Sir Michael Hicks Beach I only saw play once, and that was in this match in '67, when he secured a 0, being stumped off Drake by the present Sir Courtenay Boyle, who was a very fine wicket-keeper.

This year brought, at last, a welcome change in the fortunes of the Eton and Harrow match, and Eton, under the captaincy of W. C. Higgins, secured the first one-innings victory over her rival since 1846. The winning side was an exceptionally strong one, including C. J. Ottaway (who made 108, 87 of which were singles), George H. Longman, A. S. Tabor, Frank W. Rhodes, Hon. G. Harris, F. Pickering, J. P. Rodger, S. E. Butler, Lord Clifton, and J. Maude.



Two events of this season appear to me worthy of record. One was the score of 283 made by W. G. Grace, and B. B. Cooper for Gentlemen v. Players of the South at the Oval, before the fall of a wicket, W. G. finally scoring 180 and B. B. 101. (The Players, too, in this match made 142 before a wicket fell, Pooley and Jupp both making over 70).<sup>\*</sup> The other, which occurred in the match played at Trent Bridge between Surrey and Notts, was that during the whole of the match, in which fairly large scores (163 and 104 for Surrey, and 187 and 82 for one wicket for Notts) were made, there wasn't a single wide bowled.<sup>\*</sup> Alfred Shaw, J. C. Shaw, Wild, and Wootton were the bowlers for Notts; Southerton, Street, and Griffiths for Surrey.

Gentlemen and Players had a good match at Lord's; we won, at the finish by three wickets, W. Yardley playing well and making 39 not out. I. D. Walker and myself were the best scorers in the first innings, he making 71, and myself 33. There were no large scores, except Walker's 71. G. Summers did the best for the Players, with 45 first innings, and 47 in the second, while Jupp made 52. W. B. Money played for us, and got some wickets with his lobbs, besides making a splendid catch off his own bowling, securing Ben Griffiths for 0. Charley Absolom was also playing, and was very useful in the bowling.

Canterbury week this year was chiefly notable for Thornton's four great hits in one over off V. E. Walker, a feat which I have already related. From Canterbury I went to Woolwich to take part in the R.A. week,

<sup>\*</sup> This has been done a few times, but not often.

first for I. Z., and then for Eton Ramblers, which we won in one innings with 274 *v.* 128 and 119. We had a strong side, including C. J. Ottaway and Hon. G. Harris and S. E. Butler. P. Norman played the best innings of 80, and my brother Edgar and myself both made 50. At this time Captain Hutchinson, a brother of Horace Hutchinson, the great golfer, and Harry B. Kingscote were two of the R. A. "great guns," and both very fine hitters. Kingscote was, besides, a splendid wicket-keeper. I finished up the season by making 72 for West Kent *v.* Eton Ramblers, but the match was left unfinished, greatly in favour of West Kent.

1870.

Owing to a bad fall I had hunting, and having to undergo a severe operation, which put me on my back for many months, I was unable to play any first-class cricket, or, in fact, any cricket at all, till just the end of the season of 1870, when I played a few West Kent and Eton Rambler matches.

*Apropos* of hunting, I should like to record that I enjoyed this year the rather unusual experience of participating in three good runs with three different packs on the same day. In those days we kept a pack of harriers at High Elms. We originally started them as beagles, but although we always called them beagles, we had gradually got them bigger and bigger, till at last some arrived at the dimensions of dwarf fox-hounds, and were very fast. We used to go out quite early in the morning, almost before it was light, have an hour or two's hunt; gallop back to

breakfast, and then either go to London, hunt, or shoot, or follow our programme for the day, whatever it might be.

One day, after an extra good run, I got home rather late, changed my clothes, had a mouthful of breakfast, and galloped off fourteen miles to meet the old Surrey fox-hounds. We happened to find directly, and had a very good hour, losing our fox not very far from Godstone. While Sam Hills, who was then huntsman to the Surrey hounds, was casting about trying to hit off the line of the fox, I saw a deer come over the hill. I said to my friends, "Hurrah! here come the stag-hounds," and tried to persuade some of them to come on with them, but none of them would. I went off at once, and, joining the Surrey stag-hounds, had a splendid run, taking the deer some few miles beyond Horley. There were only five or six of us up at the finish; the deer had got into a pond, and old Squire Heathcote, who was then master, would go into the pond to keep the hounds off the deer. He caught a chill, which was in a great measure the cause of his death shortly afterwards, for he was never able to hunt again. I had over thirty-two miles to ride home, and shall not forget it, for, having lost one of my stirrups while jumping a brook, I had to ride all the way with only one, and it was the most uncomfortable ride I ever had.

Talking of hunting reminds me of dear old Bob Grimston. We both belonged then to the Oriental Club, which in those days was, and for all I know may be still, celebrated for the perfection of its curry. He and I were in the habit of sitting next to one another

at dinner, and having long talks about Eton and Harrow cricket, and also about hunting, of which he was very fond. He generally went with Baron Rothschild's stag-hounds, and I must tell a story of how we once, in a way, took him in. Charley C. Clarke and I went down on one occasion to have a day with the Baron in the vale. Charley had a hireling, a grey, a clumsy brute and bad fencer, which, owing to many spills, had put Charley quite out of the run; but he managed to arrive somehow when we took the deer. He had been relating all his troubles to me, and also to old Bob, when the latter came quietly to me and said, "Look here, we'll have a lark with Charley. I know a short cut home, and some nice fences. I will lead you, and we will see him go." Charley at once saw through his little game—that he wanted to get him down, so he came to me and said, "I know old Bob wants to see me have a spill or two; let us change horses." I was also riding a grey, a much bigger animal than Charley's hireling, and a very fine fencer. It was getting a little dark at the time, however, and we managed to change horses without Bob finding it out, and off he started. Charley kept discreetly some little way behind, so as not to go too close to his leader. I followed as best I could through gates and gaps, determined to see the fun. I watched Bob and Charley bobbing away over the fences for about two miles, till at last we got into a road that was to take us back. Charley rode up to Bob, and said, "Well, Mr. Grimston, this old crock didn't jump so badly, did he?" Bob, who, I think, was rather sold at not seeing a fall, hardly looked at the horse, and

replied, "No; you quite surprised me." Charley said, "If you look at the horse, I think you will say he has grown." Then Bob, looking over my animal, twigged the deception, and all he would say was, "Yes; you have rather got me over that job," and would hardly speak the rest of the way home.

Nobody ever took more trouble over the Harrow cricket than he and Lord Bessborough. They were always there watching and coaching. At one time they had George Parr and Richard Daft down. They also tried the catapult when it first came out. I myself only once or twice played to a catapult, when they got one down to Eton for a trial, and thought it a most useless and stupid arrangement.

The Eton and Harrow this year (1870) was a capital match, and ended in a win for Eton. The most amusing episode in this match was the Hon. G. Harris running out my wife's brother, C. A. Wallroth, in the first innings. The latter backing up too keenly, Harris pretended to bowl, but stopped, and put his wicket down. As Wallroth had played well, getting 30, he might have made a long score, and saved the match, instead of being thus ignominiously put out. In the second innings Wallroth was run out by his own captain (C. W. Walker) without having received a single ball; another bit of bad luck for Harrow.

1871.

In 1871 I opened the season with an I.Z. match at Kelsey Park, Beckenham, against C. A. R. Hoare's Eleven, and soon afterwards took a Rambler eleven

down to Eton; but we were beaten by the boys. A. W. Ridley had just made his appearance. He was in the Eton Eleven, and was a splendid bat, and very useful with lobs, getting a great number of wickets, besides making 117 against Harrow, who this year lost to Eton, being beaten in one innings. Our first match of Gentlemen and Players at Lord's was sadly spoilt by a succession of heavy storms—a great pity, as it would have been a fine match. Owing to the long-standing dispute having been at last overcome, the Northern representatives were prevailed upon to play, and included Jack Smith of Cambridge, Lockwood, M. M'Intyre, Richard Daft, R. Carpenter, W. Oscroft, Freeman, and J. C. Shaw. We won the toss, and made 208; W. G. 50, W. Yardley 51, and myself 42, being the chief scorers. They totalled 180; Lockwood 76, and M'Intyre 49, being the best. In the second innings we made 146—W. G. 37; W. Yardley, curiously, again 51; and myself, who was stupidly run out, 21. The Players did not go in a second time. At the Oval the same week, we had very much the same teams, except that, luckily for us as it turned out, Charley Green played instead of Appleby. For the Players, Charlwood, Hayward, and Alfred Shaw played instead of Oscroft, Freeman, and M'Intyre. In our first innings we made 299, and they made 182; they followed with 260. This left us with 144 runs to get to win in one hour and forty minutes. Against such bowling it was considered quite an impossibility. At 5.20 W. G. Grace and I. D. Walker went in. Thirty runs were produced in the first fifteen minutes,

the two Shaws bowling. Alfred Shaw then changed ends, and Southerton went on, and from his first ball Walker was stumped; one wicket for 46. C. E. Green then went in, and commenced hitting at once; W. G. also scoring so well that at the end of an hour 90 runs had been obtained. With the score at 95, Grace was caught, and A. N. Hornby took his place; but was out l.b.w. to J. C. Shaw. E. F. S. Tylecote went in, and, after making 6, was run out. It was, in fact, now a match against time, stumps to be drawn at seven. The excitement was intense. The ground was simply crammed with spectators in every available corner, and between the hits and cheers a dead silence; you could almost have heard the proverbial pin drop. Forty-one runs were wanted, and only twenty-seven minutes in which to get them. B. Pauncefote, who was the next man in, was out at 123. Sixteen minutes and twenty-one runs to get was a crisis rarely experienced, especially in a match of this sort. G. F. Grace went in at a run, and started with a 4 to leg, and with Charley Green hitting in splendid style, knocked off the runs just as the clock was on the stroke of seven. I never saw such a scene of excitement as ensued; the whole crowd rushed in, and the cheering was tremendous. Except at the Eton and Winchester match in 1862, I don't think I ever played in such an exciting contest. Those who went in were, of course, told to hit, as it was the only chance of winning the match; and this they all, especially Charley Green, did with a will. In fact, it was entirely due to his fine hitting that we won. He made not out

57, and G. F. Grace not out 7. I was rather thankful not to have to do it, as I hadn't scored in the first innings, and might have been a bit "jumpy," although, as a rule, I don't think I was ever very nervous at cricket.

Just after this match, when playing for Eton Ramblers and West Kent, I got 219, my second "double century," on the Chislehurst ground, and I believe the only two innings of over 200 till then obtained there. During my innings, I hit one ball over the gate into Camden House ground, where the exiled Emperor of the French was then living. This hit, and one of Frank Penn's over the trees on the other side, were at that time, I believe, the only two instances of the ball being hit clean out of the ground. In this innings I went in first, and was in nearly the whole day. Frank Rhodes, the celebrated Colonel, came in first with me, and was in for a long time with me making 56. My brother Edgar got 59 not out. The Rambler side also included C. I. Thornton, Sir Charles Legard, Hon. G. Harris, Edward Wormald (one of our crack Rambler bowlers), and A. Akers, now the Right Honourable A. Akers Douglas, first Commissioner of Works, who was for many years the popular whip of the Conservative party. By the end of the day we had made 481. H. G. Norman, who was captain of the West Kent side, wanted me to knock my wicket down, and was rather hurt because I wouldn't, as he said "retired" looked so bad. I was eventually put down as "retired hurt," which was not strictly true, but served the purpose.



After playing all through the Canterbury week, I finished up the season with a lot of Rambler matches, scoring heavily. In fact, I believe I made more runs all told than in any other year I played. I rather think it was this year that R. A. Mitchell and I both made over a hundred against the Royal Artillery in the same match. A curious incident was that, on the morning before the match, at High Elms (where we were both staying) while having a little practice on the lawn before starting, my nephew, Johnny Lubbock, who was quite a small boy then, bowled us both out single stump. He turned out afterwards a very good left-hand bowler, and just missed the Eton Eleven, being twelfth man. He was a good bat, and I thought that if he hadn't had quite so much bowling to do, he ought to have been very useful in the Eleven.

One of the last, but by no means the least, of the matches I played this year was Gentlemen of England v. Players of England at Brighton, for John Lillywhite's farewell benefit. Although not very old, John Lillywhite had seen and played a great deal of cricket, and, moreover, he had taken a great deal of trouble in drawing out his scores of matches. He was universally popular, both among gentlemen and professionals, and all who were asked to promote his last benefit were only too glad to do everything in their power to help, and wish him, not only a jovial, but a lucrative farewell. I was very glad to hear, after the match, that in the latter respect the result quite exceeded the expectations.

I think, on the whole, our eleven was about as strong as could be got together, while the Players' side, save that it did not include Alfred Shaw, could not have been improved. We batted first, but only scored 159 on rather a slow wicket; J. C. Shaw getting seven wickets clean bowled. They made 193, of which Bob Carpenter made 72. We then ran up the large total of 496, with W. G.'s magnificent innings of 217, G. F. Grace 98, myself 41, and R. A. Mitchell, C. I. Thornton, and G. Strachan over 30. They made 147 in their second innings for six wickets, so we may suppose that we had the best of it. In the second innings of the Players, Carpenter made, run out, 35, and Tom Hayward 45 not out. We got into such a knot at one time during the second innings, when Carpenter and Hayward were in, that even I was put on to bowl, and I thought at one time that I had got Hayward out l.b.w., but it was not allowed. I never noticed before this match that Hayward held his bat in exactly the same way as I did—right on the top of the handle, and rather loose. Charley Buller held his bat in a somewhat similar manner, but no other player except Hayward that I ever noticed held it exactly as I did. W. G.'s, of course, was a splendid innings, but G. F.'s was also deserving of all credit. I was indeed sorry to hear of his untimely death a few years afterwards. He and I were great friends, and used to have long talks about "Flying Pigeons," a hobby that we both took a great interest in. He was one of the nicest fellows I ever met, and as keen about everything as possible. Whether he would ever have been as able and safe a

bat as W. G., I doubt; and I don't believe it was possible, but he would have been not far off. As regards his style, I should say it was a mixture of E. M.'s and W. G.'s; rather too free, or at any rate more free than W. G.'s, but considering his age, and eye and strength, I am sure he would have made no end of runs. He was also a very fine bowler, and about the best out-field I ever saw. One thing that stands out as remarkable in this great match was, that during the long innings of the Gentlemen, of 496, the Players didn't bowl a single wide, although Southerton, J. C. Shaw, M'Intyre, J. Hayward, and J. Lillywhite all had a turn. In neither of the Players' innings did the Gentlemen give a wide; Grace and Appleby doing most of the bowling, though some of the rest of us had a try.

## CHAPTER XX.

1872.

The season of 1872—Princes' Cricket Club—Its origin—Incidents of play—Fashionable spectators—Solicitude of the Princes—Old Etonians *v.* Old Harrovians—The Jockeys *v.* the Press—Sides in which I have played—A trip to Canada—Composition of the team—The voyage—Quebec and Montreal—Our first match—Eye-openers—Reporters—"Stiff and Strong"—Descriptive passages—New York—Boston—Philadelphia—We play an English team in 1873—Later years—Eton Rambler matches—My marriage—A retrospect—Some distinguished cricketers—W. E. Grace—Alfred Shaw—Tarrant—Freeman—Boundaries—Changes in the game—Suggestions—Vale!

THE year 1872 witnessed a great innovation in the West End of London. Close adjoining the racquet and tennis courts, which stood on the site of what is now Cadogan Square, and which were long associated with the name of the brothers Prince, was a market-garden of considerable extent. This struck the fancy of the enterprising Princes as an excellent site for a fashionable cricket-ground, and with their accustomed energy they set to work to carry their idea into effect.

After a good deal of trouble this was successfully

accomplished, and a very fine ground was made, together with an asphalte skating-rink for wheel-skating, adjoining the racquet and tennis courts. Edgar Willsher, the old Kent bowler, and Henty, the wicket-keeper, were engaged as professionals, and it soon became one of the most fashionable resorts of the *élite* of society. Cricket-matches of all sorts took place—good, bad, and indifferent; one day a week being generally devoted to a Household Brigade match. Ladies were elected to the skating club, the one qualification being that they must have been presented at Court. There were many who wished to become members who did not possess this desired qualification, and accordingly there was considerable wailing and gnashing of teeth among some would-be candidates. I was on the committee at the time, and know what a bother we had.

The two Princes themselves knew absolutely nothing about the game of cricket. Many were the amusing remarks they made on the subject, and although I did my best to persuade them that if they wanted good attendance and gate money, they must produce good cricket, they didn't see it, and thought a band and "soldier's cricket" was the acme of perfection in this line, and would command a big assembly. As it was, at most of the matches a whole bevy of duchesses and dowagers came down nominally to see the cricket; but, as a rule, they sat with their backs to the game, watching their daughters skating on the asphalte, in happy ignorance all the time that a good hit might at any time catch them full in the small of the back.

Once, when a match was going on, I remember Prince coming out into the middle of the ground, taking off his hat, and in the most courteous and smiling manner requesting that the gentlemen batting would be more careful where they hit the ball, as one had just struck some old lady on the legs, and the result might really have been very serious. Another time when I happened to be in the office, young Prince came running in very cross, and exclaiming, "Ten thousand devils!" etc., etc. I said, "Whatever is the matter, Prince?" "Oh," he said, "two d——d great greyhounds have just galloped right across the ground." Another time he wanted me very much to play in a match, but on looking over his team I saw that he hadn't got a ghost of a bowler, and said, "That is a precious poor side you have got; there isn't a single bowler." "Not a single bowler?" he said. "Why, 'damme,' there's Henty." Henty was a wicket-keeper, and only a sort of practice bowler.

Once, when a ball was hit into the middle of the band while it was playing, Prince went out and said, if the batsmen weren't more careful where they struck the ball, the wickets would have to be removed into the furthest corner of the ground, as their present position was too dangerous. Another circumstance that greatly perturbed the minds of the two Princes was that their old club cat would always takes its matutinal peregrination over the middle of the ground; in short, their inexperienced solicitude for the ground was carried to a most extraordinary but comic extent, much more so than one would have expected from

men whose knowledge of cricket was absolutely *nil*.

Notwithstanding all these little curiosities, some very good matches were played. The place suited me very well, as I used to play a good deal of tennis; while I was waiting for my innings or had got out, I used often to turn into the court and play a set. One match we had there this year, which was a special feature of the programme for 1872, and carried out chiefly at my instigation, was a match between Old Etonians and Old Harrovians. We both had very fair elevens, but not quite the best possible representatives of either side. We had Hon. George Harris, C. J. Ottaway, C. I. Thornton, Hon. F. G. Pelham, A. W. Ridley, my brother Edgar and myself, and others; while they had Billy Law, J. D. and R. D. Walker, A. N. Hornby, W. H. Hadow, my brother-in-law C. A. Wallroth (who was a fine bat, and got a lot of runs at that time), Captain Rowley, etc. Only one innings of each side was played. We made 346, of which C. J. Ottaway made 126; and they made 336, W. H. Hadow scoring 148.

Some of the Royal Family often used to come to these matches at Prince's, but I think their attention was devoted more to watching the amusing attempts of the beginners at wheel-skating than to the cricket. I remember at an I.Z. match, later on, against Household Brigade, in which, for I.Z., Lord Coventry, Lord G. Hamilton, Sir Ivor Guest, now Lord Wimborne, E. W. Tritton, and myself were playing, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Duke of Edinburgh, and other

members of the Royal Family spent the afternoon looking on.

One match I played at Prince's is, I think, worthy of record. This was Jockeys *v.* the Press. I was down there one day playing at tennis, when young Prince, or "Little Prince," as he was usually called, came into the court and asked me if I would come and play for the Jockeys, as they were short of players. I said I thought the Press might not quite like it, as my qualifications were a bit doubtful. Thereupon H. Custance, the jockey, appeared on the scene, and said, "But you have ridden steeplechases?" And upon my replying in the affirmative, he added, "That's good enough, and we shall be very much obliged if you will join our side," which I accordingly did. I got some runs, I considered myself rather an impostor in my *rôle* as a jockey. When we were fielding out and the Press were in, Bob l'Anson, the old steeplechase rider, was our crack bowler, and exceedingly well he bowled; I was quite surprised, and he certainly bowled as well as many a professional I had seen. "Cussey," as our captain, was indefatigable: almost every ball that was bowled, he either beckoned to somebody, or had some directions to give, or some change to make; and when "over" was called, he always had some whispered injunctions to impart to two or three of the field before he let the game go on. Thanks to Bob l'Anson's good bowling, we won easily. This added one more to the numerous sides on which I had played during my cricketing career, among which I might mention—



M.C.C.	Eton Ramblers.
West Kent.	Perambulators.
I. Zingari.	Will of the Wisps.
England.	Sevenoaks Vine.
Gentlemen.	Princes.
Kent.	B.B.

The "B.B.," or Band of Brothers, was an old Kent Club, and often organized a week or some matches just after the Canterbury week, and I used to play for them, the matches usually taking place in Kent.

It was in 1872 that, under the captaincy of R. A. Fitzgerald, and the management in Canada of C. T. Pattison, now Postmaster-General at Toronto, an English team visited Canada and the United States. The original selection consisted of R. A. Fitzgerald, W. G. Grace, V. E. and R. D. Walker, C. I. Thornton, A. Lubbock, A. N. Hornby, A. Appleby, Hon. G. Harris, R. A. Mitchell, J. W. Dale, and R. D. Balfour, wicket-keeper. This list soon underwent a radical change. As Bob Fitzgerald said, C. I. Thornton saw a picture in a shop-window of a ship in distress, and read an article on sea-sickness, and so, fearing *mal de mer*, he gave it up. The Walkers and Dale were struck down by illness, and Balfour and Mitchell cried off. C. J. Ottaway and W. H. Hadow filled two of the vacant places, but near the end of the time our captain found himself with only Appleby and Grace as bowlers; and, as he said, the more he thought of it the less he slept, till one night he dreamed that W. M. Rose and his lobs might be serviceable. He thereupon secured him, and also C. K. Francis. Still he wanted a couple,

E. Lubbock. A. Lubbock. R. A. Fitzgerald. W. G. Grace. C. T. Pattison. C. J. Ottaway. A. Appleby.



THE ENGLISH TEAM IN CANADA, 1873.

F. Pickering. Lord Harris. A. N. Hornby. W. M. Rose. C. K. Francis.

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and at the last moment managed to obtain the services of my brother Edgar and F. or "Sukey" Pickering. Farrands of Notts came as umpire; and on the 8th of August we sailed from Liverpool in the fine new steamer *Sarmatian*, of Messrs. Allan and Co.'s line.

Except for two or three days, we really had a very fair passage. One thing that struck me as rather curious was that the members of the team whom I should have picked out as about the strongest and the best constitutions were the worst sufferers from sea-sickness. George Harris, who "bunked" with me, was decidedly the worst, and was bad the whole passage, keeping to his berth the greater part of the time. One of the roughest days, "Monkey" Hornby retired to his cabin and put his portmanteau before the door, in order, as he said, that if the ship went down he should have as long a respite as he could.

At Quebec we were hospitably entertained by the Governor-General Lord Dufferin and Lady Dufferin at the Citadel, and our first match was at Montreal. Here, too, we had our first experience of Canadian heat, the thermometer standing at something over a hundred in the shade during the match; the consequence was that cocktails were very considerably in demand; in fact, they seemed to be almost incessantly flowing, and one was generally called the first thing in the morning with what was termed an "eye-opener." This consisted of a fair-sized tumbler, chiefly composed of spirits and champagne, with a spoonful or two of powdered ice. Besides "eye-openers," there were many other sorts of cocktails, rejoicing in such names as Branly Smashes,

Corpse-revivers, Joe Smudges, Ladies' Smiles, Sudden Death, Rattlesnakes, Earthquakes, and others too numerous to mention, but they were all more or less fashioned after the model of the "eye-openers," with such trifling variations as the admixture of curaçoa, or some other liqueur. I believe they are peculiar to the country.

The match against Twenty-two of Montreal was a pretty good type of most of the others. Grace and Ottaway always went in first, and got a lot of runs. "Monkey" Hornby and myself generally followed, and perhaps some of us got 30 or 40, or perhaps we didn't; but as Grace and Ottaway had generally got enough, it was hardly thought necessary to increase the score much, or many of our other bats might have made many more runs than they did. The bowling was generally entrusted to Appleby and Rose, Ottaway kept wicket, and W. G. generally fielded point. On the whole the matches were well reported, but often with very amusing descriptions and phrases. We were followed everywhere by two reporters of the two chief rival papers. We called them Stiff and Strong. Stiff knew all about the game, and followed it closely, except when under the invigorating influence of too many cocktails. Strong knew nothing of cricket, and, although also a too ardent admirer of an "eye-opener," trusted to Stiff's weak moments to be able to crib his remarks on the game. If Stiff left his book while he retired to the refreshment tent for a minute, or indulged in forty winks, Strong was down on his notes like a shot, and his paper next morning was full of Stiff's best

things in Strong's best style. All this cribbing led to many rows and one rather serious encounter, but at night, over their final glass, everything was generally put right. One report of W. G. described him "as a large-framed, loose-jointed man, and you would say that his gait was a trifle awkward and shambling, but when he goes into the field, you can see that he is quick-sighted, sure-handed, and light-footed as the rest. To see him tap the ball gently to the off for one, draw it to the on for two, pound it to the limits for four, 'drive it' beyond the most distant long-leg for six, looks as easy as rolling off a log." I think the same reporter described a hit of "Monkey" Hornby's as "taking a high flying trajectory right over the heads of bowler and long-stop."

Describing the ball at Government House, Ottawa, the paper said of W. G. Grace, "who must now be known by sight to more people in England than Mr. Gladstone, was especially noticeable for the skill and agility of his movements."

At one banquet at which we were entertained, we had some roast bear; but in all the reports, owing, I suppose, to the bad writing of the reporter, it was solemnly stated that the English eleven, amongst other delicacies, enjoyed the novelty of some roast "beef." The reporter was quite angry about this slip, and it naturally led to a good deal of chaff.

In the account of the match at New York, a paper, in describing a chance given by W. G., said, "Grace hit a high-flyer, and if it had not been that it fell to the luck of A BUTTER-FINGERED GENTLEMAN" (in

large letters) "to stand underneath the ball, the lion of the British eleven would have been compelled to retire and ruminate on the uncertainties of all things mundane, especially cricket." When he was finally caught, after making 68, the report said, "Grace slipped a ball into Brewster's digits, and loud-voiced plaudits proclaimed the downfall of the most formidable cricketer in the world." Appleby's bowling was described as his "left-handed peculiars;" and of Rose's a paper said that his balls "had a slow twist that distressed the most careful custodian of the wicket." In another account it was called "underhand shoddy" twisting to the off; and of Appleby's balls, that if "unchecked in their career they always took the off bail." When Grace fell a victim to a catch, it was narrated of the fieldsman that the "nonchalance of the elegant Benjamin was a thin assumption." At New York Ottaway was described as a tall, lithe, sinewy man, with a splendid reach and an eye that can detect at a glance the course about to be pursued by the invading sphere of compressed leather." One of the New Yorkers who made 0 was described as being "drenched in a duck's egg;" while of another innings it was said, "he got a hot 'un on the fingers and winced audibly, the next ball caused him to wriggle, the next mowed down his wicket." The only two matches that might be considered as arousing particular excitement were the last two on our programme, against Philadelphia and Boston. At the former we only won by five wickets, small scores on both sides being the order of the day, while that at Boston ended in a draw; but this match

was rather a fiasco, as the ground, owing to continued rain, was a swamp, and during the last hour of the match we played in darkness.

The Canadian matches—Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Hamilton, and London—and the New York matches may be briefly summed up thus. We generally made about 200 or 300 runs, of which Grace and Ottaway, who went in first, made the lion's share, and we generally dismissed the twenty-twos for something under our score in their two innings. Considering the wickets, and in some places very good bowling, W. G. did splendidly, although at times very lucky. Appleby throughout the tour bowled quite up to his best form, especially at Philadelphia, where it was his bowling that won us the match. Rose's lobs were at times most destructive, and Ottaway's wicket-keeping was very safe and sure. That we all enjoyed the trip nobody could doubt, and both in Canada and the States everything that could possibly be done was done, and every sort of kindness and hospitality was shown to us. It was hard work, though, and the long train journeys, excursions, banquets, and balls added a good deal to the wear and tear of the cricket. The team all worked well together; we got on well amongst ourselves, and poor Bob Fitzgerald, as he always did in a trip of this sort, proved himself not only a kind and cheery captain, but a very able one into the bargain.

As a sort of finishing touch to this tour, a match was arranged the following year, 1873, between our eleven and Fifteen Gentlemen of the M.C.C., with Rylott, the professional. Their side included G. F. Grace, Bob



Lipscombe (the fast Kent bowler), G. E. Jeffrey, and George Bird, who was a fine bat at that time, and made 116 not out against us first innings. After a very close and exciting match, our eleven just managed to win, W. G. and Ottaway, as usual, making most of the runs, the former 132 and Ottaway 52 first innings. Ottaway couldn't bat for us second innings, being taken ill. In the second innings I had, I think, the most curious innings I ever played. Thinking our side could make a long stand, as they did in the first innings, I went to the tennis court and played tennis. I had just finished two hours' hard play, and was smoking a pipe on the sofa, resting, when George Harris came rushing in with "Look sharp; you have got to go in. They have all been getting out like anything." I went in, and found that I had Bob Fitzgerald for a partner. He was not only hopelessly lame, but hardly well enough to play, and would probably have succumbed directly. The only chance was for me to endeavour to keep the bowling, an effort in which I was ably assisted by Harris, who was running for Fitz. For about half an hour we succeeded, but at last Harris, not quite judging a run, ran out poor Fitz, who all the time had only received two balls, and whose only amusement was hobbling backwards and forwards to short leg, while I made 46 not out. Just after this I played for I.Z. against Richmond, when we made 335, against 17 and 25. J. M. Richardson and "Bay" Middleton were playing for us in this match, and Bay got a lot of wickets, bowling very well.

After this year I didn't play much, and confined my

exertions chiefly to I.Z., West Kent, and Eton Rambler matches. I must say here that of all the cricket I played, there were no matches I enjoyed so much as the last named. All being Etonians, past and present, we all knew one another well, and there were some of the nicest fellows at that time playing for us I ever met in the cricket-field. We could also, when properly represented, get a very strong eleven. In the batting, amongst those who often played for us were R. A. Mitchell, Hon. G. Harris, C. I. Thornton, W. C. Higgins, Frank Rhodes (now Colonel), three or four Lytteltons, ditto Normans, H. W. Hoare, A. W. Ridley, my brother Edgar, F. Pickering, C. L. and H. B. Sutherland, E. W. Tritton, two or three of the Studds, Charley Mills (now Lord Hillingdon), C. E. Farmer, and others too numerous to mention here. In the bowling way, we had Edward (*alias* "Joe") Wormald, who used often to play for us, and always bowled up well, Sam Butler, and others. We had a great bit of chaff one day against one of the foregoing "Ramblers." The match was against Reigate, and he arrived on the ground rather late with an enormous portmanteau and hat-box, etc. We thought, of course, he was going to stay with somebody, but upon our questioning him, he informed us he thought he would have a few days at the sea-side, and, knowing that Margate and Ramsgate were on the sea, had got it into his head that Reigate must be also.

Amongst the older division who occasionally played for us were Colonel, now Sir F. H., Bathurst, and Harvey Fellows, who played in the Eton Eleven as long ago as 1841, and is still, I am glad to say, well and hearty.

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On my marriage in 1874 I gave up the management and secretaryship of the club, of which I had, so to speak, been sole manager since 1862, although I still continued to play for them, and in 1877 made my last 100 for the Club *v.* the Crystal Palace. At my wedding, many of the club presented me, in "recognition of my services," with a magnificent silver salver, which I still use and most highly prize.

As I have so often been asked who, during my cricketing career, I considered the best players, I may perhaps be excused if I make a few remarks on this head, and give my private opinion for what it may be worth.

Lord Bessborough has often told me that the old Lillywhite, who was not giving to hiding his light under a bushel, used to say, "If any one wants to see good cricket, they should see me 'a-boulling,' Fuller Pilch a-batting, and Box a-keeping wicket." During my time I think I should have considered the best combination to be W. G. Grace batting, Alfred Shaw bowling, E. Pooley keeping wicket, and I might add E. M. Grace fielding at point. Blackham, who played for the Australians, I should put down as the best wicket-keeper I ever saw; but he was after my time, and G. MacGregor, who I consider the best amateur keeper I have ever watched, also arrived on the scene long after I had finished.

As regards the best amateur bat after W. G., I should be sorry to give a definite opinion, for I have seen so many good ones that it would be hard and invidious to make a distinction. I don't mind stating, however,

whom I would rather see play, and that is C. I. Thornton—provided always that he stayed in.

Of the professionals I played with, I liked the batting of Richard Daft and Tom Hayward the best; and among bowlers I should unhesitatingly give the palm to Alfred Shaw. He always appeared to me to "stick up" W. G. more than any other bowler I ever saw, and I frequently noticed that in practice at Lord's and elsewhere, when W. G. had ten minutes at the net before a match began, he always selected Shaw to bowl to him in preference to any other professional. During these short practices, too, I have seen Shaw bowl him out and beat him repeatedly, when he has afterwards made a long score in the match. Some of A. Shaw's performances were wonderful. In the match for Notts v. M.C.C. against such players as W. G. Grace, I. D. Walker, C. F. Buller, and other good bats, he bowled 166 balls for 7 runs. In M.C.C. v. The North in 1876, he got all ten wickets, and, if I remember rightly, accomplished this in more than one match. In 1875, in first-class matches, he bowled 1741 overs for an average of 7·28 runs per wicket; and in 1880, 1994 overs for 8·109. For two or three years he headed the averages for bowling, and he was always near the top. Of the fast bowlers I saw and played against, I should place G. Tarrant and G. Freeman first. Many people maintain that the fast bowling now is better than it was thirty years ago, but I don't agree with them, and was very glad to hear that both W. G. Grace and R. Daft, both of whom are more capable of giving an opinion than I am, think it is not so good as it was then.

I have more than once been asked my opinion as to the cricket played nowadays compared with that in the sixties, and I find the question by no means an easy one to answer, as the conditions under which the game is played have undergone a total change. To begin with, not having to run out the boundary hits obviously gives an enormous advantage to the batsmen, as it saves an incredible amount of physical wear and tear; again, the perfection of the wickets as they now are, compared with what they were, is decidedly in favour of the batting and against the bowling. The county championship causes the same elevens to play more often together, and this I consider conducive to more scientific cricket. The play may look better, because the improvement in wickets and in the ground for fielding gives it that appearance, but, taking it on the whole, I cannot admit that there has been any such advance as some critics maintain. I certainly should not say the bowling has improved; it has slowed down a good deal, and so is naturally straighter, but I think the analyses of the bowling of thirty years back would compare very favourably with those of the present day. An innings with no wide and remarkably few extras was quite as common an occurrence then as now. True they used to play with long-stops, but then the state of the ground often caused that to be necessary, and I think, too, there were more fast bowlers. One thing I am sure about, and many cricketers I know well quite agree with me, that the game is not half such fun, or so lively and quick to watch, as it used to be. This I consider to be attri-

butable, not only to not running out boundary hits, but also to the fact that the keenness about the county championship causes much more careful play, especially on the part of the pros. We must bear in mind that it makes a very considerable difference to many a professional's bread and cheese whether he is in his county eleven or not, and whether he can show a good average throughout the season, and this fact naturally causes him to be more careful or nervous, and so play less freely than he would otherwise have done. One would have thought that now, on the perfect wickets which are generally provided, there would have been more hitting and faster scoring; but, judging from my experience, this is very far from being the case, though I must confess it surprises me that it should be so. I timed the scoring on several occasions last year, and an hour and a half for 50 runs was not unfrequently the result on a perfect wicket.

Many experts now admit that some sort of change would be an advantage, but the question is, In what way is the change to be effected? Cricket is a conservative game; those in authority are hard to move. In a conversation I had with Mr. Lacey a short time back, he advocated a smaller bat and bigger wicket. I am afraid I am rather a radical, and would go further than this. I would have the l.b.w. rule altered, so that if, in the opinion of the umpire, the ball would have hit the wicket (never mind where it pitched), and was stopped by the leg of the batsman, it should be out l.b.w. I have seen many cases of this being done; once in particular in an Australian match at Lord's,

when one of our best professionals kept defending his wicket with his pads, to the great disgust of G. Giffen, who was bowling. Many say if the l.b.w. were changed in the manner I suggest, it would be too difficult for the umpire to decide. I can't see why. Others say "the bowlers would then bowl at their legs." I think W.G., Ranjitsinjhi, and all really good bats, would rather prefer this. Good players ought not to get hit on the legs. In former days many used to go in without pads; I. D. Walker for years never wore pads, and others I could mention. Latterly, when I was playing, I would much sooner have gone in without pads than without a right-hand glove. Now it is not considered correct cricket to go in without pads and gloves. I would have the wickets a trifle broader and taller, and I would advocate placing a net or railing all round the ground, about two or three feet high, and making it a rule that all hits striking it should be run out. I would also prohibit "trial" balls for a bowler, or only allow one. In former days about one or two were considered quite enough, now five or six are sometimes required. The detestable "gate money business" has unquestionably had a great influence in the prolonging of matches, but I don't see how that can be stopped.

Now, kind reader, I must wish you farewell. If you have waded through all this cricketing talk, I can only say, in conclusion, that I hope some of it may have brought back to you some pleasurable recollections.

VALE.







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